KATHERINE'S SHEAVES

MRS
GEORGIE
SHELDON
(MRS GEORGE SHELDON DOWNS)

Irene

"With Love Irene-

Irene-

March 22nd, 1905.

KATHERINE'S SHEAVES

"This is Miss Minturn, who is to room with you."

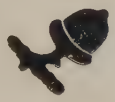
(See page 27)

KATHERINE'S SHEAVES

By

MRS. GEORGIE SHELDON

(Mrs. George Sheldon Downs)



NEW YORK

THE FEDERAL BOOK COMPANY

PUBLISHERS

COPYRIGHT, 1904

BY

STREET & SMITH

ENTERED AT

STATIONER'S HALL

KATHERINE'S SHEAVES

First Edition, July

Second Edition, October

To her,
Who led my newly awakened thought
Towards a higher understanding of God,
And opened before me broader vistas of the Life immortal
That is born of Truth and Love,

My Teacher
F. S. K.
this story is lovingly dedicated
by
The Author

The words

Science and Health

which appear as marginal references

refer to

The Christian Science Text Book

"Science and Health,

with

Key to the Scriptures"

by

Mary Baker G. Eddy

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	At Hilton Seminary	11
II.	Katherine and Her Roommate	23
III.	Dorothy	36
IV.	Phillip Harris Stanley, M.D.	49
V.	Katherine's First Sabbath at Hilton	61
VI.	Materia Medica and Miracles	74
VII.	Katherine and the Junior League	85
VIII.	Transcendentalism as Elucidated for the Junior League	100
IX.	Katherine Makes a Demonstration	115
X.	Mrs. Seabrook's Problem	129
XI.	Dr. Stanley Asks Some Questions	141
XII.	Prof. Seabrook's Ultimatum—and Broken Rules	153
XIII.	The Story of a Stray Waif	167
XIV.	A Sophomore Racket	179
XV.	"Hilton Volunteers"	193
XVI.	A Junior Entertainment	207
XVII.	Dr. Stanley Has An Object Lesson	221
XVIII.	Sadie Receives an Opportune Invitation	236
XIX.	Mrs. Seabrook Takes a Stand	251
XX.	Interesting Developments	266
XXI.	The Traveler Returns	282
XXII.	Phillip Stanley's First Demonstration	297
XXIII.	Mrs. Minturn Visits Hilton	310
XXIV.	The End of School Days	323
XXV.	A Momentous Errand	337
XXVI.	Conclusion	351

KATHERINE'S SHEAVES.

CHAPTER I.

At Hilton Seminary.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon on the opening day of the midwinter term at Hilton Seminary, a noted institution located in a beautiful old town of Western New York.

A group of gay girls had just gathered in one of the pleasant and spacious recreation rooms and were chattering like the proverbial flock of magpies—exchanging merry greetings after their vacation; comparing notes on studies, classes and roommates; discussing the advent of new teachers, pupils and improvements, when a tall, gracious woman of, perhaps, thirty-five years suddenly appeared in the doorway, her fair face gleaming with humorous appreciation of the animated scene and babel before her, and enjoined silence with the uplifting of one slim white hand.

There was an instantaneous hush, as the bevy of maidens turned their bright faces and affectionate glances upon their teacher, who, evidently, was a prime favorite with them all.

"What is it, Miss Reynolds? What can we do for you?" eagerly queried several of the group, as they sprang forward to ascertain her wishes.

"Is Miss Minturn in the room? I am looking for a new pupil who arrived this morning," the teacher responded, her genial, friendly blue eyes roving from face to face in search of the stranger to whom she had referred.

A young girl, who had been sitting by herself in a remote corner of the room, arose and moved towards the speaker.

"I am Katherine Minturn," she said, with quiet self-possession, yet flushing slightly beneath the many curious glances bent upon her, as her soft, brown eyes met the smiling blue ones.

She was, apparently, about nineteen years of age, a little above medium height, her form slight but almost perfect in its proportions. A wealth of hair, matching the color of her eyes, crowned a small, shapely head, and contrasted beautifully with a creamy complexion, the delicacy of which was relieved chiefly by the vivid scarlet of her lips. Her features were clear-cut and very attractive—at least so thought Miss Reynolds as she studied the symmetrical brow, the large, thoughtful eyes, the tender mouth and prettily rounded chin curving so gracefully into the white, slender neck.

"Ah! Miss Minturn. I have had quite a search for you," she said, reaching out a cordial hand to her; for, despite the girl's self-poise, she had caught a quiver of loneliness on the expressive face. "I am Miss Reynolds, the teacher of mathematics, and I have been commissioned by Prof. Seabrook to find and

show you to his study. But first, let me present you to these chatterers."

She dropped the hand that was trembling in her clasp, and, slipping a reassuring arm about the girl's waist, continued:

"Young ladies, this is Miss Minturn, a new junior. I can't present each of you formally, for she is wanted immediately elsewhere; but I will see that she finds you all out later."

Katherine nodded a smiling acknowledgment to the vigorous clapping of hands and the hearty "Welcome, Miss Minturn, to Hilton." Then Miss Reynolds led her away, and the interrupted chatter of the magpies was resumed with redoubled animation, but now the new junior absorbed the attention of everyone.

"Say, girls, isn't she a dear?" "Came this morning, did she? where from, I wonder?" "My! but wasn't that a nobby traveling suit, and such a fit!" "Katherine Minturn—pretty name, isn't it?" "Does anybody know anything more about her?" were some of the comments and queries that slipped from those supple instruments with a tendency towards perpetual motion, which, sometimes, are described as organs that are hung in the middle and wag at both ends—schoolgirls' tongues.

"Hush!—sh!—sh! Oh, girls, do ring off, and perhaps I can give you a point or two," cried a high-pitched voice with an unmistakable Southern drawl, as a somewhat overdressed girl of nineteen or twenty years re-enforced her appeal by vigorous gestures to attract attention, whereupon the ever alert spirit of Curiosity silenced every loquacious chatterer, except

one who solemnly announced, "Ladies, Miss Minot has the floor!"

"Yes," the speaker observed, "the new junior does strike one as being downright stunning. She came from New York City, and"—with a lugubrious sigh—"though I've never set eyes on her before, I was informed this morning that she is to be my roommate for the remainder of the year."

A burst of mirthful laughter rippled over a dozen pairs of rosy lips at this last mournfully conveyed information.

"Aha! at last Miss Sadie Minot has got to come down to the lot of common mortals and take in a chum!" cried a merry sprite, with a saucy chuckle. "Oh, how you have spread yourself and luxuriated in your solitary magnificence, and how every mother's daughter of us has envied you your spacious quarters! Well, you know what old Sol. said about 'pride' and a 'haughty spirit,' and the 'fall' always comes, first or last. But, Sadie, my love, be comforted," she continued, with mock sympathy, "and just try to realize what splendid discipline it will be for you; one cannot have everything one wants, you know, even if one is an heiress in one's own right—eh, dearie?"

"But there's only one closet, and it is so full now," sighed Miss Minot, ruefully.

"Hear! hear!" retorted the same mischievous maiden, whose name was Clara Follet. "After having had undisturbed possession of a whole room and closet for six long months she ungratefully bemoans——"

"And only one chest of drawers," pursued Sadie, in the same strain, but with a comical quirk of an eye.

A chorus of mocking groans and derisive laughter greeted this wail.

"And all four crammed full with her superfluous finery," cried another of the merry group. "Whatever will you do with it now, Sadie?"

"I'm sure I don't know, Ollie," retorted the pretty "heiress," with a quizzical uplifting of her brows, "unless you take half of it off my hands altogether, instead of coming to borrow so often."

Shrieks of appreciative mirth followed this deftly shot arrow, for it was a well-known fact that Ollie Grant, the pet of the school, was an easy-going little body, very prone to allow her wardrobe to get in a sad plight and then throw herself upon the mercy of others, to patch her up, in the event of an emergency.

But Miss Ollie was equal to the occasion.

"Really, Sadie, that would help you out, wouldn't it? and save me a lot of trotting back and forth," she demurely responded, though the dimples played a lively game of hide-and-seek in her plump cheeks. "There's such a love of a lace jacket in her second drawer, girls; my eyes water with envy every time I get a glimpse of it; and a few of those ravishing stocks that you've been laying in of late wouldn't come amiss. There's that lavender satin waist, too, you bought at Jerome's the other day. I know I should look perfectly killing in it; and—oh! ye Hiltonites!—she has just bought six of the sweetest corset covers you ever laid eyes on; think of it!—six! She could spare three just as well as not, and I'm sure she has at least a dozen pairs of silk stockings, while"—with a doleful sigh—"I don't own a blessed one. Then there are

ribbons and laces, fans and handkerchiefs galore. Don't you think it would be an act of mercy if I would agree to take some of these superfluities off her hands, rather than have them ruthlessly crushed into half their allotted space? And——"

"Ollie! Ollie!—what an incorrigible little tease you are!" laughingly interposed Miss Minot, as she playfully tweaked the girl's ear. "I wonder how long the things would last you if you had them all!"

"Oh, probably two or three times wearing around, providing they didn't come to mending before that," mused the "Pet," with a speculative look in her blue eyes, but with a quiver of the dimples that evoked another paroxysm of laughter from her audience. "But I say, Sadie," she went on with the next breath, "Miss Minturn is a downright sweet-looking girl, and I'll wager a—a darning needle against a pair of those silk stockings you'll find her O. K. Maybe she'll let you have an extra drawer and a hook or two in the closet."

"I don't feel very hopeful, so I won't take you up," sighed Sadie; "for when I came in from my walk I saw a big trunk, with 'K. M.' on it, in the hall, and it looks to me as if I—I'm destined to go through a different kind of 'cramming' process this year, in addition to the usual one."

This self-inflicted shot now turned the laugh again upon the speaker, for it was an open secret that the Southern heiress dearly loved her ease and took it, up to the last moment, then had to "cram for all she was worth" to get ready for "exams."

While this chatter and fun were going on in the

recreation room, Katherine Minturn had been conducted to the study of Prof. Seabrook, by whom she was received with his customary courtesy.

The principal of Hilton Seminary was a distinguished-appearing gentleman of fifty years, possessing a strong, intellectual, yet refined face, whose chief charm was a pair of large, expressive blue-gray eyes that could be most winningly kind, or most coldly and blightingly stern, as the case might be.

"Be seated, Miss Minturn," he courteously commanded, as Miss Reynolds excused herself and withdrew, and indicating a chair near the table by which he had been sitting when she entered.

Katherine obeyed, feeling strongly attracted to the man by his genial manner, even though she knew that his keen but friendly eyes were intent upon reading what lay beneath her exterior.

"I suppose you feel that you have had rather a hard day," he continued, glancing significantly at some closely written sheets which he had evidently been looking over when she entered, and which she instantly recognized as her examination papers.

"Not at all," she quietly returned, lifting her clear eyes to him, and he marveled at the unclouded serenity in their pure depths.

"Indeed!" and he could not quite conceal his surprise. "It is a rare event for a young lady to make such an admission after a rigid ordeal like what you have sustained this afternoon. However, I am happy to inform you that you are unconditionally admitted to the junior class; your papers do you great credit, Miss Minturn. I had not expected quite so much from you,

as you had told me that you left school last year, a sophomore, and have been traveling abroad until recently. I feared we might have to ask you to review a little, for it is rather unusual for a pupil to enter an advanced class in the middle of the year."

"But I have not been idle since leaving school," Katherine replied, a happy gleam in her eyes, for his commendation was very gratifying to her; "although we were abroad for several months, we were often located in some place for weeks at a time, and mamma, having once been a teacher at Vassar, coached me for the junior class."

"Ah! that explains your proficiency. How convenient to have an ex-Vassar in the family!" Prof. Seabrook smilingly observed. "All the same, I am sure the daughter deserves some commendation for work conscientiously done."

"Thank you, sir," said Katherine, a flush of pleasure tingeing her cheeks.

The principal then proceeded to give her some information regarding her classes and the ground to be covered in her various studies during the coming term, after which he asked some questions as to her recent travels, whereupon they fell into a pleasant chat about points of interest which both had visited, and thus a delightful half hour slipped away. At length Prof. Seabrook referred to a book that lay on the table beside him, and observed:

"I find, Miss Minturn, that you are to room with Miss Sadie Minot, a young lady from Atlanta, Georgia, and I think you will find her an agreeable companion. However"—with a humorous twinkle in his eyes—"to

use a homely proverb, 'it is Hobson's choice,' for it happens to be the only vacancy in the building; we have a very full school this year. I will call some one to show you how to find it, and have your trunk sent up later."

He touched a bell and presently a young girl about sixteen entered the room, with a brisk step and an alert air, suggestive of a repressed cyclone only awaiting an opportunity for mischief brewing; while, as she approached the occupants, a strong odor of peppermint made itself apparent in the atmosphere.

"Miss Minturn, this is Miss Wild, one of our breezy freshmen—eh, Jennie?" and the quizzical look again leaped into the blue-gray eyes.

Katherine smilingly acknowledged the introduction, while Miss Wild blushed and nodded an embarrassed greeting, then immediately turned her face away from the focus of the professor's observation and made a comical grimace which came very near proving too much for Katherine's dignity.

"Jennie," the gentleman continued, "Miss Minturn is to share Miss Minot's room—number fifteen, west wing—and I have called you to show her the way, if you please."

"Yes, sir, I will," said the girl, with ready compliance, which culminated in a vigorous sneeze, whereupon, with the restless energy which pervaded her every movement, she whisked her handkerchief from her pocket, and, with it, there shot out a promiscuous assortment of chocolates and cream peppermints, which went bounding and rolling about the room in every direction.

Prof. Seabrook gave vent to a hearty laugh of amusement at the awkward *contretemps*.

"I thought I detected a familiar odor, Jennie," he observed; then added, good-naturedly, "You may pick them up, if you please."

"Guess I will," she returned, eagerly, and nimbly suiting the action to her words. "I really can't afford to lose all that precious sweetness. Josie Craig gave them to me just as you rang."

Katherine had risen and was moving towards the door, to cover her own inclination to explode, and thus make the situation more awkward for the girl, when the principal checked her by remarking:

"By the way, Miss Minturn, the juniors and seniors attend the Bible class, which it is my province to conduct. We meet at four on Sunday afternoons in the south recitation room; and the lesson for next Sabbath will be on the Creation, as given in the first chapter of Genesis. And this reminds me that I have neglected to inquire where you will attend church. As our catalogue states, each student is allowed to choose her own place of worship. Where do you propose to make your church home?"

Katherine had expected this question before; nevertheless, she flushed slightly as she turned back to face her interlocutor, and replied:

"I am a Christian Scientist, Prof. Seabrook, and I shall attend the church on Grove Street."

The pause which followed this announcement was painfully ominous, and Katherine was amazed at the frozen look which suddenly settled over the gentleman's face, together with the expression of stern dis-

approbation which instantly drove all the kindness out of his hitherto genial eyes.

"A Christian Scientist!—indeed!" he said, in a tone as frigid as his look. "It is a matter of regret to me that you did not state that fact when you made application for admission to Hilton."

Katherine's lip quivered slightly at this caustic remark and the accompanying scorn on the high-bred face; and the flush which had risen to her cheek a moment before vanished, leaving her quite pale, although in no way disconcerted.

"But I believe the catalogue states that there is no sectarianism in Hilton Seminary, that the broadest possible religious tolerance prevails here," she remarked, with a sweet gentleness which, under any other circumstances, would have instantly disarmed her companion.

But, as it happened, he was a bitter opponent of the "false doctrine," and the term "Science" applied to Christianity was a rank offense to his rigid Presbyterian opinions, as was also the fact that a woman had dared to face the world with it!

"I do not recognize Christian Science, so-called, as a religion," he retorted, with a sharpness in marked contrast to Katherine's sweetness. "In my opinion, it is simply a device and snare of Satan himself to deceive the very elect; and Miss Minturn"—this with frowning emphasis—"I will not, for a moment, tolerate the promulgation of its fallacious teachings in this school. I trust I make myself understood."

Katherine had not once removed her clear, brown eyes from his countenance during this speech, but

there was not the slightest manifestation of resentment on her own—only an expression of tender regret, as if she were sorry for him, because of the sense of discord that seemed to hold possession of him.

"You mean that I am not to talk it here?" she said.

"Exactly; nor flaunt it in any way."

"I will not, sir," with gentle gravity; then a little smile curving her red lips, she added: "Christian Science, Prof. Seabrook, is a religion of Love, and I will simply try to live it."

The principal of Hilton flushed to his brows before this unassuming girl, a circumstance unprecedented in the annals of the institution.

Her look, her tone, the softly spoken words—all radiated love, and his arrogant spirit felt the gentle rebuke.

"Have you that book, 'Science and Health,' with you?" he curtly demanded.

Katherine's heart leaped within her. Did he mean to deprive her of her daily bread?

"Yes, sir," with unfaltering glance and voice.

"Then keep it out of sight," he briefly commanded, adding, in a tone of dismissal, as he took up his pen: "That is all, Miss Minturn."

Katherine bowed respectfully, then quietly followed Jennie Wild from the room.

CHAPTER II.

Katherine and Her Roommate.

As the two girls were passing through the main building on their way to number fifteen, west wing. Katherine turned to her companion and observed, in a friendly tone:

"So this is your first year in Hilton Seminary, Miss Wild?"

Jennie, who had been "just boiling"—as she told her later—over the professor's recent crankiness and severity, turned to Katherine in unfeigned surprise, for there was not the slightest trace of resentment or personal affront in either her voice or manner.

Her brown eyes were as serene as a May morning; her scarlet lips were parted in a sunny smile that just disclosed her white, even teeth, and her voice was clear and sweet, without even a quiver to betray emotion of any kind.

Jennie Wild was a girl of many moods. Possessing the kindest heart in the world, and ever ready to run her nimble feet off to do any one a good turn, she was at the same time a veritable little "snapdragon." Touch her ever so lightly, and off she would go into paroxysms of mirth or rage, sympathy or scorn, as the case might be. Consequently she had looked for an outburst, or at least some manifestation, of indignation

on Katherine's part, over the principal's recent sharpness and ungracious treatment.

"Yes, I'm a freshie," the girl replied, with a nod and one of her comical grimaces, but still curiously studying the placid face beside her, "but I'm not here as you are. I'm a working student"—this with a rising flush and defiant toss of her pert little head.

"'A working student?'" repeated Katherine, inquiringly.

"That's what I said," laconically. "I can't afford to pay full tuition, so I wait on Prof. Seabrook and his wife, and do other kinds of work to make up the rest. You see"—the flush creeping higher, but with a secret determination to "sound" the new junior—"I haven't any father or mother, and my aunt, who has always taken care of me, is poor, and there was no other way to finish my education after leaving the high school—see?"

"Yes, I understand, and I think you are a dear, brave girl to do it," said Katherine, with shining eyes, and laying a friendly hand on her shoulder as they began to mount the stairs leading to the second story.

"Do you—truly?" queried Jennie, with a glad ring in her tones. "My! I believe I feel two inches taller for that"—throwing back her head proudly; "you've given me a lift, Miss Minturn, that I shan't forget; nobody has ever said anything so kind to me before. I tell you"—confidentially—"it does take a lot of courage sometimes to buckle on to a hard lesson, after running up and downstairs forty times a day, besides no end of other things to do. Most of the girls are pretty good to me; though, now and then, there's one

who thinks she was cut out of finer cloth. I dote on the professor, even if he does get a bit cranky sometimes, like to-day, when something ruffles his stately feathers. His wife is lovely, too, and the teachers are all nice. But don't call me Miss Wild, please. I'm 'Jennie' to everybody. 'Wild Jennie' most of the girls call me, and there really is a harum-scarum streak in me that does get the best of me sometimes," she concluded, with a mischievous flash in her dark eyes.

"I shall be very glad to call you Jennie, if you wish, and my name is Katherine, with a 'K,' " said that young lady, with an inviting smile.

"I'm sure there isn't any 'harum-scarum' about you," said the girl, gravely, as she searched the sweet, brown eyes.

"That depends upon what you mean by the term," responded Katherine, with a ripple of mirthful laughter. "I assure you I love a good time as well as any other girl."

"U-m—p'rhaps; but I guess it would have to be a—a—genteel good time. There's one thing I don't need to 'guess' about, though—you just know how to stand firm on your heels when you need to."

"What do you mean by that?" questioned Katherine, with a look of perplexity.

"Nobody will ever make you take a back seat—not even his highness downstairs, when you know you're right. I say, though"—she interposed, eagerly—"weren't you mad, through and through, at what he said to you just now?"

"Mad?" repeated Katherine, flushing, and wondering if she had unconsciously manifested anything that

had seemed like anger or temper during the recent interview.

"Yes; didn't you feel as if you'd just like to go at him with 'hammer and tongs' "—doubling up her fists and striking out suggestively right and left—"for being so crusty with you about your religion? I did."

Katherine laughed out merrily at the girl's strenuous espousal of her cause, and with a sense of relief to know that she had shown no feeling unworthy of a Christian Scientist.

"No, dear," she gently replied, "I could not feel anger or resentment towards any one because of a mere difference of opinion."

"U-m! well, you didn't show any, that's sure. You just faced him, sweet as a peach, but like a—a queen who knows she's on her own ground. I thought, though, you might be just boiling over inside; but if you say you weren't, I believe you, for I think you're 'true blue,' and I think Prof. Seabrook might have learned a lesson from you, for I never saw him quite so upset over a little thing before. I never had any use for Christian Scientists myself; don't know anything about 'em, in fact. But if they're all like you, I don't believe they'll ever do much harm in the world. Here we are, though—this is Sadie's room. She's an orphan, too, but she is very rich, and I tell you she just knows how to make her money fly—isn't a bit stingy with others, either," the voluble girl concluded, as she paused before a door at the head of the stairs in the second story of the west wing and rapped vigorously upon it for admittance.

"Come in," responded a good-natured voice, where-

upon Jennie opened the door and entered a sunny, inviting apartment, the sight of which instantly gave Katherine a homelike feeling.

She also saw two pretty beds, on one side of the room, piled high with a motley assortment of dresses and finery that made her wonder how one person could ever make use of so many things, while an attractive girl was sitting upon the floor before the one dressing case, her face flushed and perplexed as she tried to pack another promiscuous collection into the insufficient space that would henceforth belong to her.

"Miss Minot," said Jennie, advancing farther into the room and thus revealing her companion, "this is Miss Minturn, who is to room with you. Prof. Seabrook sent me to show her here and to introduce her to you."

Miss Minot sprang to her feet and came forward with outstretched hand, her manner characterized by true Southern hospitality.

"Come in, Miss Minturn," she said, cordially; "come right in and sit down," and releasing the hand she had grasped, she whisked two or three skirts off a rocker, tossing them upon the heap on one of the beds. "I knew you were coming, and I've been working right smart to get ready for you. I've had full swing here so long I've filled every nook and cranny of the place, and now"—with a shrug and a deprecatory smile—"I shall have to learn to be very orderly to keep from encroaching upon your territory. But there's lots of time. The things can wait while we get acquainted a little. Jennie, you'll have to take the trunk," she concluded, with a careless glance at the girl.

"I haven't time to sit down, Miss Minot; I've my

algebra lesson to learn for to-morrow morning," and Jennie, flushing with sudden anger at being so cursorily consigned to a trunk, turned to leave the room.

Katherine put out a detaining hand.

"Thank you, Jennie, for coming up with me," she said, with a friendly smile, adding: "And I hope there will be no more interruptions while you are conning the algebra lesson."

"I hate mathematics," Jennie affirmed, with an impatient shrug, "but the things you most dislike are supposed to do you the most good, so I just have to bottle up when it's time for algebra and try to play 'it's an angel being entertained unawares.' Good-by, Miss Minturn. I'll see you again later." And bestowing a bright glance and nod upon her new friend, she shut the door and went whistling cheerily down the hall.

"That's a queer 'pickaninny'! I didn't mean to hurt her, though," observed Miss Minot, as she curled herself up on the foot of a bed, preparatory to getting acquainted with her new roommate.

"She certainly possesses originality," Katherine laughingly responded; "but I like her none the less for that."

"Poor young one!" Sadie continued. "She doesn't have a very easy time of it here. She is a stray waif, and hasn't a relative in the world, to her knowledge."

"She spoke of an aunt," interposed Katherine.

"She calls Miss Wild 'aunt,' but she isn't, really, and the child actually does not know her own name. The way of it was this," Miss Minot went on to explain: "When she was a baby there was a terrible railway

accident, in which it was supposed both her parents were killed, for nobody could be found to claim the child after it was over; and Miss Wild, an old maid with a small annuity, was on the same train, and, like an angel, cared for her, hoping some relative would be found when the dead were identified; but no clew to her identity was ever obtained, and the woman has done the best she could for her all these years."

"How very lovely and noble of Miss Wild," breathed Katherine, appreciatively. Then, glancing around the disorderly room, she added: "Now, Miss Minot, I feel almost like an intruder to have you so upset on my account. Do let me help you put some of these things away."

"Oh, never mind the truck," Sadie lazily returned. "I'll take care of the things presently. I'm right glad that you are a junior," she resumed, in a comfortable tone. "It is so much nicer to have a roommate who can go right along with you, and I'm sure you'll be a great help to me."

Katherine smiled as her companion thus unwittingly revealed a strong phase of her character. She saw that her tendency was to lean upon the nearest prop; and, as to be "forewarned is to be forearmed," she resolved to govern herself accordingly.

They chatted socially until the janitor appeared with Katherine's trunk, whereupon Sadie bestirred herself once more to bring order out of chaos.

This was much easier said than done, and as she saw that she was going to be very much crowded, Katherine unpacked but very few things at that time. She generously said she would try to get along with

one-third of the closet and one of the drawers in the bureau, and utilize her trunk trays for her own waists and finery, while she could stow things not often needed in the lower portion.

Later she hired the janitor to put up a bracket shelf in one corner of the room, tacking a long chintz curtain to it, and, with a dozen hooks screwed into a cleat underneath, thus improvised a very convenient little closet for her individual use.

While the roommates were "becoming acquainted," Jennie Wild, full of what she had seen and heard, and, for the time being, unmindful of the waiting algebra lesson, rushed down to the recreation room, where many of the students were still congregated, and reeled off her news to a bevy of curious and interested listeners.

The information that the new junior was a "Christian Scientist" created quite a flutter of excitement. Some were horrified and indignant because such a pariah had been admitted to the seminary; others ridiculed and laughed to scorn the doctrines of the "new cult," while a few appeared indifferent and declared that every one had a right to her own opinion upon religious subjects.

The matter was pretty thoroughly canvassed, however, the attitude of the principal having weighty influence and governing the preponderance of opinion; and by the time the supper bell rang almost every student in the house had learned the whole story and decided that, for the present at least, she would give the newcomer a wide berth.

Katherine became conscious of the iciness of the at-

mosphere the moment she entered the dining room and came under the battery of the hundred or more pairs of curious and critical eyes that were eagerly watching for her to appear. Miss Reynolds, who had overheard some of the gossip and adverse criticisms, was also on the lookout for her, and approaching her with the graciousness which was her chief charm, observed:

"Miss Minturn, I have made a place for you at my table. Until you become better acquainted and choose your permanent seat, you shall sit close under the shelter of my wings."

"And a very friendly shelter, I am sure, I shall find it; you are very good," Katherine replied, with quick appreciation.

The teacher led her to her place, and, while they stood waiting for the professor to give the signal to be seated, introduced her to two or three of the girls in their vicinity.

Katherine keenly felt, and Miss Reynolds noted with increasing displeasure, the quickly averted eyes and cool acknowledgment of these introductions; but the principal drew out his chair, and Katherine's momentary feeling of awkwardness was covered by the confusion of getting into place. But for her teacher she would have had a very lonely and silent meal; for after one or two efforts to engage her nearest neighbor in conversation had been coldly repulsed, the tactful woman threw herself into the gap and the two chatted socially until they arose from the table.

"She is a dear, sweet girl, and I am going to nip this nonsense in the bud," Miss Reynolds observed to herself on the way upstairs, where, in the main hall

and parlors, the students usually spent an hour, socially, after the evening meal. But as she presented her charge, here and there, she only became more indignant in view of frigid salutations and a general stampede wherever they made their appearance, not to mention the scarlet spots that settled on Katherine's cheeks and her unnaturally brilliant eyes, although, in other respects, she appeared perfectly serene and self-possessed.

"Please do not trouble yourself any further on my account, Miss Reynolds," she said, when she observed the look of dismay on her face as she glanced around the almost empty room they were in. "I understand the situation perfectly; they have all learned that I am a Christian Scientist, and, having conceived an erroneous idea of what that means, are avoiding me."

"It is the most absurd, cruel and unjust treatment of a stranger I ever heard of," returned her companion, with flashing eyes, "and I shall make it my business to see that there is a radical change before another day goes by."

"Please do not," Katherine pleaded, earnestly. "I would much prefer that matters be left to adjust themselves; any interference would only serve to intensify the antagonism against me; and I am sure when the girls come to know me better, they will at least realize that I am—harmless," and there was a gleam of genuine amusement in her eyes as she concluded.

"You are a brave little girl," said her teacher, with a glow of tenderness at her heart and a suspicious moisture in her eyes. "But"—with a resolute straightening of her graceful figure—"I am not going to have

you left to yourself on this your first evening at Hilton, so come with me to my room and we will have a nice time by ourselves."

"Oh, I should like that," said Katherine, eagerly, "if it will not encroach——"

"It will not," smilingly interposed her new friend, and, slipping an arm around her, she spirited her away to her pleasant room, where they spent a delightful hour together.

When the eight o'clock study bell rang, Katherine returned to her own quarters, where she found her roommate already absorbed, apparently, in the preparation of to-morrow's lessons; for, as she entered, the girl merely glanced up from her book without speaking, then fastened her eyes again upon the pages before her.

Katherine sat down by her own table and soon forgot everything but the work on hand, although, at first, she had experienced a sense of discord and friction in the atmosphere. The hour passed in absolute silence until the next bell rang, when Miss Minot closed her books and abruptly left the room.

Katherine was not sorry to be left alone, and bringing forth from her trunk her Bible, "Science and Health," and "Quarterly," began to study her lesson for the coming Sunday. She spent half an hour or more in this way, then sat reading from her text-book until Sadie returned.

Katherine greeted her with a smile as she entered, and inquired:

"What is the retiring hour, Miss Minot?"

"Ten; and every light must be out at half-past," was the somewhat curt response.

Then, after an irresolute pause, she walked over to Katherine, and picking up the book she had just laid down, asked:

"What is this that you were reading? Oh! it is that dreadful book I've heard so much about."

"It doesn't seem dreadful to me," returned her companion, gently.

"Humph! 'At all times and under all circumstances overcome evil with good,'"* she read from the page to which she had opened. "That's just another version of the 'golden rule,' isn't it?" Then, turning a leaf, she read from the next page: "'Love fulfills the law in Christian Science.' Humph!" she ejaculated again, as she put the volume down, "so you are a Christian Scientist! I heard about it downstairs."

"Yes," quietly returned Katherine.

"And do you really believe all they tell about the wonderful cures and—and the rest of it?" Sadie demanded, with curling lips.

"Yes."

"Tell me about some of them," said the girl, eagerly, her curiosity aroused.

"Excuse me, Miss Minot; I cannot, for Prof. Seabrook has forbidden me to say anything about the subject here," Katherine returned.

"Yes, I heard that, too," said Sadie, with a nod. "Well, the professor is dead set against it, and I'm down on it right smart myself. You see"—with a su-

*"Science and Health," page 571.

perior air—"I'm an Episcopalian; my grandfather was an Episcopalian clergyman, a rector, you know, and"—with a shrug and laugh—"I'm afraid he wouldn't rest easy in his grave if he knew I had such a rank heretic for a roommate. But"—leaning forward and smiling into her companion's eyes—"aside from that I like you right well, Miss Minturn, and if we leave this subject alone I reckon we'll get along pretty comfortably together; what do you say?"

"I am sure we will," cordially assented Katherine, "and"—with a merry twinkle in her eyes—"if you do not broach it, you may confidently rely upon my discretion."

"I own up," good-naturedly returned her chum. "I did broach it this time; but"—flushing slightly—"something had to be said to get it out of the way, don't you know? And may I—would you like me to call you Katherine?"

"With all my heart, Sadie."

The two girls smiled into each other's eyes; the last vestige of formality was swept away, and the atmosphere was clear.

CHAPTER III.

Dorothy.

The midwinter term at Hilton Seminary had opened on Wednesday, and the remainder of the week passed quickly and uneventfully as Katherine fell easily into the ways of the institution and found herself getting well started in her various studies.

Her relations with her roommate were most harmonious, but the majority of the students either ignored her altogether or treated her with a coldness that, had she not had her "Science" to sustain and comfort her, would have made her lot hard indeed to bear.

She had not met the professor again, except in the class room, where he had seemed to be wholly absorbed in his duties as instructor and oblivious of the personality of the students.

On Saturday afternoon she was introduced to Mrs. Seabrook while strolling in the grounds with Miss Reynolds, between whom and herself a growing friendliness was asserting itself. The professor's wife was walking beside a wheel-chair, which was being propelled by a nurse in cap and apron, and in which was seated—propped up by pillows—a young girl who appeared to be about seven or eight years of age, although her serious, pain-lined face and thoughtful eyes seemed, by right, to belong to an older person.

Miss Reynolds paused on meeting this trio and introduced Katherine to Mrs. Seabrook, who greeted her with a sweet cordiality that at once won the girl's heart.

"I heard that we had a new student among us," she said, as she warmly clasped Katherine's hand, "and I hope you are going to be very happy with us, Miss Minturn."

"Thank you; not 'going to be'—I already am happy here," she cheerily and truthfully replied, for she had become deeply interested in her work, and, as she dearly loved to study, she was content to leave her social relations to be governed by the love she was "trying to live."

"This is my daughter," Mrs. Seabrook continued, as she turned a fond look upon the pale, pinched face among the pillows. "Dorothy, this is the young lady whom you have been wishing to see."

Katherine bent down, took the small mittened hand that was extended to her and smiled into the grave, searching eyes that were earnestly studying her face.

"And I also have been wishing to see Dorothy," she said, with a note of tenderness in her tone that caused the slender fingers inside the mitten to close more firmly over her own. "I am very fond of little people."

"I should not be so 'little' if I were well," Dorothy returned, with a faint sigh. Then, glancing up at her attendant, she added: "This is my nurse, Alice, and she has to wheel me about because I cannot walk."

Katherine bestowed a friendly look and nod upon Alice; then a great wave of compassion for the little cripple swept over her heart and softened her earnest

brown eyes as she turned back to her and remarked, in a cheery tone:

"You have a lovely chair. These rubber tires must cause it to roll very smoothly and make it easy for Alice to wheel you about."

"Yes, I like my chair very much—my Uncle Phillip brought it to me from Germany—and Alice is very nice about taking me everywhere I want to go; but it would be so much nicer if I could walk and run about like other girls," and Dorothy's yearning tone smote painfully upon every listening ear.

"It certainly would, dear," Katherine returned, giving the small hand that still clung to hers a loving pressure, adding, softly: "And sometime you will, I hope."

The child's face glowed at the term of endearment; but her pale lips quivered slightly at the hopeful assurance.

"Oh! no," she said, shaking her head slowly; "I have a double curvature of the spine, and all the doctors say I never can. I—I—think I could bear that—not being able to walk—but the dreadful pain sometimes makes me wish I wasn't here at all."

Katherine did not make any reply to this pathetic information. For a moment or two she seemed to be oblivious to everything, even to the presence of her companions, and stood looking off towards the western sky, as if communing with some unseen presence there.

Then, suddenly arousing herself, she detached a beautiful pink rosebud from the lapel of her jacket, saying, brightly: "Do you love flowers, Dorothy? will you let me fasten this on your coat? It is fresh from the greenhouse and will last some time yet.

There—see!" as she deftly pinned it in place. "What a pretty contrast it makes against the dark-blue cloth."

"It is lovely," said the girl, bending forward to inhale its perfume. "How perfect it is! Do you ever wonder, Miss Minturn, why God makes the flowers and things that grow so perfect and beautiful, and people—so many of them—imperfect and ugly?"

"My dear," Mrs. Seabrook here smilingly interposed, though a quickly repressed sigh arose to her lips, "I hope you are not going to involve Miss Minturn in a metaphysical discussion during this first meeting! Dorothy has acquired a habit of philosophizing and asking profound questions that are not always easily answered," she explained to Katherine.

"Surely, dear, you do not think that God ever made anyone, or anything, imperfect or ugly?" Katherine gently inquired.

The child hesitated a moment, as if pondering the question.

"Well," she presently asserted, with a positive intonation and nod of her head, "there are a lot of deformed, sick and ugly people in the world, and the Bible tells us that He made everything."

"The Bible tells us, in Genesis, that 'everything that God made was good'; and, in Psalms, that 'all His ways are perfect,'" quoted Katherine.

"Yes, I know it; that was in the beginning, though," said Dorothy; "but if He could make things perfect in the first place I don't see why He didn't keep them so if He is God."

"Come, come, dearie; I think we must go on now—we are keeping Miss Reynolds and Miss Minturn from

their walk," Mrs. Seabrook again interposed, with a note of gentle reproof in her tone, as she stooped to tuck the robe more closely around the girl.

A sunny smile, like a burst of sunshine from under a cloud, suddenly broke over Dorothy's face, at once dispelling its unnatural gravity and perplexity.

"I didn't think how naughty that was going to sound, mamma dear," she said, as, with a deprecating air, she softly patted her mother's hand. "I'm afraid Miss Minturn will think I am not very good; but, truly, things do seem awfully mixed up sometimes when I get to thinking this way. I like you very, very much, though," she added, nodding brightly at her new acquaintance. "I wish you would come to see me in mamma's apartments when you are not too busy."

"I shall be very glad to—if I may," Katherine replied, with an inquiring glance at Mrs. Seabrook.

"Yes, do come, Miss Minturn, whenever you can find time; we are very glad to have the young ladies visit Dorothy, who has many lonely hours. Now come, Alice," and, with a parting smile and bow, she signaled the nurse to move on.

"Good-by, Miss Minturn, and thank you for my lovely rose," cried the child, looking back over her shoulder and waving her small hand in farewell.

"Poor child," sighed Miss Reynolds, as she and Katherine passed out of the grounds to the highway, "she has a continual struggle to live, yet she is a remarkable girl, in spite of her many infirmities, with a mind bright and keen far beyond her years."

"How old is she?"

"Thirteen, a month or two ago."

"Is it possible? She does not look to be over seven or eight, although, mentally, she seems more mature."

"That is true. She had a bad fall when she was six years old, and her body has never grown any since the accident," Miss Reynolds explained. "She suffers a great deal—sometimes the pain is almost unbearable; but, as a rule, she is very lovable and patient, though, now and then, a remark like what she made to you just now, shows that she thinks deeply and is perplexed—like some children of larger growth—over the knotty problems of life," she concluded, with a sigh.

"How is it, Miss Minturn," she went on, after a moment of silence, "how do you Scientists account for the fact that a perfect and all-merciful God—'the Father of mercies, the God of all comfort,' as Paul puts it—has created a world of such confusion, wherein evil and suffering, instead of peace and harmony, are the predominant elements?—where, for ages, sickness and death have relentlessly mown down generation after generation, until one becomes heart-sick and weary, and even filled with despair, at times, in view of their probable continuance for ages to come?"

The woman's face was flushed, her eyes somber, and there was a note of passionate protest in her voice which moved Katherine deeply; while what she had said proved to her that these problems had been pondered o'er and o'er until her mind was almost in a state of chaos regarding them.

While she was debating with herself what reply she could make that would best meet her thought, her companion resumed:

"I am a dear lover of children, but when I see anyone like Dorothy; when I see mothers grieving for their darlings, whom God gave them for a little while, then ruthlessly snatched from their embrace for no apparent reason, I feel sure that something is very wrong; and, of late years, my heart is filled with indignant protest whenever I hear of the birth of a dear little innocent. 'Oh!' I cry within myself, 'it is born only to repeat the struggle with sin, suffering and death.' Of what use is its life? of what use the advent of future generations if there is no way to rise above, or conquer, such adverse conditions? Is God good—if there is a God—to create only to destroy? to arbitrarily force these little innocents into the world to fight the unequal battle with evil? Millions have faced it bravely—nobly, trusting God's promises, but they have never succceeded in removing one iota of the curse, 'Thou shalt surely die.' The whole problem of life is a mystery which I am tired of trying to solve," and Katherine was sure the woman stifled a sob as she concluded.

"Surely, dear Miss Reynolds, you do not doubt the existence of God?" she gently inquired.

"No, child; don't think me quite an atheist," said her teacher, with a deprecatory smile and gesture. "Life, nature, the universe, with their teeming and ever-unfolding wonders tell me that there is a Force—a controlling power and intelligence behind them. We call that force 'God.' We say that God is omnipotent, all wise and good; and certainly, in the government of the universe, everything points that way, everything is exact and perfect. But how to reconcile God as

good, merciful, loving, with the creation and manifestation of evil as we find it on this planet? Ah! that is beyond me."

"Can evil come out of good?" briefly queried Katherine.

Miss Reynolds started slightly.

"No," she returned, positively; "no more than a lie can spring out of truth; those are self-evident facts."

"Then dare we say that God—which is but another term for good, Supreme Good—created evil?"

"Oh, do you believe in the serpent or devil? I know he comes forward from some mysterious source in the narrative and is held responsible. Then naturally follows the question, 'Who created his satanic majesty?' Well, who did? If God created everything, and evil cannot come out of good, where did evil come from? What a paradox it seems!" she went on, without waiting for a reply. "Yet evil does exist in the world—look at Dorothy! Think of the sin, misery and crime all about us! Where did they come from? There are some who contend that God did not create evil, but permits it for some wise purpose; but that, to me, seems like a weak attempt to clear the Almighty from the terrible responsibility of having made sin and its deadly results without detracting from His omnipotence."

"If a person tells you a lie, where does it come from?" Katherine quietly inquired.

"From his own evil desire to deceive, of course."

"Exactly; it was an invention of his own evil thought, prompted by some selfish motive. You can say the same of theft, murder—in fact of all crime.

But God—Good—is not the author of the lie, or crime, neither does He 'permit them for some wise purpose,' as you have quoted, any more than a just and loving human father would teach, or permit, his son to become a criminal, claiming that he needed such discipline to fit him for future happiness; or, any more than you, a teacher, would put demoralizing literature into the hands of a student as a method of discipline for higher education."

"How perfectly absurd that sounds! And yet it is parallel to the doctrine that has been taught for ages," said Miss Reynolds, thoughtfully. "But I do not see how you can apply the same logic to disease and suffering."

"The Scriptures tell us that 'sin brought death.' Sickness and disease are the seeds of death; then they are the results of sin—evil. God not being the author of sin and disease, they, like the lie, can only originate in the evil thought or mind of the sinner," Katherine explained.

"Then you believe that we mortals are alone responsible for all the suffering and evil there is in the world?"

"Yes; evil is a mortal concept."

"Then how does God—— What is God, from your standpoint, Kath—may I call you Katherine?" and Miss Reynolds laid a caressing hand upon the girl's arm as she made this request.

"Do—I should so like to have you," she replied, turning to her with a luminous smile. "Now for your question. God is Spirit, and 'What the Scriptures

declare Him to be—Life, Truth and Love,'"* she added, quoting from her text-book.

"You say Spirit, instead of 'a spirit.' Now what is this Spirit?"

"Infinite Mind, Intelligence, Omnipotent Good."

"Ah!" Miss Reynolds began, then paused abruptly. "But intelligence, life, truth, love are characteristics, attributes which anyone may possess and cultivate."

"Yes, considered in that sense they are attributes. But whence came they?" Katherine demanded, with glowing eyes. "The source of life must be Life itself, must it not? The same must also be true of truth and love. So Life, Truth, Love, Mind, Intelligence constitute, in Science, the Divine Principle, or God, the controlling and governing power of the universe and man."

"Divine Principle! Mind! Intelligence! Life! Truth! Love! God!" repeated Miss Reynolds, and dwelling thoughtfully upon each word. Then, turning a wondering look upon her companion, she exclaimed, almost breathlessly:

"Why, Katherine, if that is true I can understand how God can be omnipresent! That is a doctrine of my church, that has been a tantalizing mystery to me all my life. My dear girl," she went on in an eager tone, "I begin to see a ray of light—I must think more about it, though. I have always thought of Deity as a 'personal God,' and, yes"—smiling—"I used to believe in a personal devil, too; with a very vague conception that although the latter had always managed to keep

*"Science and Health," page 330.

the preponderance of power in his hands, God would, in some miraculous manner, win the battle in the end. But, even now"—with a look of perplexity—"I do not grasp where or how, according to your logic, God comes in as supreme, infinite, so long as evil exists."

"Let us go back to the lie for an illustration," said Katherine. "You said that it originated in the person's own evil thought and desire to deceive. Well, what happens when you turn the light of truth upon a lie?"

"Why, it disappears—vanishes; you learn the fact and are no longer affected by, or conscious of, the falsehood."

"Then truth has destroyed, annihilated it; it has become nothing to you. As long as you believe a lie you are its victim and suffer from it; but once learn the truth you are free from that illusion and its power over you is gone. Now, you would not say that truth created the lie, permitted it, or was in any way responsible for it, or your suffering on account of it?"

"N-o; so God, being good—infinite good—knows nothing of evil in any form. Is that your point, Katherine?"

"Yes; so it follows He could neither create nor permit what He knows nothing about."

"Why!" exclaimed Miss Reynolds, turning a glowing face to the girl, "those same arguments must hold good for everything! Then sickness and suffering must be the outcome of wrong thought on the part of mortals! What unlimited possibilities that suggests! Divine Principle! I begin to understand why you call yourselves 'Scientists'—you think and live in accord with

this infinite, absolute Principle—you demonstrate it, as —as I demonstrate mathematics."

"Yes," said Katherine, smiling; "so you see that Christian Science is, as some one has aptly said, 'the Science of sciences.'"

"That is a very sweeping assertion," responded her teacher in a somewhat doubtful tone. "I'll have to ruminate on that. However, this little glimpse of a better way than I have hitherto known, seems like an olive leaf of hope and promise to me, for I have been tossing on a restless sea of doubt and skepticism for years, reaching out and groping after some substantial plank that would float me into a haven of peace and rest. But how is it that you, so young, argue so clearly and logically about these things that have puzzled older and wiser heads for ages?"

"I have never known anything else," said Katherine, simply. "When I was a very little child my mother was healed of a disease which several physicians had pronounced incurable. She at once became an earnest student of Christian Science, and, later, a successful practitioner; consequently its principles, as far as I have gone, are as clear to me as those that govern your own dear mathematics are to you. But"—a blank look suddenly sweeping over her face—"I am afraid I have been guilty of rank disobedience in discussing these problems with you."

"How so?" asked her teacher, in surprise.

"Prof. Seabrook has strictly forbidden me to talk of Christian Science while I am a student at Hilton."

"Of course, he meant that you must not talk it to the other students," said Miss Reynolds, "and it would

be unwise, for, doubtless, the parents of many, if not of all, would object. But I, as your teacher, feel at liberty to ask you whatever questions I choose, and you are perfectly justified in answering them."

"Ye-s, I believe you are right on that point," Katherine thoughtfully returned. "But I would not willfully disobey the professor in any way. I owe him perfect loyalty as long as I am a pupil in his school, and I mean to yield it to him."

"That is right," her companion affirmed; "but you do not need to condemn yourself for what has occurred this afternoon, for, at my age, I am capable of judging for myself upon all moral and religious questions, and I think you may feel at liberty to give me any information that I may seek from you. I have not done with you, either," she added, with a significant smile, "for you have given me to-day a glimpse of something which I believe will change the universe for me. Ah! whom have we here?"

She checked herself suddenly as a gentleman came into view around a curve in the road, a short distance ahead of them.

CHAPTER IV.

Phillip Harris Stanley, M.D.

Katherine glanced up as her companion called her attention to the approaching figure, and saw a finely formed man, tall, straight and stalwart, and, apparently, about thirty-five years of age. He possessed an attractive, though thoughtful, face, and bore himself with an air of refinement and self-possession that at once proclaimed him the cultured gentleman.

A delicate pink instantly suffused the girl's face, and there was a peculiar thrill in her voice as she exclaimed, in great surprise:

"Why! that is Dr. Stanley! Mamma and I became acquainted with him on board the *Ivernia* when we returned from abroad, two months ago."

"So you already know Phillip Harris Stanley!" Miss Reynolds observed, and surprised in turn. "He is Mrs. Seabrook's brother—the 'Uncle Phillip' of whom Dorothy spoke. He has been in Germany during the last two years, studying in various hospitals, but has now again opened his office in this city. Dorothy is under his care, and he is therefore a frequent visitor at the seminary."

By this time the gentleman had come within speaking distance of the ladies, whom he instantly recognized,

his fine eyes lighting with pleasure as they fell upon Katherine. He courteously lifted his hat.

"Good-afternoon, Miss Reynolds," he said, with a genial smile, as he extended his hand in greeting. "And, Miss Minturn, this is certainly an unexpected pleasure! I suppose, however," he continued, with a mirthful quiver of his lips, "it would not be at all proper to ask if you are well, even if your blooming appearance did not speak for you and preclude the necessity of such an inquiry. But to what happy circumstance do we owe the pleasure of your advent here?"

"I am a student at Hilton Seminary," Katherine replied, as she frankly gave him her hand, her color deepening as she did so. "I played truant from school for several months, as you know, and am now trying to bridge the chasm."

"And your delightful mother, Miss Minturn? I trust she is also we—— Ah! excuse me—enjoying life?"

"Ah! Dr. Stanley, I see you have not forgotten how to exercise your propensity for teasing," Katherine retorted, with a light laugh. "My mother is both well and happy, thank you, and will be pleased to know that I have met you again."

The physician bowed his acknowledgment as he remarked:

"Pray give my kind regards to Mrs. Minturn when you make up your next budget of news for her. As for my propensity to tease"—with a roguish smile—"I had no resource except to exercise it upon the daughter. Since the mother would not be teased and

could never be defeated in an argument, I had to retaliate in some way. But what class have you entered, Miss Minturn?"

"I am a junior, Dr. Stanley."

"Ah! then we shall keep you at Hilton for some time," and there was a ring of satisfaction in the gentleman's tones which did not escape the ear of the observant teacher. "Are you aware, Miss Reynolds," he said, turning to her and resuming his bantering tone, "what a revolutionary spirit our institution has taken to her bosom in admitting Miss Minturn?"

"We have found her a very peaceable individual thus far; she certainly does not have the appearance of being a discordant element," the lady returned, as she bestowed an affectionate glance upon her companion.

But the girl's face had grown suddenly grave, and she now lifted a pair of very serious eyes to the physician.

"Yes, Dr. Stanley," she observed, "Miss Reynolds knows that I am a Christian Scientist; but Prof. Seabrook has forbidden me to make my religious views prominent in the school."

"I understand. Yes, I know that my brother-in-law is not at all in sympathy with the movement," said Phillip Stanley; and at once dropping his banter, he added, apologetically: "I fear that I was thoughtless in referring to the subject in the way I did, and I will not annoy you again by alluding to it in the presence of a third party."

"I am not 'annoyed,' I assure you," Katherine replied, flushing again under his regretful glance. "Miss

Reynolds, being a teacher, does not come under the ban; but I desire to respect Prof. Seabrook's wishes under all circumstances."

"All honor to so loyal a student, and I will henceforth govern myself accordingly," smilingly returned the gentleman, as he again doffed his hat to her. "But I must move on. I have to make my visit to Dorothy and get back to the city for another appointment within an hour. I am very glad to have met you, ladies," and, with a parting bow, the handsome doctor went his way, leaving Katherine and her teacher to continue their ramble.

"How strange that you should know Dr. Stanley!" Miss Reynolds observed. "He is the youngest member of Mrs. Seabrook's family, and a fine fellow—a very talented man, in fact. He had begun to distinguish himself in his profession before he went abroad, and now, even though he has been home only a couple of months, he has an extensive practice. But I suppose this does not interest you, as you have no use for doctors," she concluded, archly.

"Indeed, it does interest me," said Katherine, earnestly, "and I hope you do not think that Scientists hold physicians in contempt. We all know that there are many noble men among them, who are devoted to their profession and are most conscientious in the practice of medicine."

"But I suppose you would not employ one under any circumstances?"

"No; I could not."

"You have such faith in your mother's healing

power, you would trust her before the most noted practitioner of *materia medica?*"

"I have such faith in God's healing power that I would trust Him, and Him only," Katherine corrected, gently.

"Do you never take medicine of any kind?"

"No; I have never used a drop or a grain—nor material remedies of any description—since I was three years of age."

"Perhaps you have never been ill enough to need them?"

"Yes, I have needed help at times; but it has always come through the understanding of Christian Science."

"Well, it is all a sealed book to me," sighed Miss Reynolds, with a look of perplexity. Then she inquired: "How did Dr. Stanley learn that you and your mother are Scientists?"

"There is a little story connected with that revelation and our acquaintance with him," said Katherine. "There was a dear little girl on board the *Ivernia* who became violently seasick the day we sailed for home. The ship's surgeon was appealed to, but he could do absolutely nothing for her; she grew worse every hour for three days, when she seemed to be sinking rapidly. The surgeon called a consultation with Dr. Stanley and another physician from Philadelphia; but every remedy which their united learning prescribed failed, utterly, to afford any relief. The parents were in despair and a gloom settled over the whole ship, for it was reported that the little one would not live to land unless the nausea could be conquered. Then mamma sought the parents, told them she was a Christian Sci-

entist, and, with their consent, would try to help the child. The mother was eager to try it, but the father sneered openly. He had 'no faith in any such mummery,' he said, yet he finally yielded to his wife's almost frantic appeals and gave his consent. The dear little thing was relieved almost immediately, and at the end of two hours, after eating a wholesome meal, was wrapped in a blanket and carried on deck, weak and white as a snowflake, it is true, but entirely free from the dreadful nausea, and smiling happily as she lay in her father's arms and breathed in the fresh, pure air. The next day she was dressed and playing about the deck with other children."

"Well, that was a signal triumph over *materia medica,* wasn't it? How did the doctors bear it?" queried Miss Reynolds, who had been deeply interested in the story.

"The ship's surgeon and Dr. Fletcher, of Philadelphia, gave mamma a very wide berth; but Dr. Stanley appeared to be really interested and anxious to learn the secret of the sudden cure. He found it very difficult, however, to accept some of our views, and it was too funny for anything to hear him, day after day, trying to corner mamma upon numberless points on which he had spent years of study," and Katherine laughed out merrily over some of the memories which her account had recalled.

"That was what he meant, perhaps, when he said 'Mrs. Minturn would not be teased and could not be defeated in an argument'?"

"Yes; he was very good-natured over it, though, gallantly bearing his defeat, never manifesting the

slightest irritation, and was always most courteous. He is very cultured, and, having traveled extensively, we found much to admire and a very delightful *compagnon de voyage* in him."

Miss Reynolds shot a keen look at the girl's animated face.

"Yes," she observed to herself, "and if I am not very much mistaken, our 'cultured gentleman' heartily reciprocates that last statement." Then she remarked to Katherine: "He is really a noble fellow and bound to make his mark in the world. It is a great pity, though, that he should be so handicapped in his career."

"Why, what do you mean?" exclaimed the girl, in astonishment.

"Oh! do you not know that he is partially blind?"

"No, indeed! Why, he has beautiful eyes!" said Katherine, flushing.

"Yes, dear, I know he has, and there are very few who even suspect his misfortune, but it is true, nevertheless. When he was a boy of nine," Miss Reynolds went on to explain, "his father was showing him, one Fourth of July, how to manage some cannon crackers. By some fatality, the first and only one fired hit a post, glanced off and struck the child in the eye. When he recovered somewhat from the fright and pain caused by the accident, no wound could be found, although there was some discoloration from the bruise; but he said he could not see with the injured eye. The best oculists were consulted, and all agreed in their verdict: 'There was a partial dislocation of the optic nerve, and his sight would never again be normal; it might possibly improve with the lapse of time, but the injury

was permanent;' and so it has proved. He can detect light from darkness with that eye, but that is all."

Katherine made no reply when this account was concluded, but there came into her face a look which, her teacher was beginning to observe, always appeared whenever mention was made of sickness or trouble of any kind; it was a far-away expression, as if her thoughts had been lifted above and beyond the world and worldly things.

It was only for a moment, however; she presently awoke to her surroundings, and calling attention to the view before them thus changed the subject, which was not referred to again.

Meantime, Dr. Stanley walked briskly towards the seminary, but with a very thoughtful face and mien, as if he were pondering some weighty subject.

"It would be regarded as the height of absurdity," he muttered to himself. "But I wonder—I really would like to put it to the test."

Then suddenly straightening himself with a resolute air, he quickened his pace and was soon inside the school grounds, reaching the building just in season to assist Mrs. Seabrook and the nurse in getting Dorothy inside.

"Oh! Uncle Phillip!" joyously exclaimed the girl, as soon as she espied him, for she dearly loved this gentle man, who was always as tender as a woman in his treatment of her, and spared no pains to contribute to her comfort and happiness. "I was afraid you would not come to-day!"

"I know I am late, Dorrie, but I was detained at the office by a new patient, and now I have another coming

in an hour," he said, as he bent to touch her forehead with his lips.

"Oh! then you can't stay to finish that pretty German story!" cried the child, in a tone of disappointment.

"Not to-day, dearie; but I will come to-morrow, to let mamma and papa go to church together, and we will have a fine time by ourselves."

Patient Dorothy expressed herself as perfectly satisfied with this arrangement, and was soon laughing merrily over some amusing incidents, of which this good comrade of hers appeared to have an exhaustless store.

These visits from her "jolly M.D. uncle," as she sometimes called him, were like oases in a desert to the suffering child, for he invariably made her forget herself, and always left her bright and happy with something pleasant to think about and talk over with her mother or nurse.

He rolled her to her room, where, after a few minutes' chat, he made a brief examination of her condition, with some slight change in her medicines, then left her and sought Prof. Seabrook in his study, for it was his custom to report to him after each visit.

"Well?" he questioned, eagerly, as the physician entered the room, for the child was "the apple of his eye," and he watched her every symptom most jealously.

"I think Dorrie is holding her own pretty well."

"Oh! Phillip, that is the same old story that Dr. Abbot used to tell me before you came home and took the case," Prof. Seabrook exclaimed, in a disheartened tone.

"I know, Will; it must grow monotonous to you,"

said his brother-in-law, as he laid a sympathetic hand on his companion's arm. "But, truly, there is nothing else to tell you; you instructed me to give you 'facts with no evasions,' and honor compels me to obey you."

"True; and I know you will bring all your skill, all your experience to bear upon the case," said the yearning father, with a note of pathetic appeal in his voice that touched his listener deeply.

"Most assuredly," earnestly returned the physician; but an involuntary, though quickly repressed, sigh escaped him as he said it.

Prof. Seabrook's keen ear detected it and a spasm of fear clutched his heart. But he would not voice it; he shrank from having it corroborated.

"There is one thing more which could be done, which might, perhaps, result in giving Dorrie relief from the troublesome pain," said Dr. Stanley, after a moment of thought, adding: "I have been waiting for her to get stronger before suggesting it."

"What is it?" briefly inquired his companion.

The young man explained the operation, and the father shivered involuntarily.

"That means great suffering—at least for a time," he said, with dry lips.

"Yes," and Phillip Stanley's eyes grew very pitiful as they met the almost hopeless ones opposite him.

"I cannot bear it!" cried his brother-in-law, passionately.

There followed a somber silence of several minutes, during which each heart struggled in secret rebellion under the galling burden imposed upon it.

"There is an alternative which we might try before

attempting such radical treatment," Dr. Stanley at length remarked, with some hesitation. "It—at least it could do no harm, if—if you are willing to try."

"Anything—anything that will spare my child to me and save her suffering," burst impetuously from William Seabrook's lips.

"You have heard of—Christian Science?"

"What!" demanded the astonished principal of Hilton Seminary, sitting suddenly erect and bending a look of scorn upon his companion. "You suggest such an absurd alternative as that to me, and for such a case as this!"

"I know it sounds absurd; but, as I said before, it could at least do no harm."

"The suggestion is ridiculous; I have no patience with it," was the sharp retort.

"Well, it may seem ridiculous to you, but if it can cure one disease I do not know why it could not others," the physician mildly rejoined; and then he proceeded to relate the story which Katherine had told her teacher that same hour, but without mentioning any names.

"Nonsense! It was simply hypnotism, mesmerism," said the elder man when he concluded.

"No, it did not work at all like hypnotism," was the positive reply. "However, if you are opposed to trying it, there is nothing more to be said."

"I am opposed to it, most decidedly," said the professor, almost harshly, and his brother wondered at his unusual mood. "I believe the whole thing—root, branch and practice—to be an invention of Satan himself, and I would not give it countenance under any circumstances."

"Not even to save your nearest and dearest?" queried Phillip Stanley, and wholly unable to account for the excitement and irritability of his usually dignified and high-bred relative.

The professor deigned no reply, but the obstinate frown upon his brow and the stern compression of his lips were sufficient warning that it would be useless to pursue the subject.

"Well, it was only a suggestion, Will," the younger man said, in a friendly tone. "Of course, I have no real faith in the efficacy of the method myself; only, as I shrink from the operation on a delicate girl like Dorrie, it occurred to me that we might at least give Christian Science a trial. But I must be off to meet another appointment. I will be up again to-morrow morning to stay with Dorothy while you and Emilie go to church."

He held out his hand, which his brother-in-law grasped and wrung.

"You are a faithful friend, Phil. Don't think for a moment that I do not appreciate you; but I believe I've been out of sorts for several days," said the professor, with a deprecatory smile.

"It's all right, old boy; good-by," was the cheery response, as the young man went out, softly closing the door after him, but with a weary look in his eyes which the other did not see.

CHAPTER V.

Katherine's First Sabbath at Hilton.

Katherine's first Sabbath at Hilton Seminary dawned a perfect winter morning, and, starting forth in good season, she sought the little hall on Grove Street, where the few Scientists of the city met each week to enjoy the service which has become so dear to the heart of every student of God's word, as spiritually interpreted according to Christian Science.

She had carefully studied the lesson during the week, and was therefore prepared to enjoy to the utmost each section as its point was clearly brought out by the readers, to teach and bless; and so, when she again turned her steps homeward, she felt calmed, refreshed and strengthened for the duties that lay before her.

As she was about to enter the building she encountered Prof. and Mrs. Seabrook, who also had just returned from church.

The former glanced askance at her books, lifted his hat to her with frigid politeness, and passed on to his study.

Mrs. Seabrook, however, paused and greeted her most cordially, whereupon Katherine inquired for Dorothy.

"She was not quite as well this morning," replied the mother, an expression of care and weariness flitting

over her sweet face. "My brother, Dr. Stanley, has been with her while we were at church, and I hope to find her better, for he always does her good. Dorothy was greatly attracted to you yesterday, Miss Minturn," she added, smiling, "and I hope you will find time to drop in to see her now and then."

"Indeed I will; it will be a pleasure to me, for I love children," Katherine replied, cordially, and much gratified to have yesterday's invitation repeated, while there was a feeling of deep tenderness in her heart for the long-suffering woman as she passed on to her room.

After dinner she looked over the Bible lesson for the afternoon. She was dreading this ordeal somewhat, for she well knew how widely different is the old theological exposition of the first chapter of Genesis from its spiritual interpretation, as she had been taught it according to Christian Science. But she tried to feel that, if she was called upon to express an opinion, she would be led to speak wisely and yet be obedient to Prof. Seabrook's command not to "flaunt her views before the school."

She hoped that he would ignore her altogether, and thus avoid an awkward situation for them both.

When the class convened she was surprised to find Dorothy seated in her chair beside her father, and learned afterward that the girl was often present during the lessons, always giving the closest attention to what was said, even asking questions occasionally that puzzled wiser heads than hers.

As was his custom, Prof. Seabrook opened the exercises with prayer, followed by a familiar hymn. Then he gave a short talk upon the first chapter of Genesis,

as a whole, preliminary to a more general discussion of it.

He showed himself to have been a critical student of the Bible, and his remarks were extremely interesting along the line of his own views. His rhetoric was flawless, his figures apt and beautiful, his points well made, and he held the undivided attention of everyone to the end.

"I have given you this talk upon creation as a whole," he remarked, in conclusion, "because the subject is too intricate and vast to be discussed in detail—that would require much study and many sittings—and we will spend the remainder of the hour upon two questions: What is God? What is man and his relation to God? Miss Walton, will you tell us what God is, from your point of view?"

Miss Walton instantly became confused. She had no clear ideas about God, and after nervously turning the leaves of her Bible for a moment and blushing furiously, finally said so. The principal called upon several others, with a similar result. Everyone loved to listen to him, for his graceful diction was like music in their ears, but when called upon to express their own opinions they were all, with a few exceptions, literally tongue-tied. Two or three of the more thoughtful ones made an attempt to define Deity, but their definitions, for the most part, were the hackneyed ones of old theology.

The professor began to look rather weary, especially as he detected, here and there, a yawn behind an uplifted book. All at once a peculiar gleam leaped into his eyes.

"Miss Minturn, what is your conception of God?" he inquired, turning abruptly to her.

The question came almost as an electric shock to Katherine and brought the quick color to her cheeks.

But she quelled this sense of disquiet instantly.

"God is Spirit," she quietly replied.

"You mean that God is a spirit," quickly corrected the professor. "That definition has already been given several times; but I am trying to ascertain your own conception of Deity. Why did you omit the article?"

Katherine lifted her earnest brown eyes to him, and in them he read an expression of mingled surprise and appeal, and he knew, as well as if she had voiced her thought, that she remembered he had forbidden her to express her peculiar views and wished to obey him to the letter.

But having put the question, he intended to have an answer of some kind, while he also experienced some curiosity as to whether she could give a comprehensive explanation of the term she had used.

"If you purposely omitted the article," he resumed, as she was not quick to reply, "you must have had a reason for so doing; and"—with a more courteous inflection—"as there is supposed to be perfect freedom in the class, both in asking questions and expressing opinions, we would like you to explain your position."

"The term 'a spirit' implies one of a kind, or, one of many, does it not? But I understand God to be Infinite Spirit," Katherine replied, with quiet self-possession.

"Well, what do you mean by 'infinite spirit?' Define 'spirit,' if you please."

Katherine was amazed that he should thus pursue the subject. She wondered if he could be utterly ignorant of the scientific definition of God. She had supposed that he must have read something on the subject of Christian Science, or he would not have been so bitterly opposed to it, or, was he only trying to drive her into a corner?

However, she saw there was no escape but to follow his lead. He had now given her license to speak, and she felt that she had no right to neglect her opportunity.

"Spirit is Mind, Intelligence, Life," she said, using some of the terms she had employed in talking with Miss Reynolds the previous day, and which she thought would be readily understood by the class.

"Why, Prof. Seabrook," here interposed one of the seniors, her face aglow, her eyes alight, "I like that definition of God. I never heard it before, but it appeals to me."

The gentleman flushed slightly and acknowledged the observation with a grave bow, then inquired of Katherine: "And are you satisfied with that concept of God, Miss Minturn?"

"Yes, sir."

"Don't you think it rather a vague, visionary idea of the Almighty?" queried the gentleman, with a scornful dilation of his thin nostrils. "Do you associate no thought of individuality or personality with Him?"

"Do you mean as human beings are personal and individual?" Katherine respectfully inquired.

"Well, I must at least have something more tangible than an unknown quantity for my God," he replied,

evasively, as he hurriedly began to turn the leaves of his Bible in search of a text. "He is spoken of as a king, ruler, judge, and so forth, and those terms certainly convey the idea of personality."

"But can you limit or outline Deity, sir? Would not that destroy the omnipresence of God?"

Again the man changed color a trifle, while, as he continued to search the pages of his Bible, he became conscious of a sudden inward shock.

The question had started a new train of thought. Certainly, infinity, omnipresence, could neither be limited nor outlined; those were self-evident facts.

There was no yawning in the class now. The attention of everyone was riveted upon the speakers, while Dorothy leaned forward in her chair, her earnest eyes glancing from one face to the other, her eager ears drinking in their every word.

"But what do you say to this passage from Hebrews, Miss Minturn, where Paul, speaking of Christ, calls Him the express image of His—God's—person?"* demanded the professor—having found the text he was looking for—with a note of triumph in his tone which indicated that he had now propounded an unanswerable argument.

"I have been told that the Greek word, which has been translated 'person' in the text you have read, really means character, and it is so rendered in my Bible, which is the revised version," Katherine replied, as she opened her book and found the passage.

Now Prof. Seabrook, although he prided himself

*Hebrews, 1-3.

upon being strictly up to date in everything pertaining to his profession, had neglected to provide himself with the revised version of the New Testament. However, now that his attention was called to the fact, he remembered having heard this text and its change discussed among brother professors, but it had for the moment escaped his memory.

Yet he was equal to the occasion, and no one would have suspected from his manner that he was deeply chagrined to find this young girl so well versed in the Scriptures and able to so logically sustain her position upon every point.

"Ah!" he observed, after a moment of thought, and in his blandest tone, "I have a Greek Testament in my study and will look up the word later. I find we cannot take up the other question to-day, as our time has expired, and"—closing his books—"we will leave it for another lesson. The class is dismissed."

He arose as he concluded, and the young ladies filed quietly out of the room; but, once beyond hearing, they gathered in groups to talk over the interesting discussion that had been so suddenly cut short.

Katherine paused beside Dorothy's chair on her way out, and made some pleasant reference to their meeting of the previous day, and then would have passed on, but the girl threw out her hand and caught hers, thus detaining her.

"You must have studied the Bible a great deal, Miss Minturn, to get such lovely thoughts about God," she said, in an eager tone.

Katherine flushed, for she knew Prof. Seabrook was

listening, and felt that she had already said enough regarding her views.

"Yes, I am very fond of studying the Bible," she simply returned.

"Papa," continued Dorothy, turning to him, "how could you say that Miss Minturn's idea of God is vague and visionary?"

"It certainly seems so to me, dear," her father briefly returned.

"Well, it doesn't to me," was the positive rejoinder; "not half so—so queer as to think of Him as a man, or three men all mixed up together in one, and able to be everywhere at once," and there was a look of thoughtfulness in the girl's large, blue eyes which betrayed a mind on the alert.

"I think we will not talk any more about that now," said her father. "You must be tired from sitting here so long, and ought to rest."

"You know I never get tired in the Sunday class, papa," cried Dorothy, and still clinging to Katherine, who had tried to release her hand, for she was anxious to escape further argument. "And," she added, "I want to ask Miss Minturn another question."

"I think I will have to run away, dear," Katherine interposed, "for it is almost tea time, you know."

"Please—please! haven't you time to tell me just one thing more?"

"Yes, I have time for that, but——" and she lifted a doubtful look to her principal.

"Papa, may I ask her?" pleaded the girl, intuitively realizing that her new friend feared his disapproval.

The man never refused his child anything in reason, and he could not now, although he felt secretly antagonistic, and his look was almost stern as he responded:

"Very well, dear, if Miss Minturn will kindly have patience with you."

"Well, then," and Dorothy eagerly turned again to Katherine, "if God is Mind, Intelligence and Life, as you said, how can man be His image and likeness?"

For a moment Katherine was dismayed, in view of the depths involved in this query, and at a loss how to reply in a way to clearly convey the truth to this inquiring mind, while a slightly ironical smile curved the lips of the learned professor, as he said to himself:

"This is a poser for the young woman."

"You do not think the account of the creation of man as God's image and likeness refers to this imperfect mortal or physical body, do you, Dorothy?" she inquired, after a moment of thought.

"Why, yes; I've always supposed it did. I've thought that perhaps God made him perfect in the first place and then, somehow, He let him get all wrong. I can't see how or why, though I've heard ministers and other people say 'it was for some wise purpose.' It's a great muddle, I think," Dorothy concluded, with a sigh.

"No, God never let any of His children 'get wrong.' He could not, for 'all His ways are perfect,' you know. The man of God's creating is the spiritual image and likeness of Himself," Katherine explained.

"Oh-o! I begin to see. Why, papa, don't you see? That must be what that verse means—the express image of His person—His character!" and Dorothy

turned to her father, her face all aglow as she grasped this new thought.

"No, don't go just yet," she pleaded, as Katherine made another effort to release her hand. "Tell me this, please: if everybody became good, perfect in character, would their bodies grow perfect, too? would sick people get strong and well and happy?"

"I believe God's Word teaches us so," said Katherine, softly, and wondering why Prof. Seabrook did not put a stop to a conversation which he must know was trespassing upon forbidden ground.

"How could they? I wish I knew how," said the child, plaintively.

"You know Paul tells us, 'Be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind,' and to 'put off the mortal and put on the immortal.'"

"'Put off the mortal,'" repeated the girl, with a look of perplexity, "but how?"

"It is a growth, dear; it is to put out of mind, one by one, every wrong thought, and think only good thoughts—God's thoughts—and in this way one grows good, pure and perfect. Let us take a simple illustration," Katherine continued, as she saw how eagerly the child was drinking in her words. "You have seen a lily bulb?"

Dorothy nodded.

"It is not at all pretty, and one would throw it away as of no account, if he did not know of the precious little germ and its possibilities hidden away inside. We know how, when the warm sunlight shines upon the spot where it has been put away in the earth, when the dews and soft rains fall upon it, something begins

to happen down there in the dark; the ugly bulb begins to change, to soften and melt away; one by one the brown husks drop off and disappear as the tiny germ within, awakening to a new sense of life, starts upward to find more light and freedom and a purer atmosphere. Then two small leaves of living green—harbingers of better things—begin to unfold; after that a sturdy stalk, with a bud of promise, appears, and all the time reaching up, up towards the brightness beyond and above, until at last the pure, perfect and fragrant lily bursts into bloom."

"That was very prettily told, Miss Minturn; but your figure is incomplete, for, after all, you have only a material flower—it is far from being spiritual or immortal," Prof. Seabrook here interposed.

"Ah!" said Katherine, lifting a pair of sweetly serious eyes to him, "it is only a simple illustration—a little parable pointing to spiritual development and perfection, and the pure and flawless lily is but the type of that which mortal 'eye hath not seen.' The homely bulb corresponds to the mortal man, wrapped up in the density and husks of materiality; the tiny germ is the symbol of that ray or spark of immortality that is in every human consciousness and which, governed by the perfect law of Life, 'whose eternal mandate is growth,'* and nourished by the sunlight of divine Love, puts off, one by one, the husks, or the mortal man's wrong ways of thinking and living, and, ever reaching Godward, puts on or unfolds first the tiny leaves of living green, then the stalk and bud, and,

*"Science and Health," page 520.

last, the white flower of purity, which is the image and likeness of God; and this image and likeness is immortal."

"Oh, what a lovely—lovely story!" breathed Dorothy, with luminous eyes. "Then, if one never had any but good thoughts, perfect thoughts, one would grow to be perfect and spiritual."

"That is what I think the Bible teaches."

"I think it is beautiful. I never heard anybody talk like this before!" cried the child, with a joyful ring in her tones. "And now tell me how——"

Katherine laughed out musically, and, stooping, kissed the small hand that she was still holding.

"You dear child! do you know how long we have been talking?" she said. "I think we must stop right here, and—I hope Prof. Seabrook does not think I have said too much," she concluded, glancing at the man who stood like a statue, with an inscrutable look on his high-bred face.

He made no reply, and the situation might have become awkward if Dorothy had not exclaimed:

"No, indeed; you haven't said half enough; and will you tell me some more things that you believe, another time?"

"If—your father gives me permission," Katherine replied, with heightened color. "Now I must go, for I am sure the bell will ring in a few minutes."

"Will you—may I kiss you before you go?" begged the girl, who was used to much petting from everyone, and lifting her pale face to the bright one looking down upon her and which seemed to radiate love.

"Yes, indeed," said Katherine, and heartily returned the caress.

"Now, good-by," she added, and, with a respectful bow to her principal, left the room, whispering to herself as she tried to put out of thought the misshapen little figure in the chair:

"God never made one of His children imperfect. He made man upright, and there is no power apart from God."

CHAPTER VI.

Materia Medica and Miracles.

The days and weeks sped swiftly by, Katherine gradually becoming mentally acclimated, so to speak, amid an adverse environment. She did not make many acquaintances, for most of the students still held aloof from her; but she was content, even happy, for, with a stanch friend in Miss Reynolds, whom she found most congenial, and with whom she spent much of her leisure time, she did not miss other companionship so much.

Sadie, her roommate, was an affectionate and kind-hearted girl; but being of an indolent, ease-loving temperament, she was often a trial to Katherine, who loved order and system and believed it to be the duty of everyone to maintain them.

The girl had often attempted to lean upon her in the preparation of some of her lessons, now and then asking to see her problems in mathematics and her translations in German and Latin. But this was something that Katherine would not lend herself to, except in so far as, occasionally, to remind her of some forgotten point in a rule that would suggest a way to work out the knotty problem, or to give her a cue as to case or tense, that would assist in the translation.

While she shrank from wronging her, even in

thought, there were times when she felt sure that she had taken advantage of her absence from the room to look over her papers and copy from them.

"I cannot let you see my work," she said one day, when, after repeated but unheeded hints, Sadie had asked her outright to allow her to look at her problems, saying that she had not had time to do them for herself. "It would not be honest," she continued, determined to settle the matter once for all; "it would simply be showing Miss Reynolds my work and claiming it as your own."

"Now I call that downright mean and disobliging," Sadie returned, with an injured air, but flushing uncomfortably and forgetting for the moment the many other acts of kindness Katherine had shown her. "Of course, I don't expect you to do it every day, but just this once, so that I can make a good showing in the class, could do no harm; and, honey, I'll promise to spend all my recreation time, this afternoon, going over the work for myself."

"But that would be like using a key, which is forbidden, you know. No, Sadie, I can't do it," Katherine reiterated, firmly but kindly. "It may seem 'disobliging' to you, but you know that is not my motive. I feel that I should be doing you a personal wrong, besides deceiving others, to allow you to lean on me in any such way. You have just as much time to prepare your lessons as I have; you are naturally quick and bright, and, if you would spend fewer hours in shopping and visiting, there is no reason why you cannot make as good a record for yourself as anyone else. One must do one's own work, or be robbed of

mental capacity and strength if one depends upon another."

"Oh, shucks!" retorted Sadie, with an impatient shrug and a very red face, as she employed the Southern localism, "don't preach to me. I reckon my 'mental capacity' will hold out long enough to pull me through Hilton." And with this sharp and angry thrust she flounced out of the room, banging the door after her.

This was the first time there had been an open rupture between them, although on two or three occasions, when Katherine had quietly resisted being imposed upon beyond a certain limit, the girl had manifested something of her hot Southern temper. She had always gotten over it very quickly, however, and harmony had been restored.

Katherine regretted this "rift in the lute," but she knew that she was doing right, and, after a few minutes spent in silently declaring that "error is not power and is always overcome with good," she serenely resumed her study.

For several days the relations between the roommates were somewhat strained, although Katherine bravely strove to ignore the fact and conduct herself as usual; but Sadie spent very little time in her room, except during study hours, when no conversation was allowed, and manifested in other ways that she had neither forgotten nor forgiven.

Meantime Dorothy had been ailing more than usual, and, at Dr. Stanley's suggestion, a consultation of physicians was called, when the young man proposed and explained an operation which he had seen per-

formed abroad, and which he had previously mentioned to his brother-in-law.

The matter was discussed at length, and Dorothy was subjected to a careful examination, and, though all shrank from such a trying ordeal for the delicate girl, the five learned M.D.s agreed that it was the one thing, humanly speaking, left to try. That was all that could be said about it—it might, or might not, prove a success.

It was a heart-burdened trio, composed of the father, mother and Dr. Stanley, that assembled in Prof. Seabrook's study, after the departure of the other physicians, to talk over the weighty matter.

"Well, Emelie, what have you to say about it?" the elder man inquired of his wife, in a voice that was husky from suppressed feeling.

"Oh, Will, pray do not put the responsibility of a decision upon me!" Mrs. Seabrook returned, with quivering lips.

"What does your heart dictate, dear?" her husband pursued, in a tender tone.

"Oh, my heart rebels against any further suffering," she said, with a convulsive sob.

Tears started to the eyes of both men at this pathetic wail from the mother, and which found its echo in each heart.

"Suppose," said Dr. Stanley, after a moment of painful silence, "we let Dorothy decide for herself. She is thoughtful beyond her years, and I think she should have a voice in the matter. Let the case be frankly stated to her, and we will abide by her decision. To

be plain with you, I could not bring myself to perform this operation without her consent."

This proposal met with the approval of Prof. and Mrs. Seabrook, and both appeared relieved when the young man said he would take it upon himself to broach the subject to the girl.

This he did with great tact and tenderness, and, after a grave and quiet talk with her uncle, in whom she placed unbounded confidence, Dorothy said she was ready for anything that he regarded as necessary, for she knew that he had only her welfare at heart.

But Dr. Stanley said there must be a time of "building-up" to get adequate strength, meantime she must try to be as happy as possible and think only pleasant thoughts.

"I will try, Uncle Phillip," said the girl, with a trustful look in her eyes, "but"—a wistful expression sweeping over her thin face—"don't you think it is strange there is no such way of healing, nowadays, as when Jesus was here?"

"Yes, Dorrie, I do. I have often asked myself that same question," replied her companion, gravely.

"How lovely it would be if there was some one living now who could say to me, 'Take up thy bed and walk,' and I could do it," she continued, with a note of yearning in her voice that smote sharply on her listener's heart. "Don't you believe that when Jesus went away He meant to have people keep on healing, and teaching others how to heal, just as He had done?"

"Perhaps He did, pet; but you know everybody thinks that those were 'days of miracles,' which were

simply intended to establish the divinity of the Savior and His authority to teach the new gospel."

"Yes, I know everybody says that whenever I ask anything about it," Dorothy returned, with an involuntary shrug of impatience, "but, somehow, it doesn't seem fair to me that all sick people cannot be healed in the same way. Jesus' way was certainly the best way to cure people—so much better than making them take horrid medicines and—and cutting them up with knives," and a shiver ran over her slight form as she concluded.

"Let us talk of something else, Dorrie. I do not like to have you dwell upon that subject," said her uncle, with a spasmodic contraction of his lips.

"Well, I will try not to," she said, with a faint sigh. "But truly, Uncle Phil, I can't help thinking that it was never intended that Jesus' way should be stopped any more than the 'new gospel,' as you call it, was meant to be forgotten, or lost, after His resurrection. I think that the healing was a part of the 'new gospel.' "

"Well, Miss Thoughtful, that is certainly a good argument," returned her companion, smiling into the earnest, uplifted eyes. "But who has been talking to you to set you to reasoning so deeply on the subject?"

He was wondering if Katherine Minturn might not have dropped a seed of her doctrine into the receptive mind of his niece.

"Nobody—I just thought it out for myself. You see I can't do much but think, and I often get very puzzled about God and the queer things He lets happen. You know it says in the Bible that He is 'too pure to behold iniquity,' or evil—and 'does not regard it with any

degree of allowance'; and yet there seems to be more sin, sickness and dreadful accidents than anything else in the world."

"It is a mystery, I confess; but what makes you think that Jesus intended that His way of healing should be continued after His ascension?" inquired her uncle, who was deeply interested in the child's reasoning.

"Why, you see, just before He went away He had a talk with His disciples and gave them some last commands. He told them to go everywhere and preach to everybody—to 'heal the sick, raise the dead, and cast out sin or devils.' Now, Uncle Phil, that command is all one—the first part of it says 'heal the sick, raise the dead,' then comes the rest of it—'cast out sin;' and I don't see what right people have to pick it to pieces and say He didn't mean them to obey any but the last part of it."

"I see," nodded the young man, as she paused to impress her thought upon him.

"Well, then He told them that everybody who believed what He preached would be able to do the same things. Don't you remember He said—'Teach them to observe'—and observe means to practice—'all things whatsoever I have commanded you.' Those were His very words. Now don't you think that meant to heal in His way instead of using drugs and all sorts of queer things that the Bible doesn't say anything about?" and Dorothy bent an eager, inquiring look upon her uncle.

"Where do you find all that?" questioned Phillip Stanley, and thus evading a direct reply.

But what she had said had set him thinking of argu-

ments along the same line which Mrs. Minturn had used, during some of their discussions on board the *Ivernia.*

Dorothy shot a roguish glance up at him.

"I guess you don't know your Bible very well, do you, Uncle Phillip?" she said, laughing. "But when you go home please read the last six verses of the last chapter of Mark, and then the last two verses of the last chapter of Matthew, and see for yourself if what Jesus said about healing the sick isn't just as strong as what He said about preaching to sinners."

"All right, I will; but, by Jove, Dorrie! what a profound little theologian you are getting to be!" laughingly returned the man as, with a caressing hand, he smoothed back the golden hair from her forehead. "What makes you bother your brain with such perplexing questions?"

"I suppose one reason is because I've been sick so long and nobody does me any real good. Oh! I shouldn't have said that to you, when you try so hard," Dorrie interposed, flushing. "But I like to talk about such things, and you are very good to talk with me. Papa used to; but, lately, he doesn't seem to like to. You ought to hear Miss Minturn, though."

"Miss Minturn!" repeated Phillip Stanley, with an inward start.

"Yes. I don't believe you know who she is. She is a new student, and she is just lovely," said Dorothy, with animation.

"Does she talk with you about these things?" inquired Dr. Stanley, and recalling what Katherine had

told him regarding having been forbidden to advance her peculiar views while she was a student at Hilton.

"I never heard her say anything about what we have been talking of to-day," Dorothy replied. "I'm going to ask her, though, what she thinks, sometime. But papa asked her some questions once in the Sunday class, and her ideas about God and the way people ought to live are beautiful. She has been to see me several times, and she always brings me a lovely flower of some kind—a rose or lily, and once the sweetest orchid; only one at a time, but always such a beauty. I love to look at it when she is gone, and it almost seems as if she had left part of herself behind."

"That is just like her dainty ladyship," Phillip Stanley observed to himself, and Dorrie continued:

"Sometimes others have been here when she has come, and other times I've felt too weak to talk; but—it is very strange!—I never have that tired feeling in my back when she is here, and she is always so bright and cheery I forget the pain and feel so happy and —and rested. Oh! must you go, Uncle Phillip?" she concluded, regretfully, as he arose and took up his hat.

"Yes, dear, I've made you a long call, and now I really must get back to the office," he said, as he bent his lips to hers for his accustomed farewell.

The girl twined her arms around his neck.

"You are very good to me, Uncle Phillip, and I love you," she murmured, softly, "and when you go away I always count the hours 'til you come again."

"Well! well! I begin to think I am a person of considerable importance," he rejoined, in a playful tone.

"You 'begin to think,'" she retorted, roguishly;

"haven't you ever thought it before? I'm not quite sure that you are as modest as you pretend to be. But, Uncle Phil——"

"Yes?"

"Will you look up those verses and tell me what you think, the next time you come?"

"I promise you I will, Dorrie; and now *au revoir!*"

He touched the bell to call the nurse, then waved her a last good-by and quietly left the room.

Phillip Stanley did not, indeed, "know his Bible very well," and had spent very little time conning its pages since starting out in life for himself. Like many another who has been rigidly reared under the vague doctrines of "old theology," he had, at an early age, become both restive and skeptical. This state of mind had grown more pronounced as he had advanced in his profession and been brought in such close touch with suffering and dying humanity. Thus he had long since ceased to attend church, and, having found no comfort in the Scriptures—which seemed to him to portray a stern dictator and relentless judge rather than a merciful and loving Father—he had resolved to live his life as nearly in accord with his own highest conception of honor and rectitude as possible, become an ornament to and an authority in his profession, do what good he could along the way, and not puzzle his brain trying to solve the perplexing problems of this life and of an unknowable future.

But to-day, on his way back to the city, he found himself thinking more seriously of these things than for many years, and, upon reaching his office and finding no one awaiting him, his first act was to take from

an upper shelf his long neglected Bible and read the passages which Dorothy had named to him.

They appealed to him as never before. Every word bristled with a new meaning, and, becoming deeply interested after reading the last two verses of Matthew, he began the book of Mark and did not leave it until he reached the end.

"H-m! I begin to see what Mrs. Minturn founded some of her arguments upon," he said, as the striking of the clock warned him of his dinner hour. "Well, I wonder, were those cases 'miracles'—just supernatural wonders, performed merely to prove Jesus' authority to preach a new gospel? or were they 'governed by a demonstrable Principle,' as she affirms, brought to earth for suffering humanity to learn and practice, and so be redeemed from its sin-cursed bondage?

"There certainly ought to have been a panacea provided for all disease," he resumed, after a moment of deep thought. "But there is none to-day—at least *materia medica* has never found one, and that is a mortifying fact to be obliged to admit after over four thousand years of investigation and experiment. Poor Dorrie! I'd really like to make a test of her case!"

He put down his book with a sigh and then went out to his evening meal, a troubled expression on his handsome face.

CHAPTER VII.

Katherine and the Junior League.

Soon after entering Hilton Seminary, Katherine was invited, as was customary, to become a member of the "Junior League," a secret club or society organized and sustained by the junior class. Its object was twofold. First: improvement, to keep themselves informed of and in touch with current events and literature; and, second: sociability.

But it was hinted, now and then, by some of the more serious-minded members, that "a rollicking good time" had more attractions for the majority of its constituents than anything else.

Their meetings were held once a fortnight, when some member was expected to read a paper on a subject previously selected by a committee appointed for that purpose, after which a short time was spent in a general discussion of the theme, then the remainder of the evening was given over to social enjoyment; or, occasionally, to "a spread," which is so dear to every boarding school girl's heart.

Twice during the year the league formally entertained the faculty and the "Senior League," a similar organization, which as often returned these courtesies.

Katherine accepted the invitation with thanks, and at once threw herself heartily into the methods em-

ployed to entertain the club, particularly into the literary work, always carefully preparing herself upon the subject to be discussed. But she soon found that the main object of the organization was being perverted, the topics being superficially written up and argued, except by a very few. Less and less attention was being devoted to improvement and more to a good time, together with much school gossip, until the meetings were fast becoming a farce.

She deeply regretted this, and talked it over with some others as earnest as herself, but without achieving any satisfactory results. Upon one or two occasions she gave a thoughtfully prepared synopsis of the subject, but these efforts were received with shrugs, nudges and significant smiles and glances; and, while no one was openly discourteous to her, it was evident that, with a few exceptions, she was still regarded as a person to be shunned even by her own club.

One evening, on making her appearance, she observed that there was an unusual flutter among the wilder members of the league, and that she at once became the object of their curious regard.

The exercises progressed as usual until the discussion was over, when, as was the custom, the president called upon the chairman of the literary committee to announce the topic and the name of the member to treat it for the next meeting.

The chairman arose and said, while an ominous silence fell upon the room:

"Miss Minturn has been appointed to give us a paper for our next gathering, and the subject chosen is, 'Christian Science and Its Transcendental Tendency.'"

"Miss Minturn has been appointed to give us a paper for our next gathering, and the subject chosen is, 'Christian Science.'"

(See page 86)

An audible titter ran around the room as this announcement was made, and every eye was fastened upon Katherine, who instantly suspected the situation had been planned for the sole purpose of making her uncomfortably conspicuous and bringing her beloved Science before the club simply to be ridiculed.

She was naturally quick-tempered, though years of discipline had taught her how to hold herself well in hand upon most occasions. But now, for the moment, her whole soul arose in arms and was ready to flash forth in fiery indignation.

She flushed crimson and a dangerous gleam leaped into her usually gentle eyes, while she trembled from head to foot.

"See! it has hit her in a tender spot!" whispered Ollie Grant to Sadie Minot. "Look out, now, for a tempest from Miss Propriety! Won't it be fun?"

But the unaccustomed emotion passed almost as quickly as it had come. It was like the flash of summer heat that is followed by no thunder. Her momentary resentment was bravely quelled, and, after a brief denial of error, she arose to her feet, the flush still hot on her cheeks, but a sunny smile parting her red lips and chasing the temper from her eyes.

"Lady President and comrades," she began, bowing first to the presiding officer, then to her companions, and there was not the slightest evidence of anger in her sweetly modulated tones, "there is nothing that I love more than Christian Science, and if I thought you also were really interested in it, and I could, consistently, give you some information regarding it, it would give me great pleasure to do so. But you are not interested

in it—you do not believe in it; many of you think it absurdly transcendental, as your topic indicates. Thus you have nothing but ridicule for it. So you can understand that what is very sacred to me I could not discuss in such an antagonistic atmosphere. Besides——"

"Oh, but we really do want to learn something about it," here interposed Ollie Grant, as she gave Sadie a nudge with her elbow, "and—and"—with mock demureness—"if we have wrong ideas about it, why, you can perhaps set us right."

"I am sure it would be very interesting," Clara Follet observed, with a sly wink at her nearest neighbor; "it is so—mysterious and—creepy; like spiritualism, you know."

Katherine had seen both nudge and wink; but neither now had power to move her to any feeling save that of compassion for the thoughtless offenders.

"You are entirely mistaken, Miss Follet," she gently returned. "Christian Science and spiritualism are as far removed from each other as the Poles. But I repeat, I cannot give you a paper on the subject you have assigned me."

"Do I understand, Miss Minturn, that you absolutely refuse to respond to the appointment?" gravely inquired the president, while whispered comments and an excited rustle were heard from various parts of the room.

"Miss Walton, I must," said Katherine, firmly.

"Do you know the penalty of such a refusal?" the presiding officer queried, while Katherine started and colored crimson as she continued: "Any member of

the league refusing to comply with an appointment made by its committee is subject to expulsion."

"Provided there is no good reason for such a refusal, I believe the by-law reads," here interposed a young lady who was beginning to feel sorry for Katherine, for she knew that she was simply being "made game of" by those who held her religious belief in derision.

"Yes, certainly. If you can give a good and sufficient reason for the stand you have taken, Miss Minturn, you will, of course, be excused," the president supplemented, realizing there was something in the atmosphere which she did not understand, as she had no knowledge of the plot that had been concocted by the mischief-loving element of the league.

"I think I have already given a good reason," Katherine observed, with quiet dignity; "Christian Science is my religion, and I have been asked to treat it as transcendentalism, and—I am inclined to think—in a perverted sense of that term. Can I be expected to hold my religion up for ridicule? I do not refuse the appointment to write a paper; it is the subject that I decline."

"I claim that Miss Minturn's reason is 'good and sufficient,' and I move that she be excused," said Miss Clark, the young lady who had previously spoken in Katherine's behalf.

The excitement was increasing, and the president was obliged to rap vigorously for order before she could make herself heard.

"Does anyone second Miss Clark's motion?" she inquired.

It was somewhat timidly seconded by a weak voice

from one corner of the room; but when put to vote the hands were three to one against it.

Could it be possible, Katherine asked herself in sudden dismay, that certain members of the league were taking this way to get rid of her? Why, then, had they invited her to join it in the first place?

"It seems, Miss Minturn, that you cannot be excused," Miss Walton observed, with a deprecatory smile.

Katherine did not mean to be driven out of the club in such an underhanded manner if she could avoid it; neither would she violate her conscience.

"I shall be obliged to maintain my position, nevertheless," she responded, after a moment of thought. Then she resumed, in a tone of regret: "And since the league does not see fit to release me because of my conscientious scruples, which, it seems to me, should be an unquestionable motive, I will state that Prof. Seabrook, who also does not favor my views, has enjoined me to silence upon the subject while I am a student at Hilton."

"Comrades, that settles the matter without further action or discussion," said the president, bringing her gavel down with an imperative stroke: for this last announcement had created a breezy flutter among the mischief-brewers, who had planned to have "great sport" a fortnight hence.

"And now," observed Katherine, again rising and addressing the chair with charming frankness, "I stand ready to prepare an article upon any other subject which the committee may assign me."

"Is the committee ready with another topic?" the president inquired.

That body conferred together for several minutes, after which the chairman stated with ill-concealed mirth, which appeared to be contagious, that a paper on "Transcendentalism" would be expected from Miss Minturn a fortnight from that night.

As she sat down titters and giggles were audible in various parts of the room, and Miss Walton's mallet again fell heavily upon the table, while she looked both distressed and indignant.

Before she could speak, however, a tall, handsome girl sprang to her feet and turned to her with blazing eyes.

"Lady President," she began, in a clear, ringing tone, "I rise to express my disapproval of the proceedings of this business meeting. While I am not at all in sympathy with the subject that has been broached here this evening, I believe in fair play, and that an insult offered to anyone because of her religious belief should not for a moment be tolerated. I shall feel justified in withdrawing from the league if such discourteous treatment is continued. And"—glancing at Katherine—"I also wish to express my admiration for Miss Minturn for so bravely standing by her colors. She might have shielded herself behind Prof. Seabrook's injunction in the first place and so settled the matter at once; but she made it a question of conscience for a cause that she loves, and was not afraid to say so. And now, I move that, if the last-named topic is distasteful to her, she be allowed to choose one for herself."

A profound hush had fallen upon the room during

this spirited speech, and at its close there was a vigorous applause from a few of her listeners, showing something of a reaction of feeling in favor of Katherine, who observed, however, with a pang at her heart, that her roommate, Sadie, was not among the number.

"Is Miss Felton's motion seconded?" queried the president, with a smile and nod of approval at that young lady.

Katherine, who had been doing some rapid thinking during the last few minutes, was on her feet again before anyone could speak.

"Lady President, pray allow me to thank Miss Felton most heartily for her kind espousal of my cause," she said, bestowing a luminous smile upon her new friend, "but I would be very sorry to have any unpleasantness arise in the league, and may I ask that no further action be taken in the matter? I know that many people have a mistaken idea of what Christian Science is, and regard it and its adherents with feelings that are regretted when they become more enlightened on the subject. And now"—a mirthful gleam in her brown eyes—"let me add that I cheerfully accept the last-named subject assigned me, and will do my best to elucidate it for the benefit of the club at our next meeting."

As she concluded and sat down there was another round of applause, more pronounced this time; while some of the ringleaders in the mischief looked as if they felt that the tables were being turned against themselves.

The president appeared immensely relieved to have

what had threatened to be a stormy scene so tactfully smoothed over, and, as there was no further business to be transacted, she gave the signal for formalities to cease and sociability to begin.

Katherine at once became the center of an admiring and condoling group, whose attitude towards her had undergone a radical change since the brave championship of Miss Felton, who was a power not only in her own class but in the whole school.

Katherine greeted everyone graciously, but met all expressions of sympathy and indignation with laughing protests, and as soon as she could do so without appearing unappreciative, excused herself, upon the plea that she must look over a lesson before the retiring bell rang, and slipped away to her room.

It is not to be wondered at that a few bitter tears forced themselves over her hot cheeks when she found herself alone, for she had been sorely tried. The struggle with her momentary feeling of indignation and a sense of personal injury had been severe, while she had also been deeply hurt by Sadie's evident sympathy with those who were in the plot against her.

But she resolutely set herself at work to conquer these emotions and then vigorously attacked the unlearned lesson, after which she retired, but not to sleep, for thought was busy with what had occurred and with plans for the next league meeting.

Sadie did not put in an appearance until some time after the gas had been turned off, when she silently undressed and crept into bed, and, shortly after, Katherine fell asleep.

Some hours later she was suddenly awakened by what sounded like a moan of pain.

She sat up in bed and listened; but, hearing nothing more, thought she must have been mistaken, and was about to lie down again, when, from beneath the covers of the bed, in the opposite corner of the room, she was sure she heard her roommate groan.

"Sadie! what is the matter?" she inquired.

There was no verbal answer, but another moan smote upon her ears.

Katherine sprang out of bed and went to her.

"Sadie, tell me, what is the trouble?" she said, laying a gentle hand upon her shoulder.

"Oh, I have a horrible toothache," she girl replied, adding: "I did not mean to wake you, but the pain is simply unbearable," and, throwing back the covers, she sat up and rocked to and fro in agony.

"What can I do for you?" Katherine kindly inquired, while she mentally declared that "God never made pain, nor man to suffer pain."

"Oh, I don't know," was the helpless rejoinder. "I think there is a bottle of oil of cloves somewhere in my upper drawer, if you will find it for me."

Katherine lighted the candle, kept for emergencies, and searched for the desired remedy amid the heterogeneous collection in the drawer, but failed to find it. Then she looked in various other places suggested by Sadie, with the same result, greatly to the girl's disappointment.

"Oh, I remember—I lent it to Carrie Hill last week! What shall I do?" wailed the sufferer in a voice of despair; for Miss Hill roomed at the top of the op-

posite wing, and just at that moment the clock in the tower of the building struck the hour of three.

She was now wrought up to a state of excessive nervous excitement, and it looked as if there would be no more sleep for either of them that night.

"Haven't you something—some camphor or salts, Katherine? I can't stand this any longer," and Sadie was now sobbing from mingled nervousness and suffering.

"No, dear. I never use anything of the kind," Katherine replied.

"Do you never put anything in a tooth when it aches?"

"No."

"Do you ever have the toothache?"

"I used to when I was a child; very seldom now."

"What do you do to stop it?" was the impatient query, accompanied by a prolonged groan.

"Treat it mentally."

"Shucks!" and Miss Minot threw herself violently back upon her pillows with an air of personal injury mingled with supreme contempt, while Katherine kept on working for harmony in her own thought.

"Katherine, I simply cannot stand this until morning," the girl cried again, after a minute or two of forced endurance, as a fresh paroxysm seized her.

"Shall I go to the matron and ask her for something for you?" Katherine inquired.

"Oh, I don't know; it seems a shame to send you way down to her at this unearthly hour. It is bad enough to keep you awake," said Sadie, remorsefully.

"Never mind me, dear. I am willing to do anything

you wish, and I'm not afraid to go anywhere in the building," was the kind response.

"Perhaps if I had some water to hold in my mouth it might relieve me," Sadie suggested.

Katherine brought her a glass and she filled her mouth, but expelled the water almost instantly, as the bare and sensitive nerve rebelled against such radical treatment.

"Can't you do something?" she gasped, clutching her companion's arm with a spasmodic grip.

"I'll go to Miss Williams, or some of the girls for——" Katherine began.

"No, I can't bear to make a stir—oh, heavens! oh! treat me—your way—anything—anything to stop this unbearable torture!" and Sadie buried her face in her pillow to smother the moans she could not repress.

"Indeed I will," said Katherine, with a heart-throb of thankfulness for the appeal; and, dropping her face upon her hands, she went to work with all her understanding for the sufferer.

Ten minutes passed; then it seemed as if the intervals between the moans grew longer. Another five minutes and she was sure that the hand upon her arm was relaxing its convulsive grasp. Not long after the restless form grew still, the hot hand on her arm slipped down upon the bed, and when the clock in the tower struck the half hour after three, the regular breathing of the girl told of quiet and restful sleep.

But Katherine continued to work for several minutes longer, then stole softly to her own couch, where she also was soon locked in slumber, and neither awoke

again until the rising bell rang its imperative summons to the duties of a new day.

Katherine was nearly dressed before her roommate manifested any inclination to rise. She looked bright and serene, however, and there was no swelling or other evidence of the previous night's broken rest and suffering.

"I believe I'm all right, honey," she thoughtfully observed, after watching Katherine's operations in silence for a while.

"Of course you are," was the cheery response, with a happy heart-throb at the old familiar form of address.

"That was a right smart rumpus, though," Sadie added, in her Southern phraseology.

"The less said about it the better," was the brief reply.

"Why?"

"Because it is nothing now, and you neither need nor wish to live it over."

"I reckon I don't. But, do you believe you cured me?"

"I know that I did not; but I also know that God healed you."

"But you did something."

"Yes—what I did was—well, you may call it prayer, if you like. But I think we must not talk about it because of Prof. Seabrook's command, which I am inclined to think I may have already broken in the letter if not in the spirit," said Katherine, gravely.

"Well—I don't—know. It all seems very queer to me!" Sadie observed, reflectively, as she slipped out of

bed and began to dress. "I wouldn't have believed I could feel so well this morning though. I'm as fresh as a daisy, and my face isn't at all swollen. I can't understand it. I'm inclined to think that—after all, the ache just ached itself out and left of its own accord."

Katherine smiled faintly but did not pursue the subject.

"I'm downright obliged to you, Katherine, for being so kind and patient with me in the night," the girl resumed, after a few moments of silence; "and—honey," suddenly facing her and looking her straight in the eyes, though her cheeks were crimson, "I feel mighty mean over our tiff the other day, and—and about what happened last night in the league."

"Never mind, Sadie—it is all past now——" Katherine began.

"But I shall mind; I'm going to eat the whole of my humble pie," interposed Sadie, between a laugh and a sob, "for I—I was in the plot with the others. You see, I hadn't quite gotten over the other affair, and——"

"But you have now, Sadie?" Katherine interrupted, wistfully.

"How could I help it when you've been so perfectly sweet? Only I want——"

"Well, then I'm happy!" cried Katherine, with a joyous laugh, "and I'm not going to let you eat any more 'humble pie,' for—the North and the South are reunited, and that cancels everything."

"Katherine, you are the dearest——" But Sadie's voice broke suddenly, and to cover her emotion she

bounded into the closet and began a vigorous search for some needed article.

There were fair winds and cloudless skies after that, and nothing more was heard from the defective tooth, which, later, was filled and preserved for future usefulness.

CHAPTER VIII.

Transcendentalism as Elucidated for the Junior League.

The following two weeks were unmarked by anything of special interest, and Katherine found her time fully occupied in attending to her daily duties and preparing for the next league meeting.

For a moment, after the second subject, "Transcendentalism," had been assigned her, she felt "old Adam" beginning to stir resentfully again, for she was impressed that, when the topic came up for discussion, certain members of the club intended to make her the target for more sharpshooting.

But the struggle was short, for the monitor within had declared that "God's image and likeness could not reflect or manifest anything but love;" when, like a flash, had come the inspiration to treat the subject from a humorous point of view. She knew that the committee had used the term in its perverted sense, so she would meet them on their own ground, make an hour of fun for the league, and thus, perchance, disarm the aggressive ones and create a better feeling towards herself.

As these thoughts coursed rapidly through her mind during Miss Felton's gallant defense, she became enthused over the idea, hence the mirthful gleam in her

eyes when she arose and accepted the topic, and thus tactfully "poured oil upon the troubled waters."

In the quiet of her own room, after retiring, her plan began to take a more definite form, and, before the week was out, she had arranged her programme for the evening.

She found that she would be unable to carry it out alone, and so confided her scheme to Sadie, Miss Walton, the president, and Miss Felton, whom she now regarded as stanch friends. They were delighted with it and heartily lent her their assistance in perfecting it.

It became evident, however, as the day for the meeting drew on apace, that more than usual interest was centered in the event, for, upon two or three occasions, Katherine came suddenly upon a group of the members in earnest conversation, which was instantly cut short, or abruptly changed, when her presence was observed. Jennie Wild, who was very fond of her, also gave her a hint that something unusual was going on.

"Miss Minturn, what's the fun that's brewing in the Junior League?" she inquired, as she encountered Katherine in one of the halls a couple of days previous to the meeting.

"Is there fun brewing?" she inquired, evasively, and wondering if, by any possibility, her own scheme had become known.

"Yes, I am sure there is, for I've heard some of the juniors talking about a 'great time' that is on the tapis for the next meeting; and—and your name was mentioned, too," Jennie concluded, giving her a curious glance.

Katherine flushed and looked perplexed; but she felt sure that her own secret was safe, for it had always been discussed behind locked doors, and all concerned were too interested in the success of it to betray her confidence.

"I have no knowledge of anything outside of my own province," she replied. "I am to read a paper before the league on Tuesday evening."

"Oh, say! what's the subject?" Jennie queried, eagerly.

"Don't you know, dear, it is a rule, in both the Junior and Senior Leagues, that no information regarding what occurs in their meetings can be made public without a vote of the members?" Katherine smilingly inquired.

"Yes; but I'll never tell," said the girl, in a confidential tone.

"No, I am sure you will not," was the laughing retort.

"Oh, you mean you won't give me a chance," said Jennie, with a good-natured grimace. "Well, whatever the subject may be, I am sure the paper will be O. K."

"Thank you for your confidence in my ability, and, sometime, perhaps, you may be enlightened regarding what is at present a profound secret," returned Katherine, encouragingly.

"Well, perhaps that is what those girls were talking about, but I'm pretty sure there's more than that in the wind," Jennie thoughtfully observed. "But"—all on the alert again—"I've found out that the sophs are planning to kick up a bobbery, too——"

"Oh, Jennie!" interposed her companion, with laughing reproof.

"Yes, I know; that is awful slang. But what can you expect of a 'freshie'? I've got to make the most of my time, too, you know, for when I get to be a junior I'll have to begin the 'prune and prism' act," retorted the girl with a roguish wink. "Then"—suddenly straightening herself, drawing down the corners of her mouth, crossing her eyes, and assuming the air of a would-be prude—"the prospective infraction of law and order would have to be decorously stated something like this: ahem! 'Those irrepressible, irresponsible and notorious sophomores are secretly preparing to engage in exceedingly demoralizing, mischievous and reprehensible behavior, calculated to produce an unpleasant state of perturbation in the atmosphere of our household, inoculate a spirit of anarchy in their fellows, and detract from the dignity of our honored institution.' How's that for high?"

"Oh, I believe you are rightly named 'Wild Jennie'!" cried Katherine, laughing heartily, for the girl was irresistible in her drollery.

"All the same," continued Miss Mischief, resuming her accustomed vivacity, "they really are up to something that will give the teachers a tremendous nightmare one of these fine nights. You just watch out, Miss Minturn—I've only got an inkling of the plot, but it's great, and I'm going to be on hand to see it, even if I can't be in it."

"Look out, dear, that you do not get involved in something that you will be sorry for afterwards," cautioned Katherine.

"I'll look out for number one—never you fear; but" —with a wise nod—"you just keep your eyes peeled about your own affairs. Ta-ta!" and, with a wave of her hand, the girl hurried away, merrily whistling a popular air as she went.

"I wonder if those girls are planning some practical joke upon me for Tuesday evening!" Katherine said to herself, as she went on up to her room.

Taking what Jennie had told her in connection with what she herself had seen and heard, she was inclined to think that there might be "something brewing"; but, as there appeared to be no way to solve the mystery, she wisely decided not to dwell upon it, although she determined that she would be on the *qui vive* and not caught napping.

Tuesday evening came. The league convened at the usual hour, and that something of more than wonted interest was anticipated was evinced by the fact that every member of the club was promptly on hand, while curious glances were bent, and comments made, upon a curtain which had been stretched across one end of the room.

After the meeting was formally opened the president stated that, before the reading and discussion of the paper, there would be a short entertainment, which had been specially prepared for the occasion.

This announcement met with vigorous applause, and an air of eager interest at once pervaded the audience.

Miss Walton waited patiently until quiet was restored, then resumed:

"First I will read an original conundrum which is

propounded by one of our members, and which you are requested to solve."

Everyone was at once on the alert.

"My first," read the chairman, "is a state of oblivion.

"My second is what comes to all things mundane.

"My third appertains to articulation, to a form of surgery, and to a profession.

"My fourth is applied to certain theories and fanatical tenets.

"My whole is a term employed to designate a certain form of philosophy which is also often misconstrued and misapplied."

As Miss Walton was about to lay down her paper she was asked to read the conundrum again, which she did, while pencils were busy taking notes; then she observed:

"Before the answer is called for we are to have a charade, which has also been prepared by a member of our club, after which you will please give your solutions before Miss Minturn reads her paper."

A bell now tinkled faintly, and the mysterious curtain was raised, revealing a prettily furnished room and, conspicuous in a reclining chair, there lay a young lady apparently asleep, while two others, wearing black dominoes and lace masks, attempted to arouse her. Their efforts proved ineffectual, however, although she was pinched, shaken, commanded to awake, and even made to stand upon her feet. But nothing availed; she was seemingly oblivious of everything.

"Alas! it is of no use," solemnly observed one

domino to the other, who sighed heavily, and mournfully shook her head, and the curtain was rung down.

A moment later it went up again. No one was now in the room, but a short piece of rope dangled from one arm of the chair.

The third scene revealed an office. On a table lay a number of small instruments, a lot of loose teeth, also a couple of full sets. A lady was seated in a chair, and beside her stood a gentleman(?) holding aloft in one hand a pair of forceps, in which there gleamed a single tooth, while with the other he extended a glass of water to his patient, remarking in a suave, professional tone:

"It is all over, madam—a very successful operation. Rinse your mouth, please, and then we will look at the others," whereupon the curtain fell.

The fourth scene showed the same room in which the first act had been given. In a low rocker sat a spinster of uncertain age, very prim as to attitude and attire, her face partially concealed by a profusion of corkscrew curls that dangled from her temples. She appeared to be absorbed in reading, while there were piles of books on the table at her side, on chairs, and were also strewn promiscuously about the floor.

Presently a colored servant entered the room. A spotless kerchief was folded about her expansive shoulders; a bright red bandanna was coiled around her woolly head, and a long, blue and white checked apron was tied about her ample waist.

She was a typical, full-blooded negress, and shuffled into the room in true darky style, but with signs of distress and one black hand covering her right eye.

"Well, Dinah, is anything wanted?" demanded the spinster, but without glancing up from her book.

"Y'sm, honey; I'se done got sumpin' in m' eye. I has sho'."

"Come here and let me look at it," said her mistress, reluctantly laying her book aside and taking a pencil from the table.

Dinah knelt before the woman, who made a careful examination of the suffering member.

"I see it!" she said; "don't move and I'll get it. There!"—carefully removing something with a corner of her immaculate handkerchief—"see?"

"Y'sm; thank'e, Miss Julia. Yah! yah! what a li'l spec to make such a rumpus! Looks like de Bible 'mote,' but, golly! it done feel mo' like de 'beam.' Yah! yah! yah!" laughed the negress, revealing two rows of dazzling teeth to an appreciative audience as she laboriously struggled to her feet.

"Feel all right now, aunty?" queried the spinster, as she carefully refolded her handkerchief.

"Y'sm, y'sm; I'm obleeg'd to 'e, Miss Julia. Lor'!" rubbing her knees and groaning, "de rumatism do work de mischief wi' dese yere po' ole bones." But Miss Julia had again become absorbed in her book and, apparently, did not hear.

"Got another new book, Miss Julia?" queried Dinah, after watching her mistress in silence for a moment.

"No, Dinah," replied the spinster, lifting a beatific glance and smile to the ceiling, "I am still engaged with my 'Philosophical, Psychological and Theosophical Research.'"

"Lor'!" and Dinah rolled her eyes with an awe-struck look over the audience. "I 'spec' some day, honey, you's so uplifted, you'll go soarin' up inter de clouds and outer sight, straight 'ter kingdom come——"

"Dinah! I think it is time you were giving your attention to your dinner," interposed Miss Julia, in a lofty tone.

"Y'sm; I's gwine—I sho'ly is'm," retorted Dinah, spiritedly, as she straightened herself and turned with a resentful flirt of her skirts to obey. Then glancing back over her shoulder and showing her white teeth in a broad grin, she added: "I's gwine ter 'gage in m' soupy-logical, lamby-logical, pie-o-logical research; y'sm, sho!" and, striking a superior attitude, she cake-walked off the stage with a vigorous stride and regardless of 'ole bones' or 'rumatism'; and the curtain was rung down upon an audience convulsed with merriment, while a voice from somewhere cried out:

"Well done, Sadie! yo'll take de cake, dis time, fer sho."

Scene five showed the same room, the same spinster with her book clasped to her breast, her head thrown back, her eyes gazing aloft into vacancy.

"Oh, ye messengers of supereminent light! Oh, ye soul-thrilling angels from realms supernal! Draw nearer—unfold your celestial wings and brood tenderly o'er the aspirations of this receptive heart—this heart already upborne on waves of ecstasy and o'er-mastering joy; fulfill its psychic dreams and lift it to thine own supersensible heights"—she breathed in an exaggerated stage whisper and continued her vague, visionary monologue, or extravaganza, until the curtain fell

and brought down the house again with enthusiastic applause.

"Has anyone guessed the answer to the conundrum, or charade, or both?" inquired the president with mirthful eyes when she could make herself heard.

"Transcendentalism!" cried Clara Follet, wiping the tears from her cheeks. "Dinah gave it away to me with her 'is'm' and her 'rumatism,' and, of course, the charade was the key to the conundrum."

From several others came the same answer, with the various hints or points which had suggested it.

"And now," continued Miss Walton, "we will have the paper on the same subject from Miss Minturn, who is also the author of both conundrum and charade."

Again there was a vigorous clapping of hands, in the midst of which the curtain was raised and Katherine appeared upon the stage, in her spinster attire, but shorn of her voluminous corkscrew curls.

She was smiling, and rosy, and bowed her thanks for the generous approval of her efforts.

As she unfolded her manuscript an expectant hush fell upon her audience, and she observed that significant and inquiring glances were exchanged between some of the members of the league.

"The paper which I have prepared," she began, "may not prove to be just what the club may have expected from me; but it will at least show that I have given the subject assigned me some thought.

"Once on a time—'twas not so very long ago—
Miss Puff craved something of Philosophy to know,
And, with proofs of culture armed and high position,
To a Summer School of Sages sought admission.

"With inspiration rare, she here absorbed her fill
Of ologies galore, and conned them o'er, until
Her wearied brain grew dazed beyond expression;
But, of this sad fact, Miss Puff made no confession.

"Ontology came first, with arguments profound,
With language mystical, the wisest to confound;
Physics took the platform next, to claim discussion,
And Metaphysics foll'wing near caused concussion.

"Cosmology! Phrenology! what charméd lore!
What depths profound! how high her aspirations soar!
Tidbits of sweetness for future delectation.
Ah! but could she give a lucid explication?

"Theosophy! Psychology! transcendent themes!
Glide softly in upon her philosophic dreams:
'Till soul upborne to realms of ecstasy sublime,
Earth's vanities grow dim upon the shores of time.

"But, lo! now hydra-head Theology appears
To shatter dreams and chill her heart with nameless fears,
For Sage and Seer spare not in sharp dissection,
'Till poor Puff, alas! no longer makes connection.

"But, all the same, 'twas lovely to 'philosophize!'
It mattered not if she were wise, or—otherwise;
Or deeply versed in themes on which the Sages dote,
Could she but keep on transcendental waves afloat.

"And so, at length, the Summer School drew to a close.
Home went Miss Puff, well primed, to smatter and to pose;
Lightly soar on clouds of blissful exaltation,
And air her fads, perchance (?) in some smart publication.

"Howe'er, dear friends, Miss Puff's career was very brief.
Like all pretentious frauds, she shortly came to grief;
She was found out, you know, and took a strange belief
Which none could heal, and faded like a leaf.
Then, slyly fled the town!—was never seen again,
Though faithful search was made o'er mountain, moor and fen.

"The claim? Ah! that begat long medical debate;
But finally, as I am authorized to state—
For all things mystical must have some kind of name,
And there's no better phrase to chronicle the same—
'Twas—the learned doctors vowed—abnormal mentalism,
The outgrowth of her fads and Transcendentalism!"

Katherine made her bow as she concluded and slipped behind the scenes. But the applause was beyond anything she had yet received and was kept up, with cries of "come out," "come out," until there was nothing to do but reappear, which she did with flushed cheeks and shining eyes.

"Comrades, I thank you all for your hearty appreciation and commendation," she said, when quiet was restored. "It occurred to me that a humorous treatment of the subject might be more enjoyable than any other, and"—with an arch look and nod—"more applicable to your conception of the term. But"—her eyes now brimming with mirth—"I will not take more of your time, as I believe there is a supplement to my programme yet to come."

The president looked surprised.

"I know of nothing more, Miss Minturn," she said; but even as she spoke there was a nervous rustle apparent among some of the audience.

"Still I am quite sure that a ghostly surprise, not down on my pragramme, had been planned for us. Perhaps this will elucidate my meaning," Katherine explained, and, bringing to light something, which she had until then concealed behind her, she shook out and held up to view a white robe, made of a sheet, and also a white mask.

Groans and laughter greeted this announcement and display.

"Oh! who has given us away? Who has told you, Miss Minturn?" came breathlessly from various quarters of the room.

"No one 'has given the secret away'—no one has

'told' me anything," she replied. "The discovery was an accident. I was obliged to slip up to my room for something forgotten, just before it was time to open the meeting. As I reached the end of the hall I heard voices, and, being arrayed in the dentist's garb with only a domino over it, I did not wish to be seen. I fled into the closet there, and the next moment two juniors passed, carrying something in their arms, wrapped in shawls. I heard one say, 'When I give the signal, Miss Blank will touch the button and put out the lights.' When they were beyond hearing I stole from the closet and found a small bundle at my feet. Investigation revealed this ghostly garb, and, if I am not mistaken, those shawls, in yonder corner, contain several others."

The room was very still for a moment after Katherine concluded, and there were some very red faces, here and there, among the audience.

Suddenly Clara Follet sprang to her feet, and, addressing the president, said:

"Miss Walton, as I am the leader in this affair, may I make an explanation?"

"Certainly. Comrades, Miss Follet has the floor."

"There is nothing to be done but make a clean breast of everything," continued Miss Follet, with a resolute air, but with crimson cheeks as she faced the audience. "As you all know, some of us were inclined to—to guy Miss Minturn at our last meeting about a certain subject, and when she declined to write a paper on it we thought we would give her another as nearly like it as possible, and so get some fun out of it when

it came up for discussion. Well"—with a suggestive shrug—"we, of course, expected she would go into it deep, and mount, and soar, and all that; so some of us put our heads together and planned a ghost walk. We were going to wait until she reached the zenith of her flight, when, at a signal from me, the electrics would be turned off, which would leave us a very dim light through the transoms opening into the hall; then eight of us were to slip into our robes, form a circle around Miss Minturn, and chant a dirge. Well—but—ahem! don't you see, she just took all the wind out of our sails to begin with? Instead of a 'ghostly surprise' the ghosts got the surprise—that conundrum and charade made me suspect that the committee on topics were going to 'get left,' and I began to feel my courage failing. But that transcendental poem!—that capped the climax, and I saw that the only thing to be done was for the spooks to hide their diminished heads and keep dark."

Miss Follet was here interrupted by vigorous clapping and bursts of irrepressible laughter, in which even the dignified president joined.

But a tap of the gavel restored order, and Miss Follet was invited to proceed.

"That is all there is to tell," she replied, "but I want to add, for myself, that I think Miss Minturn is 'a brick,' as the boys would put it, and I take off my hat to her"—turning to Katherine with a low, graceful bow—"if she will accept the homage from the chief transgressor, who—to make all possible atonement—proposes to give the best spread of the season in her honor, in place of the next meeting, if the league will

vote me the privilege and she will signify her pardon and approval by shaking hands with me."

As she concluded she extended her hand to Katherine, who grasped it cordially, amid enthusiastic clapping by the entire audience.

It was some minutes before order could be restored, when the business was transacted and Miss Follet's proposal to give a spread in Miss Minturn's honor, two weeks from that night, received a most hearty and unanimous vote.

When the meeting was dismissed it was evident that a decided reaction of feeling had taken place, for Katherine at once became the center of attraction and held a delightful little reception for a while; but this was cut short by the ringing of the retiring bell, and the Junior League dispersed in the happiest frame of mind, all declaring that the "Transcendental Evening" had been the finest of the year.

When Katherine laid her head upon her pillow that night and fell asleep her pulses were beating in joyous rhythm with three beautiful words gleaned from her beloved "Science and Health"—"Love is enthroned! Love is enthroned!"*

*"Science and Health," page 454.

CHAPTER IX.

Katherine Makes a Demonstration.

From that time on Katherine became conscious of a very different atmosphere, at least when among her own classmates, for, instead of the cold shoulder, averted glances and a general stampede whenever she appeared, she was now cordially received and greeted upon all occasions.

This was more apparent after Miss Follet's "spread," two weeks later, and which really proved to be the "finest of the season," being a "full-dress affair," when all barriers were swept away during the "jollification" and every vestige of disaffection vanished in company with the bountiful and dainty viands that were literally fit "to set before a king."

Katherine, being the guest of honor, was toasted and made much of, and her companions found that she could appreciate a frolic as heartily as anyone, and was not behind, either, in making fun for others.

One evening, early in May, shortly after "the spread," Katherine was diligently studying the morrow's lessons when a rap sounded on her door, and, upon giving the usual password, Jennie Wild put her curly head inside the room and observed:

"Miss Minturn, Miss Reynolds has sent me to ask

if you will come to her room as soon as the study hour is over."

"Yes, Jennie, I will go to her the moment the bell rings," replied Katherine, who knew that her teacher had not been well for nearly a week, and, for the last two days, had been unable to attend to her duties.

"And, Miss Minturn," continued the girl, lingering.

"Well?" said her friend, inquiringly.

"May I go with you to your service, next Sunday?"

"Why, Jennie! What has possessed you to ask me that?"

"Oh, I thought I'd just like to know what kind of a rigmarole—— Oh, Peter Piper! what have I said?" the heedless girl interposed as Katherine flushed and looked up suddenly. "I really didn't mean that—I—er—it just slipped out before I had time to think. But, truly, I would like to go with you."

"But you know it is against the rules for students to leave their own church. You would have to get permission of Prof. Seabrook," Katherine returned.

"I don't want to ask him," said Jennie, with a shrug, adding: "He need never know."

"No, Jennie, I cannot countenance any such disobedience," gravely replied her companion. "And if it is only a matter of idle curiosity on your part, I think you had better wait until you are actuated by a more worthy motive."

Jennie looked really distressed under this reproof.

"I'm afraid I've offended you," she began, plaintively. "I didn't mean to speak slightingly of your church, and I'm—sorry——"

"Don't be troubled, Jennie, dear; I am not offended,"

said Katherine, smiling reassuringly. "Of course, you understand that, to me, our service is very beautiful and sacred. I would dearly love to have you go with me in a proper way; but if you do not like to ask permission you can wait until vacation, when you will not be hampered by school rules."

"All right; perhaps—I will," returned Jennie, with a sly smile; then, with a friendly "good-night," she went away, and Katherine thought no more of the matter at that time.

Half an hour later the nine o'clock bell rang and she repaired at once to Miss Reynolds' room. She found her teacher in bed, looking flushed and feverish, her throat badly swollen and swathed in flannels, while she was scarcely able to speak aloud.

She smiled a welcome and held out her hand to the girl, who clasped it fondly as she sat down beside her.

"I suppose you would say 'it is nothing,'" whispered the woman, a little gleam of laughter in her eyes, notwithstanding her evident suffering.

"No, I should say nothing of the kind to you," said Katherine, gravely. "But I hoped that I should find you better."

"No, Kathie"—a fond way she had adopted of late when addressing her—"I have been growing steadily worse since last night. This afternoon I have been very ill, and Prof. Seabrook sent me word by his wife, to-night, that if I am not better by morning he will call a physician upon his own responsibility. I don't want a doctor," she went on, after resting a moment, "for, since having those talks with you and learning

something of your faith, I find myself shrinking from medical treatment."

Katherine glanced involuntarily at the array of bottles on the table near her, and Miss Reynolds, observing it, smiled.

"True," she said, "I have been dosing myself with every remedy that I could think of, while 'halting between two opinions'; but nothing does any good, and I have come to the end of my rope, so to speak. That is why I have sent for you, Kathie—to ask you to treat me your way."

Katherine flushed, and for an instant a sense of fear held her in its grip. With it also came the query, "What would Prof. Seabrook think of having Christian Science healing deliberately practiced in Hilton Seminary?"

Then she mentally declared: "There is no fear in love," and "where duty pointed the way she would boldly walk therein."

"Are you afraid to take hold of it?" her teacher inquired, as she observed her hesitation.

"No, I am not afraid, for I know that God is supreme and never fails those who put their trust in Him," was the confident response. "But," Katherine continued, "are you sure you really want Christian Science treatment?"

"Very sure, Kathie."

"How about these?" and the girl glanced at the bottles, "and this?" touching the flannel about her throat.

"Oh, I know they are of no use," said the sick woman, with an impatient sigh. "You may put the medicines all away, and I will take off the flannel. I

am determined not to have a doctor and be laid up for three long weeks, if I can help it."

"Very well; then I will do my utmost for you," said our young Scientist, in a resolute tone. "I shall stay here with you to-night; but, first, I must go to tell Sadie and get my wrapper."

"Ah! that is kind; you can sleep on the couch, and, really, dear, I do feel too sick to be left alone," was the weary reply.

Without further ado Katherine sped back to her room—working mentally for her friend as she went—told Sadie her plan, and donned a loose wrapper; then, taking her Bible and "Science and Health," she hastened back to her patient.

During her absence Miss Reynolds had removed the voluminous folds from her neck, and now looked relieved as Katherine reappeared, prepared to care for her during the night.

Katherine noiselessly removed the various bottles, tumblers, etc., from the table, laying her books in their place, and was on the point of sitting down to begin her work when there came a rap on the door.

Upon answering it she found Mrs. Seabrook standing without, a bowl of steaming gruel in her hands.

"Oh, you are going to stay with Miss Reynolds to-night!" she exclaimed, her face lighting as she saw the girl in her wrapper. "I am very glad—I had intended doing so myself, for I know she should not be left alone; but Dorothy has just had a bad turn and I cannot leave her. How is she now?" she concluded, glancing towards the bed.

"About the same as she has been all day."

Mrs. Seabrook sighed anxiously.

"I wish she would have a doctor," she said. "We shall insist upon it if she is not better in the morning. I have made her some gruel—do make her take at least a part of it, for she has had no nourishment to-day."

"Thank you, I will try; and do not worry, dear Mrs. Seabrook. I will take the very best of care of her, I promise you," said Katherine, cheerily.

"I know you will, you dear child; and you have removed a load from my heart already," returned the care-laden woman, tears springing to her eyes. Then she bade her good-night and left her, whereupon Katherine locked the door, and, slipping quietly into a chair, began working vigorously for her friend.

For more than an hour there seemed to be no change in her patient's condition. Indeed, if anything, the symptoms appeared to be aggravated; she tossed restlessly, the fever apparently increasing, while she called for water every few moments, but refused the gruel, saying she could not swallow it.

Eleven o'clock came—half-past; then the long tolling of the tower clock proclaimed midnight ere Katherine was able to detect the slightest sign of improvement. Then, as she responded to another call for water, she found that the fever had abated and there was a slight moisture in the palm of the hand, which she clasped for an instant.

Another half hour spent in alternate reading and work brought quiet, restful sleep. But the faithful sentinel on guard labored on, now reading from her precious book, then seeking help from the only source

whence cometh all help and comfort, and never doubting that the answer to her prayer would eventually come.

At two o'clock Miss Reynolds aroused and again called for water; then, after drinking thirstily, dropped restfully back upon her pillows.

At three she awoke once more and asked for the gruel.

"Kathie, I am better—the fever is gone, and my throat is not so sore!" she said, smiling faintly into the earnest face looking down upon her.

"That is certainly good news," Katherine returned, as she received the bowl half-emptied of its contents. "Now go to sleep again, and I will lie down upon the couch."

She lay awake, working, however, until the regular breathing from the bed told her that her patient was wrapped in slumber; when, assured that her toiling and rowing were over for the present, and God at the helm, she, too, dropped off, and knew no more until aroused by the rising bell at half-past six.

She started up, but her companion slept on, and, disliking to disturb her, she lay back and worked silently until the next bell, at seven-thirty, called to the morning meal.

Miss Reynolds heard it also, turned over and looked at her companion, then sat up and involuntarily put her hands to her throat.

An expression of astonishment swept over her face.

"Katherine! why, Katherine!" she exclaimed; "where is it?"

"Where is what?" inquired the girl, going to her side.

"The swelling!"

"There is none," said Katherine, with a happy smile as she glanced at the white, shapely neck to find it in its normal condition.

"Neither is there any soreness in my throat! Child, I do not know what to think of it!" said the woman, with a note of awe in her tone.

"Think that God was a very present help in time of need," returned Katherine, with sweet seriousness and a slight tremble in her own voice.

Miss Reynolds fell back upon her pillow, a thoughtful look on her face. But, presently, glancing at the clock, she said:

"Dear child, you must go for your breakfast, or you will be too late."

"I will; but what shall I bring you afterwards?"

"What may I have?"

"Anything you like."

"Truly?"

"Certainly; don't you remember what we were talking of last week—man's God-given dominion over all things?"

"Well, it surpasses my comprehension, for I have always had to be careful what I ate after one of these attacks! But I am in your hands, Kathie—you may bring me what you choose, and I believe I am hungry," Miss Reynolds returned, in a tone of conviction.

"You shall have something very soon," Katherine assured her, and, having dressed her hair while talking, she now flew away to her own room to complete her

toilet, a pæan of praise thrilling her heart for the recent safe and triumphant passage through the Red Sea of human fear and error, whose waves had so threatened to engulf her patient the night before.

Breakfast was nearly over when she reached the dining room; but she slid quietly into her place and made a hurried meal, after which she sought the matron and gave her order for Miss Reynolds, saying she would wait and take the tray up to her.

While she was waiting, Mrs. Seabrook espied her and came to inquire for her patient.

"She is more comfortable this morning," Katherine replied, and, thinking it wise not to say very much regarding the conditions upstairs.

Mrs. Seabrook appeared greatly relieved.

"I am thankful," she said. "I was very anxious about her last night, for I have never seen her so ill before. Poor Dorrie is not as well, either, this morning," she concluded, with a weary sigh.

A wave of compassion swept over Katherine's heart for this sweet, patient woman, who was so heavily burdened with her own cares, yet ever ready to do for others.

"Give my love to Dorrie," she said, adding: "And I will run in to see her this afternoon, if I may."

"Do, Miss Minturn," said her companion, eagerly. "You always do the child good, and she will have something pleasant to look forward to during the day."

Miss Reynolds enjoyed her breakfast, which she ate with perfect ease. Then she said she would like to be left alone to rest until noon, when Katherine might

bring her a light dinner—"provided her breakfast did not hurt her."

Katherine pinned upon her door a slip of paper on which was written "not to be disturbed"; then went away to her own duties, which would be over at noon, it being Saturday and a half holiday.

After eating her own dinner, she arranged a generous and tempting meal on a tray and took it to her teacher's room.

She found her up and dressed in her wrapper and seated in a comfortable rocker, reading "Science and Health," which she had left lying on the table.

Miss Reynolds looked up and nodded brightly as she laid down the book.

"Isn't this perectly lovely? Aren't you astonished to find me up?" she inquired, as she bestowed a fond pat upon the girl who had drawn a small table to her side and was arranging her dinner upon it.

"Not in the least," said Katherine, bending to kiss the cheek nearest her.

"Aren't you? not the least bit? Why! I am simply amazed at myself!" her teacher exclaimed.

Katherine laughed out merrily.

"I suppose you have heard of the woman who, on being told that 'the prayer of faith would remove mountains,' prayed that God would take away the hill behind her house?" she queried, archly.

"Yes, and on looking out in the morning, said: 'It's just as I expected; I knew it would be here just the same!' I know the story, and I see your point on lack of faith," said Miss Reynolds, echoing the girl's laugh.

"But that is not the way Christian Scientists pray,"

Katherine observed. "Jesus said, 'All things whatsoever ye ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive.' You are not quite like the woman who prayed for what she was sure she would not get; but you are 'amazed' because you have received that for which we asked; which shows that you did not really expect it."

"But I must have had some faith, Kathie, or I would not have trusted myself to your treatment."

"True; and that was your first step in Christian Science, which brought with it the proof of God's supremacy."

"It certainly is a beautiful proof," Miss Reynolds earnestly returned, "for I have been subject to these attacks for many years, and have always been under the care of a physician from three to five weeks before getting back to my normal condition."

She went on with her dinner, but it was evident that she was thinking deeply, while Katherine moved softly about the room putting things in order.

"Katherine," the woman at length inquired, "what is this 'treatment' which you give the sick? Is it simply prayer?"

"Yes, and the understanding that God is all in all."

"Well, I would like to know the secret of it. I have been a prayerful woman during the greater portion of my life—at least, according to the common acceptation of the term; but I have never before known of a direct answer to prayer such has come to you or to me, through you. What constitutes a Christian Scientist's prayer and understanding?"

"That question involves a great deal," said Kath-

erine, smiling. "Briefly, it is reaching out for and appropriating that which is already ours."

"'Appropriating?'"

"Yes, knowing that all good belongs by right to us, as God's dear children; and acting as if we knew it, by gratefully accepting it," Katherine explained. Then observing the puzzled look on her teacher's face, she went on:

"Let me illustrate. You asked for your dinner. I have brought it and set it before you. All you have to do is to reach out and partake of it to satisfy your hunger. How inconsistent it would be if you should ignore these facts and keep on saying, 'Katherine, I want my dinner; please, oh, please give me some food, for I am starving.'"

"How ridiculous that sounds!" said Miss Reynolds, laughing. "I begin to comprehend what you mean and that the old way of praying is only a halfway prayer, while begging and supplicating God to keep His promises impugns His righteousness."

"Exactly," Katherine assented, then added: "Prayer is really twofold—asking and taking, praying and doing; knowing that God's promises mean what they say, and confidently expecting their fulfillment."

"Do you always have this confidence when you have difficulties to meet, Kathie? I should think it would not always be easy to 'know,'" thoughtfully observed Miss Reynolds.

"No, it is not always easy to have perfect trust; in that case every demonstration, or answer to prayer, would be instantaneous. One needs to be patient and persistent, the same as one needs to go over a difficult

mathematical problem many times before getting a correct answer, but never doubting that it will follow right effort," Katherine explained. "Of course, there is a great deal more that might be said about the subject," she added, "and if you will read the chapter on 'Prayer' in our text-book you will get a far better idea of it than I have given you."

"I will read it this afternoon if you are not going to use your book," Miss Reynolds replied.

"I have another copy, and you may keep this one for a while," and Katherine flushed with pleasure at the woman's manifest interest in her beloved Science.

"Thank you; and now"—glancing archly at the almost empty dishes before her—"don't you think I have done ample justice to the generous repast you brought me? I only hope it won't bring on the fever again."

"Oh, faithless and perverse generation!" quoted Katherine, with smiling reproof. "It will not," she added, positively; "remember your 'God-given dominion.'"

"I will try, dear; I am very grateful to you, Kathie, and to God, for the wonderful transformation of the last few hours," said Miss Reynolds, with starting tears. "If it were not for this feeling of weakness I believe I could dress and go down to supper to-night."

At that instant there came a tap on the door, and on going to answer it Katherine found Mrs. Seabrook and Miss Williams, another teacher, without.

Both ladies exclaimed in astonishment upon seeing the supposed invalid up and dressed, while Mrs. Seabrook viewed with grave disapproval the tray before her, with its remnants of a hearty dinner.

"My dear! are you crazy that you dare eat meat, potatoes and vegetables—yes, and pie!—with such a fever?" she cried, aghast.

"I have no fever," said Miss Reynolds, giving her a cool, normal hand. "I am very much better, and I was hungry, so asked Miss Minturn to bring me something nice to eat."

"All the same, you are very injudicious," was the severe rejoinder. But the transgressor only smiled serenely and began to talk of other things, while Katherine removed the offensive tray, taking it below, after which she sought her own room.

CHAPTER X.

Mrs. Seabrook's Problem.

Katherine spent a while chatting with her roommate, after which she made some change in her dress, then sought Mrs. Seabrook's apartments to make her promised visit to Dorothy.

The child was reclining on a couch and propped up by numerous pillows. She looked pale and worn from recent suffering, although, just then, she was comparatively comfortable.

Prof. Seabrook was sitting beside her, reading from an entertaining book, to pass the time during his wife's absence on her round of visits to the sick.

Katherine flushed slightly as she entered the room, for, try as she would, she had not yet quite overcome a sense of reserve whenever she met her principal. His manner to her was always marked by the most punctilious politeness; but it was such frigid courtesy and so entirely at variance with his affability during their first interview, that she also seemed to freeze when in his presence.

The moment the door opened Dorothy uttered a cry of joy, extending eager hands to her, and, after saluting Prof. Seabrook, Katherine went to her side, a cheery smile upon her lips as she greeted her.

"I'm so glad, Miss Minturn! Mamma said you

were coming, and I've been watching the door ever since dinner. Can you stay a long time?" exclaimed the girl, in glad tones.

"Perhaps I am interrupting something interesting," Katherine observed, as she glanced at the book in the professor's hands.

"Well, papa has been reading to me, and it was interesting," Dorothy truthfully admitted. "But he has an engagement pretty soon, and is only staying with me till mamma comes back, for Alice is out. Mamma has gone up to see Miss Reynolds. Do you know she is awful sick?"

"She is much better to-day. I came from her room only a little while ago," said Katherine, "and I can stay an hour, or more, with you if you like. I will go on with the reading, Prof. Seabrook, if it will relieve you," she added, courteously turning to him.

"Oh, I'd rather talk with you," Dorothy interposed. "Mamma can finish the story by and by. Now, papa, you can go and leave me with Miss Minturn."

Prof. Seabrook arose.

"It is very good of you, Miss Minturn," he said, addressing her with studied politeness. "I do feel anxious to get away to an important appointment. Well, Dorrie, what shall I bring you from the city?" he questioned, as he bent over the girl, his tones softening suddenly to yearning tenderness.

"Oh! papa, it's Saturday, you know," she said, with a wise look.

"Sure; I almost forgot, and the inevitable cream chocolates for Sunday will have to be forthcoming, I suppose," he laughingly rejoined. "Anything else?"

"No, I guess not; only tell Uncle Phil, if you see him, to be sure to come out to-morrow."

"Very well," then kissing her fondly, he bowed formally to Katherine and quietly left the room.

Ten minutes later Mrs. Seabrook returned, and Katherine persuaded her to go out for a walk, a privilege which the closely confined woman was glad to avail herself of, and Dorothy was soon absorbed in the description of a moonlight fête on the Grand Canal in Venice, and which Katherine had participated in during her recent tour abroad.

Meantime Mrs. Seabrook was walking briskly towards the highway, but with a very thoughtful expression on her refined face.

It was one of those soft, balmy days of May that almost delude one into the belief that it is June; that thrill the heart with tenderness for every living thing, and quicken responsive pulses with their unfolding beauty. She had been shut up the whole week with Dorrie, while, with Miss Reynolds alarmingly ill and several of the students threatened with as many different ailments, her time had been more than full, and her mind heavily burdened with care and anxiety. So it was with a sense of freedom and grateful appreciation that she pursued her way, breathing in the pure and refreshing air, basking in the genial sunshine and feasting her eyes upon the loveliness all around her; but thinking, thinking with a strange feeling of awe deep down in her heart.

She had just passed the entrance to the grounds of the seminary, when she saw her brother, Dr. Stanley, approaching from the opposite direction.

She hurried forward to greet him.

"I am more than glad to see you, Phillip," she said, as she slipped her hand, girl fashion, into his, as it hung by his side. "Come and walk with me. I want to talk to you."

"I am on my way to Dorrie," he replied. "I met William in a car, as I was returning to town from a visit to a patient, and he told me she had been very poorly to-day. So I took the next car back to see her."

"Yes, she had a very bad night, but has grown more comfortable within the last few hours. Miss Minturn offered to sit with her and let me out for a breath of air," his sister explained.

"I owe Miss Minturn my personal thanks. But perhaps I ought to go on and take a look at Dorrie," said the physician, thoughtfully.

"No, Phil; come with me. I am heavy-hearted, discouraged, and I need to be comforted," said the much-tried woman, the sound of tears in her voice. "Miss Minturn is very nice with Dorothy," she continued, struggling for self-control; "the child always seems happy and to forget herself when she is with her. Perhaps, though, you haven't time," she added, with sudden thought.

"Yes, I have, Emelie," the man gently replied, "and we will have one of our old tramps together. Come! Let us get as far as possible from that pile of brick and stone and its too familiar surroundings." And still holding her hand, swinging it gently back and forth, he led her along the road towards the open country.

"What a strange world this is, Phil!" Mrs. Seabrook

broke out, suddenly, after they had traversed quite a distance and talked of various matters. "Everything in it seems to be at cross-purposes."

"Do you think so, Emelie? Look!"

The man checked her steps and pointed to the view before them. They had come to the brow of a hill, and there, spread out beneath them, was a valley teeming with luxuriant beauty that was a delight to the eye and full of exhilarating charm. Thrifty farms dotted the broad expanse as far as they could see; springing fields of grain, interspersed with verdant meadows, and rich pastures dotted with their feeding kine were suggestive of prosperous homes and husbandmen; stretches of woodlands, with their sturdy trunks and vigorous branches, unfurled their banners of living green in varying shades and lent an air of dignity and strength to the attractive landscape. Here and there an apple orchard, with trees in full bloom, gave a dainty touch of color to brighten the whole, and a small river winding its glimmering way, like a rope of silver thrown at random, made a graceful trail over the scene; while above it all fleecy clouds, skimming athwart a sky of vivid blue, cast lights and shadows that could not have failed to thrill and inspire the soul of an old master painter.

"I know—that is lovely! No, there are no cross-purposes in nature; it all seems in perfect harmony," murmured Mrs. Seabrook, her eyes glowing with keen appreciation of the exquisite picture before her. "It is only poor humanity that seems all out of tune," she went on, the tense lines coming back to her face. "Oh, Phillip! what is this mystery of suffering that

we see all about us? If God is tender, and loving, and supreme, why—oh! why—is the world so full of it?"

Dr. Stanley lifted the hand that he was still holding and laid it within his arm, drawing her closer to him with a tenderness which told her that he both knew and shared the heavy burden that weighed so heavily upon her heart.

"Emelie," he said, his eyes lingering upon the scene before them, "that is a question that I have often asked myself, especially during the last two years that I spent in those hospitals abroad, and witnessed the wretchedness they contained. And I suppose everybody has been asking it over and over for ages gone by. We have been taught that sin is the root of it all," he went on, musingly; "that sin brought sickness and death. Then, as you say, if God is supreme, why doesn't He abolish the sin, or at least show humanity how to conquer it in a practical way, to overcome or lessen the results of sin? But no! The same tragedy is repeated with every generation, and seems likely to go on for ages to come."

"Sin! What sin could an innocent child like Dorrie be guilty of, to bring upon her the curse of torture that she has endured for the last eight years?" cried Mrs. Seabrook, a note of intolerant anguish in her tones. "I know you will say theology teaches that it is the heredity sin of our first parents; but, Phillip, that is not fair nor just—it is not logical reasoning. I believe I am beginning to be very skeptical, for that argument hasn't a true ring to it. What human father or mother would torture their offspring simply because an ancestor, many generations ago, had committed a

crime, however heinous? Oh, sometimes I am almost on the verge of declaring there is no God. That would bring chaos, I know," she added, with a deprecatory smile, as she saw her brother's brow contract; "but it really does seem as if the *pros* and *cons* are disproportionate, the *cons* far outnumbering the *pros,* as far as poor humanity is concerned."

"Emelie, you need change of scene; you are becoming morbid," said Phillip Stanley, looking with fond anxiety into the somber eyes upraised to his.

"Change of scene would not remove the sword that hangs over me, for you know that where I go Dorrie must also go. Oh! Phillip, do you believe that anything will ever permanently relieve that child of pain?" Mrs. Seabrook cried, a sob escaping her quivering lips. "I don't expect she is ever going to be straight, like other girls. I only ask that she may be freed from suffering. Have you any real faith in that proposed operation, or even that—that she will live through it? You have been trying to 'build her up,' but she appears to be running down instead."

"I know, dear, her case does seem to be very trying, although I see no especial cause for anxiety. I hope when the season is more advanced and you go to the mountains she will improve more rapidly. But how would you like to change the treatment?" And Dr. Stanley bent a searching look upon the troubled face beside him.

"Have some one else?"

"Yes; try another specialist."

"No, Philip; we have tried everything—every school, and countless specialists, for eight years," said Mrs.

Seabrook, wearily. "I have more confidence in you than in anyone else, for I know that you are putting your whole heart into the case, and yet——"

"What is it, Emelie? Do not fear to speak your mind freely," said her brother, encouragingly.

"Phillip, what do you think of the Christian Scientists? Would it be too ridiculous to try their method for a while?" she faltered, and flushing crimson.

Dr. Stanley smiled.

"Has Dorothy been talking to you also about the miracles of nineteen hundred years ago?" he inquired, evasively.

"No; what do you mean?"

He related his recent conversation with his niece on the subject, and told of his promise to read the Scripture references she had given him.

"I kept my word," he said, in conclusion, "and became so interested that I read the account of every miracle that Christ and His apostles performed."

"Oh! Dorrie never tires of reading or of asking questions about them," returned Mrs. Seabrook; "but that has had nothing to do with my thought. Something very queer has occurred during the last twenty-four hours. You remember I spoke to you yesterday regarding Miss Reynolds' illness?"

"Yes; you thought her condition rather serious, I believe."

"Phillip, she really was very ill; I was thoroughly alarmed about her. Always, before this, when she has had these attacks, she has been very willing to have a physician, but this time she flatly refused to let me

call anyone. Last night she was worse than I ever saw her, and Miss Minturn took care of her."

"Ah!" ejaculated Dr. Stanley, in a peculiar tone.

"You know, perhaps, that Miss Minturn is a Christian Scientist?" said his sister, inquiringly.

"Yes."

"Well, I went to Miss Reynolds' room late last night and, truly, I came away in fear and trembling. I could not sleep well because of anxiety on her account. This morning, however, Miss Minturn told me, in her quiet way, that she was 'more comfortable.' But you can imagine my astonishment when I went to see the woman, less than an hour ago, and found her up and dressed, having just finished a dinner of roast beef and vegetables—in fact, our regular Saturday *menu*—pie and all."

"What! with all that fever?" exclaimed Dr. Stanley, aghast.

"Well, that was the queerest thing about it," said Mrs. Seabrook, in a tone of perplexity; "there wasn't a sign of fever about her and the swelling of her throat was all gone. But for looking a trifle pale and hollow-eyed, she seemed nearly as well as ever. She would not talk of herself, though; she just evaded our questions—Miss Williams was with me—but ran on about Dorothy and school matters in general, as lively as a cricket. Now, putting this and that together, I am inclined to think that Miss Minturn had something to do with this wonderful change. What do you think?" she concluded, turning to her brother with an eager look.

"I would not be at all surprised if she had," Dr. Stanley gravely observed.

"You 'would not be at all surprised'! Then, Phillip, you do believe in Christian Science healing, after all!" exclaimed his sister, almost breathlessly.

"No, I do not 'believe' in it, and yet I know that strange, even marvelous, things are done in its name," Phillip Stanley replied. "Has Will never told you that I suggested we try it before having Dorrie submit to an operation?" he added, after a moment of thought.

"No, he has never mentioned the subject to me."

"Well, I did," and then the young man proceeded to relate the incident that had occurred on the *Ivernia* during his return passage and his subsequent conversation with his brother-in-law.

"While I have no faith in it as a 'demonstrable science,'" he continued, "and while there is much that, to me, seems absurdly inconsistent in what they teach, I am not so egotistical and obstinate as to utterly repudiate, with a supercilious wave of the hand, any method of healing that could do what I know was done for that suffering child last fall. And, my dear sister, I am sure I do not need to tell you that I would be willing to yield everything—go to any legitimate length to save our Dorrie from a trying ordeal, which, after all, might not bring the result we hope for. It is a question that remains to be proved, you know," he concluded, gently.

"Do not think for a moment," he presently resumed, "that I believe Christian Science could cure her; at the same time I would not object to giving it a trial—

making a test—to see if it would relieve her present suffering."

"Why not test it upon yourself, Phil?" his sister abruptly demanded.

The man started, then flushed.

"You refer to my imperfect sight?"

"Yes, of course; you need it for nothing else."

"Pshaw! Emelie; there is nothing that can mend a dislocated optic nerve," returned the physician, with an impatient shrug.

They walked on some distance farther, both intent upon the subject which they had been discussing.

"Well, Phillip, I am going to ask Will to try what it will do for Dorothy," Mrs. Seabrook at length asserted, in a resolute tone. "Of course, if it is only mental treatment, it cannot do the child any harm, even if it does her no good."

"I hope you may succeed, dear, in winning his consent," her brother returned. "He was rather short with me about it, and I could see that, for some reason, he was quite stirred up over the subject."

"I think it would be unreasonable to refuse to make a trial of it, after we have spent years fruitlessly testing other things," was the somewhat sharp reply. Then she added, as she turned her face towards home: "I think I will have to go back now, Phil. I have been out nearly an hour, and I must not impose upon Miss Minturn. This walk and talk have done me good, though. I feel both cheered and refreshed."

They walked briskly back to the seminary, chatting socially on various topics, and Dr. Stanley was glad to see a healthful glow upon his companion's cheeks

and a brighter look in her eyes by the time they entered the building.

They found Katherine reading the ninety-first psalm to Dorothy, who was lying restfully among her pillows, with a look of peace in her eyes that was like balm to the mother's aching heart.

The moment Phillip Stanley caught sight of Katherine he settled his chin with a resolute air, a sudden purpose taking form in his thought.

"Emelie," he said, in his sister's ear, "will you manage so that I can have a few minutes' conversation with Miss Minturn?"

She nodded, giving him a bright look, then went forward to Dorothy's side, while Dr. Stanley turned to greet Katherine, who had risen upon their appearance.

CHAPTER XI.

Dr. Stanley Asks Some Questions.

"We meet occasionally, Miss Minturn," Dr. Stanley observed in a genial tone, as he cordially extended his hand to her. "I hope everything is progressing satisfactorily in the junior class."

"As far as I know, all is well," she returned, her scarlet lips parting in a smile that just showed the tips of her white teeth, though she flushed slightly under her companion's glance. "I can speak with authority for only one, however. I am compelled to work pretty diligently; but I rather enjoy that."

"I am sure you do. I recall a fluent reading from Horace, which I inadvertently interrupted on the *Ivernia,* last fall, and which must have required earnest application; and I also remember that that same student could not be tempted from her task until the lesson was done," the gentleman rejoined, jocosely. Then turning to Dorothy, he inquired:

"And how does my small niece find herself this afternoon?"

"Miss Minturn, I have enjoyed my walk more than I can tell you," said Mrs. Seabrook, as she removed her hat and wrap, but wondering at the unaccustomed crimson in the girl's cheeks. "And now," she added, "if you have time I would like to show you a portfolio

of engravings which Prof. Seabrook received last week from an old classmate who is now abroad."

Katherine could never resist fine pictures, and followed her hostess into an adjoining room, where the portfolio was placed upon a table, and she was invited to inspect its contents at her leisure, Mrs. Seabrook excusing herself to prepare some nourishment for Dorothy.

Katherine found many of the engravings to be copies of paintings by some of the great masters, and which she had seen, in various galleries, the previous summer. They were very finely executed, and she became so absorbed in them that she was unconscious of the presence of anyone until Dr. Stanley's smooth, cultured tones fell upon her startled ears.

"That is a beautiful thing, Miss Minturn," he observed, bending nearer to look more closely at a copy of a section of the 'Creation' as painted on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel in the Vatican at Rome. "The foreshortening and perspective there is wonderful! Michael Angelo was the master of them all! Of course, you have seen many of the wonders of that great storehouse of art?"

"Yes; mamma and I spent a great deal of time in the Vatican. What a treasure vault it is!" Katherine replied, and then, as she turned other pictures to view, they fell to talking of scenes familiar to them both.

At length she came upon a reproduction of the healing of the lame man by Peter, at the "Gate Beautiful" of the Temple in Jerusalem.

It was full of strength and life, as well as of touches

of beauty and pathos, and the girl's face lighted with keen appreciation as she saw it.

"That is a queer story," Dr. Stanley observed, and eagerly seizing the opportunity for which he had been waiting.

"Queer?" repeated Katherine, inquiringly.

"Yes; it seems so to me. Do you believe that man —Peter, I believe, was his name—performed that cure instantaneously, as related?"

"No; but God did, working through him," said Katherine.

"You firmly believe that such an incident really occurred?"

"I certainly do."

"And you just as firmly believe that such healing can be done now?"

The girl lifted a quick, searching look to her companion, half expecting to see the skeptical curl, which she so well remembered, wreathing his mobile lips.

But, instead, she found herself looking into a pair of grave, earnest blue eyes, and there was no sign of levity or derision in the fine face.

"Yes, it has been done many times during the last thirty years," she quietly replied.

"Do you speak from actual knowledge or only from hearsay?"

"Both. I know of two cases, and my mother could tell you of several others."

"Do you believe that Dorothy could be healed? made straight and well?"

"Oh, Dr. Stanley!" Katherine breathed, with luminous eyes. "Yes, indeed! yes. Will they try the Sci-

ence for her? Oh! how I have yearned to have that dear child made whole!"

Her face was so radiant with hope, yet so softly tender and so beautiful, the physician was deeply moved.

"I cannot say as to that," he replied. "But will you tell me, Miss Minturn, what, in your method, heals the sick?"

"God—the power that created the universe and holds it in His grasp, who 'spake and it was done.'"

"Ah! but that is so vague, so intangible, I cannot comprehend your meaning," said the man, with an impatient shrug of his broad shoulders. "I do not doubt the existence of God," he continued, "nor His omnipotence, for I believe that the Creator must have all power over His own creation. But how—how can suffering humanity avail itself of that power? If I could grasp that—if I were sure it could be done by a really scientific process, I would never again prescribe a drug or touch a surgical instrument."

He spoke with evident emotion, almost passionately, for they could hear Dorothy sobbing, from the returning pain, in the other room, and, with all his learning and experience, the man had a heart-sickening sense of discouragement in view of his own and others' helplessness to cope with that demon of torture which was surely destroying his niece and, indirectly, wearing to a shadow his only sister.

"You say you believe in God—that you do not doubt His power; but is that statement of your attitude quite true, Dr. Stanley?" Katherine gently inquired. "If you really believed it, if all who claim that they have

faith in an omnipotent God really believed it, would you or they ever assume that drugs or surgical instruments were needed to assist God to do His work?"

"Jove! that is an argument that has never occurred to me before!" Phillip Stanley exclaimed. "But," he went on, doubtfully, "the curse came, and man was driven to do something to mitigate it; and it has been conceded, all down the ages, that these same doctors and material remedies are agencies that were required and provided by an all-wise Providence for that purpose."

"Yes, man, in his arrogance, has claimed that, and so has practically denied the omnipotence of God. But this same God has said, over and over, 'Whatsoever ye ask ye shall receive,' and 'Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy-laden and I will give you rest.' But he has never said, 'Ask to be healed of disease and I will send you doctors, to experiment with drugs, roots and herbs, and mechanical appliances;' or, 'if ye are worn out with care and heavy-laden with suffering they shall build you costly sanitariums, wherein to rest and be treated.' But only the rich or a favored few may avail themselves of these. If these remedies or retreats were infallible and could reach all mankind, there might be some plausibility in such arguments; but such is not the case, as you must know. Where, in God's Word, which is conceded to be the guide for humanity, do you find authority for them?" Katherine inquired, in conclusion.

"You have me there, Miss Minturn," rejoined her companion, with a quizzical smile; "honesty compels me to confess that I have not been much of a Bible

student, at least of late years. But allow me to say that your arguments against doctors, drugs and hospitals are very quaint, not to say convincing," he added, with an amused laugh.

"Well, let me assure you that you cannot find an instance, from Genesis to Revelation, where God commands man to call upon physicians, or to use material remedies for sickness any more than for sin," Katherine continued, earnestly. "But we do find many injunctions to depend upon Him alone in such extremity. In Deuteronomy we read, 'And the Lord will take away from thee all sickness.' Again, we are told what the penalty is for not calling upon Him—'Asa died because he sought the physicians and not unto God.' David tells us, 'It is God who healeth all our diseases,' and there are many more passages I could quote to prove the point."

"But why, if that is the only right way, has not God made it so plain that no one could go astray?" questioned Dr. Stanley.

"He has made it plain, and man would not go astray if he were obedient; but, in his arrogance and egotism, he has ignored God and 'sought out many inventions'* to rob Him of His prerogative," said Katherine.

"Well, to go back still farther, why has God permitted such evils and untold misery to exist in the world?" thoughtfully inquired the gentleman.

"He has not 'permitted' it," the girl positively declared.

---

*Eccles., 7.29.

"Isn't that rather a bold assertion, if God is omnipotent?" Phillip Stanley demanded, in surprise.

"No; for He asserts that He looks on evil with 'no degree of allowance.' For instance, you are supposed to be supreme in the sick room, your word law; but if your patient ignores your directions and remedies and substitutes others in place of them, you are not 'permitting' such willful disobedience. But the patient suffers for it none the less, and you are in no way responsible for his condition. So mortals, in their presumption and perverseness, have become idolators, have set up false gods or devices to rob God of His power. Take another illustration: Truth and honesty are supreme in their realm, but there are people who prefer to lie when truth would serve them better, and who would rather steal than get an honest living. But truth and honesty do not permit—are not responsible for such perversion. Until the liar and the thief turn to truth and honesty, to reclaim them, they will suffer from the results of their sins; they cannot substitute anything else."

"I see your point, Miss Minturn, and you have given me something to think of. You argue, too, like a veritable doctor of divinity," said Dr. Stanley, with a smile.

"Oh! no, I do not," retorted Katherine, with a roguish gleam in her brown eyes; "for, let your doctor of divinity get sick and he will argue for material remedies every time."

"That is true, and my intellect, my education and experience prompt me to reason from the same standpoint," was the grave response. "My professional

pride also cries out 'Absurd! Impossible! Impractical!' But I dearly love that little girl in there," and the man's voice grew gentle as a woman's and trembled in spite of his manhood, as he glanced towards the adjoining room. "I love my sister, whose life is a mental and physical martyrdom, and I would sacrifice all I have—yea, even professional authority and pride—to bring health and happiness to them. There is one thing left to try for Dorothy, to relieve that pain—only one; but my heart shrinks, revolts from it. That is why I have sought this conversation with you, Miss Minturn, hoping to get a little insight regarding your methods; and, while I do not grasp the so-called 'science' of it at all, I am impressed that you Scientists have something that we physicians have not. But I marvel at your profound thought upon such a subject at your age."

"You would not marvel at my ability to elucidate a difficult problem in trigonometry?" said Katherine, smiling.

"No, for that would be a natural outgrowth of your education."

"Yes, and the same argument holds good regarding what we have been talking of," was the quick response. "I have been taught it from my youth up, and although I know but very little of Christian Science, for it is infinite, yet what I have learned I know just as clearly as I know certain statements in the 'History of the United States'; yes, far more clearly," she interposed, with a little laugh, "for I am obliged to take the historian's account for granted, in part, while I can demonstrate, prove Christian Science for myself."

Dr. Stanley's shapely brows were arched ever so slightly at this assertion.

"Have you ever done any healing, Miss Minturn?" he inquired. "Have you ever cured anyone of a severe illness?"

Katherine flushed under his glance and question.

"A person cannot be said to know very much about mathematics unless he is able to demonstrate mathematical problems," she observed, after a moment of hesitation.

"I see; you mean that anyone who acquires the principles of Christian Science can demonstrate it by healing the sick?"

"Yes. It is the Christ-science, or the Science of Christianity, as demonstrated and taught by Jesus, who said, 'The works that I do shall ye do also if ye believe in Me.' So anyone who conscientiously investigates it, from an honest desire to know the Truth, will grow into the practice of it."

"Miss Minturn, do you believe that you could help Dorothy?" earnestly inquired Phillip Stanley.

"I know that she could be helped under right conditions; and I wish—I feel sure that my mother's understanding is sufficient to meet the case," she thoughtfully returned.

"'Under right conditions,' what do you mean by that?"

"Dorothy would have to be willing to be treated, and the consent of Prof. and Mrs. Seabrook would also be necessary."

"Then nothing could be done for her by your method

except under those conditions?" and Dr. Stanley's tone conveyed a sense of disappointment.

"No; it would not be right—it would be interfering where one would have no authority to intrude."

"But it would be doing good; that is always justifiable, is it not? even if the child could be given but one night's peaceful rest to prove its efficacy."

"Some physicians believe in hypnotism; do you?" Katherine inquired, with apparent irrelevancy.

"Well, under certain circumstances, it might be employed to advantage, but, as a rule, I am opposed to it."

"We utterly repudiate it as a very dangerous and demoralizing practice; but, Dr. Stanley, would you think it right, under any circumstances, for a person to hypnotize you without your consent?"

"Indeed I would not; it would be a dastardly act," emphatically declared the physician.

"On the same principle, Christian Scientists feel that they have no right to treat, or try to influence anyone mentally, even to do good, without permission," Katherine explained, as she arose, thinking, perhaps, enough had been said on the subject.

"Just one moment, please, Miss Minturn," said the gentleman, detaining her. "There is one thing more I would like to speak of. Will you kindly look me directly in the eyes?"

Somewhat surprised, Katherine turned her glance upon his and looked searchingly into those fine eyes so deeply blue, but flushing as she did so.

"Can you detect any difference in them?" he questioned.

"No, I cannot," she said, and knowing now why he

had asked it, for she remembered what Miss Reynolds had told her.

"Well, there is," he affirmed, "for I am blind in my left eye, although scarcely anyone would observe it; at least I can only discern light from darkness. It was caused by an accident when I was a child. Do you believe, Miss Minturn, that normal sight could be restored to that eye?"

"I know that it could," Katherine began.

"Yes, of course, you know that God has power to restore it," her companion interposed; "but do you believe any practitioner would take my case and encourage me to hope for such a result?"

"Assuredly," said the girl, with unwavering confidence.

"Truly, your faith is unbounded," Phillip Stanley observed, with a smile in which there was a glimmer of skepticism. "I wish it could find an echo in my own heart, for I would give a great deal for so priceless a boon. But where do your practitioners go to learn their method?"

"To our text-book, 'Science and Health.' It——"

"That little leather-covered book I used to see you reading on shipboard?"

"Yes; it contains the whole of Christian Science, and, Dr. Stanley"—with a significant nod—"he who will may read."

"I understand"—with a responsive laugh—"one has to put forth individual effort in order to acquire valuable knowledge. Pray pardon me for detaining you so long, and possibly I may ask to talk with you further after I have consulted my sister and her husband.

Really, Miss Minturn"—he interposed in a deprecatory tone and flushing with a sense of the incongruity of his position—"I am afraid I am rather faithless, but something impels me to suggest that a trial be given the Science treatment before the adoption of severe measures. Good-afternoon, and thank you for your courtesy and patience."

He shook hands cordially with her, then bowed himself away.

CHAPTER XII.

Prof. Seabrook's Ultimatum—and Broken Rules.

Dr. Stanley, after sitting a while with Dorothy, to watch the effect of a remedy given to relieve her suffering, went directly back to the city, wearing a very thoughtful face.

Upon reaching his office, and finding no one awaiting him, he picked up a book from his desk and went out again, directing his steps towards the public library.

Arriving there, he searched the catalogue and, at length, finding the title he desired, wrote the number on his card and presented his book to be exchanged.

When the wished-for volume was handed to him he opened the cover and glanced at the title page, reading therefrom, "Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures, by Mary Baker G. Eddy." A peculiar smile, in which there may have been a trace of self-contempt, wreathed his lips as he slipped it under his arm and then made his way from the building.

He stopped at a café near by and partook of a light meal, after which he returned to his office and read from his book as long as daylight lasted, without once laying it aside. Then, lighting a student lamp, he became absorbed again, reading on until the clock struck ten.

"There is much I do not understand! much I cannot

grasp!" he exclaimed, a note of impatience in his voice, and the perplexing work was tossed somewhat irreverently upon the table. "It so radically reverses preconceived ideas and opinions; it seems so abstruse, vague and intangible, it irritates me. And yet, in the light of what Mrs. Minturn and her daughter have told me, I believe I have caught a glimpse, here and there, of the meaning of some of its statements. It is like trying to march through a tangled wilderness," he continued, as he picked up the book again and slowly slipped the leaves through his fingers; "but I'll read the thing through, now that I have begun it, though I have a suspicion that I shall only get deeper into an impenetrable thicket."

While Phillip Stanley was thus engaged, Mrs. Seabrook was earnestly discussing the same subject with her husband. She related to him her recent conversation with her brother, also her suspicions regarding what had so almost miraculously banished Miss Reynolds' severe malady, and repeated some things which she had overheard during her brother's interview with Katherine.

Prof. Seabrook, usually so considerate and tender in all his relations with his dear ones—such a gentle man in every sense of the word—sat listening with averted face and brow heavily overcast, his finely chiseled lips compressed into an obstinate, rigid line.

"William, do let us give it a trial; it certainly could do no harm, and it might give Dorrie some relief from the pain," pleaded his wife, but studying the unsympathetic face opposite her with mingled anxiety and surprise.

There was an awkward silence when she concluded; but at length her companion observed, in a repressed tone:

"Emelie, Phillip and I have already discussed this subject."

"I know; he has told me, Will; but I thought, perhaps, after you had given the matter more consideration, in view of these recent developments, you might think more favorably of it," Mrs. Seabrook eagerly interposed.

"But I do not think more favorably of it," was the cold response.

"But why? What possible objection can you have to giving the method a trial?" queried Mrs. Seabrook and flushing with momentary indignation at his intolerant attitude. "You have eagerly welcomed and tried everything that numerous physicians have suggested and which, after years of patient experimenting, have done absolutely no good. I cannot understand why you should be so obstinately opposed to what anyone can see, can do no possible harm, even if no permanent relief is derived from it."

"I am not so sure that 'no harm' would result from it," the professor observed, in an inflexible voice.

"I wish you would explain what you mean, Will, and not hold yourself so obscurely aloof from the subject," returned his wife, with unusual spirit and an unaccustomed spark in her mild eyes. "I am not a child, to be merely told that a thing is not good for me, and consequently cannot have it. If there is a good and sufficient reason why Dorothy shall not have Christian Science treatment, I would like to know what it is.

For eight years I, as well as my child, have been a martyr in a chamber of torture, and my burden is growing heavier than I can bear."

Her lips quivered and her voice broke with those last words.

Her husband reached out his hand and laid it caressingly against her face, drawing her head down upon his shoulder.

"I know it, sweetheart," he said, with tremulous tenderness, "and my own heart rebels against it every day of my life. Perhaps I have seemed arrogant in my attitude toward what you have suggested. I feel so. I am utterly intolerant of Christian Science and will have nothing to do with it."

"But why, Will? You do not state any reason. Why do you condemn it without a trial—without investigation? You know nothing about it——"

"I know all I wish," the man interrupted, with curling lips. "I have never mentioned the fact, but I have read the Christian Science text-book and have found it to be a conglomeration of the most absurd statements, theories and contradictions it has ever been my lot to peruse. As a matter of principle, as a Christian, I abjure its teachings, for they are diametrically opposed to my religious views; and as a D.D. and a Ph.D. I feel that I should be subjecting myself to the rankest criticism and ridicule were I to give it countenance in any way whatsoever. I do not stand alone in my attitude, by any means, for the book has been discussed in our Philosophical Association, which, as you well know, is composed of some of the brightest men and most profound thinkers in the State; and it was ut-

terly repudiated and denounced as fallacious and un-Christian in its teachings, and calculated to do inestimable harm. The idea of an obscure woman setting herself up as a reconstructor of the religious faiths of the world! It is simply the height of presumption and absurdity," he concluded, with considerable heat.

"But when you think of it, how much better it would be if there was only 'one Lord, one faith and one baptism' in the world, instead of hundreds. How is anyone to know which is the right one?" said Mrs. Seabrook, thoughtfully. "We claim to be Presbyterians, but we can offer no proof that our creed is better than any other, while the Christian Scientists claim that their healing proves their religion to be the Christianity taught by the Master."

"Yes, they claim a great deal; but they want to overturn altogether too much for me to accept it," dryly observed her husband.

"But they maintain that it is founded on the Bible."

"True; and that is wherein it is most harmful. It is the false teaching calculated to 'deceive the very elect.' Emelie, it irritates me to talk about it; let us drop it, please," and with a frowning brow the man arose and restlessly paced the floor.

"Then you will not consent to try the healing for Dorothy?" and there was a plaintive note in the weary mother's voice which smote painfully upon the husband's ears.

"No."

That ended the conversation, and with a heavy heart Mrs. Seabrook went back to her child to take up her accustomed night vigil, but with a secret sense of in-

justice and rebellion such as she had seldom experienced.

That same evening, after supper, when Katherine went to her room she found Sadie dressing to go out. The girl looked flushed and excited, a condition so at variance with her usual composure and languid manner that Katherine regarded her with surprise. She was also making a rather elaborate toilet, and she wondered where she could be going.

"Oh! honey," she exclaimed, as her chum appeared in the doorway, "don't you want to come with me?"

"Where? Is there a theater party on the tapis?" Katherine inquired, as she watched a labored effort to tie a coquettish bow at her throat.

"Oh! no; I have to go down to Madam Alberti's for my new hat. I want it for church to-morrow," Sadie explained. "I have permission, but can't go alone, you know. Annie Fletcher was going with me, but her brother has just come—so that's off."

"Why, yes; I'd like the walk," said Katherine, with animation. "But I supposed, from the 'fuss and feathers' you are putting on, that you were bound either for the theater or to make a fashionable call."

"Well—you know it doesn't get dark very early now, and one meets so many people on the street, especially on Saturday evening, one must look passable," Sadie returned, but the flush on her cheeks grew brighter while she spoke.

Katherine hastily donned her hat, and, taking a light wrap on her arm, signified her readiness to accompany her.

On their way downstairs Miss Minot stopped at Miss Williams' door.

"I've got to tell her that Annie can't go, and I am taking you in her place," she said, as she rapped for admittance.

"Of course, Miss Minturn can go if she has no special duties," Miss Williams observed, when the matter was explained to her. "And," she added, archly, "I think the change is all for the best, for when I allow two mischief-loving girls, like you and Annie, to go off by themselves, I sometimes have rather more of a sense of responsibility than is comfortable."

"Now, Miss Williams, that is rather hard on Annie and me," drawled Sadie, while the quick color flew to her face again, "though I'm sure it's a right smart compliment to Katherine. But thank you all the same for permission, and—I reckon you'll feel perfectly 'comfortable'—you'll not be afraid there's any mischief brewing now," she concluded, demurely.

"No, indeed; I know you are in excellent hands," smiled Miss Williams, and the two girls went on their way.

The walk "downtown" was delightful, for the evening was balmy and fragrant with unfolding flowers and foliage. Arriving at Madam Alberti's, they found her fashionable rooms filled with customers, and were obliged to wait sometime before Miss Minot could be served.

Then, when the hat was finally brought, there was something that did not quite suit her fastidious taste and had to be changed. By the time this was effected it had grown quite dark outside; but as they started

out Sadie lingered by the door and looked up and down the street with an air of expectation, mingled with some anxiety, Katherine thought.

"Let us go into Neal's for a soda and some candy," Sadie at length proposed, and, as candy was also one of Katherine's weaknesses, they stepped into a confectioner's, next door, and made their purchases.

While waiting for their change a young man, stylishly attired, approached Sadie and, lifting his hat, saluted her with much *empressement*.

Sadie smiled, blushed, and addressed him as "Mr. Willard," then introduced Katherine, who was beginning to understand some things that had puzzled her, and to feel quite uncomfortable.

They stood chatting together until their change was handed them, when they passed out of the store, Mr. Willard taking possession of Miss Minot's bandbox with an air of proprietorship which, to say the least, was suggestive.

When they reached the first corner Katherine halted.

"I suppose we will take a car, Sadie, it is getting so late," she quietly remarked.

"Oh, it is so fine, let us walk back," said the girl, appealingly.

Katherine was dismayed, particularly as Mr. Willard supplemented, affably:

"I hope you can be persuaded, Miss Minturn. It will give me great pleasure to see you safely home."

Katherine knew it would never do. It would be a rank violation of the rules, which explicitly stated that no young lady could receive attention from young

men without permission direct from the principal, on penalty of expulsion.

"Thank you, Mr. Willard; but I think we will take a car," she courteously but decidedly replied.

"Oh, come now, Katherine, don't be disobliging," Sadie here interposed; "there can be no harm in our walking quietly back to the seminary together. Ned —er—Mr. Willard has met Prof. Seabrook, and it will be all right."

The slip which revealed Mr. Willard's first name, and also betrayed something of the intimacy which existed between the young couple, appalled Katherine, and confirmed her suspicions that the meeting had been previously planned, and drove her to radical measures.

She turned politely to the young man and observed:

"Mr. Willard, if we had Prof. Seabrook's permission, no doubt the walk would be very enjoyable; but since we have not, and the rules are explicit, I am sure you will appreciate our position and excuse us. There is our car. Will you kindly signal for us?"

Of course there was nothing for the gentleman to do but obey, which he did with an icy:

"Certainly, Miss Minturn, and pray pardon my intrusion."

They were obliged to wait a moment for some people to alight, and during the delay Katherine heard him say in an aside to her roommate:

"Next time, Sadie, don't bring a prude with you."

"Next time!" Katherine repeated to herself, with a heart-bound of astonishment. These meetings, then, were of frequent occurrence, and there was no telling what regret and disgrace her friend was storing up

for herself, for it was only a question of time when she would be found out.

Of course, she could not talk the matter over with her on the car, but when they alighted and were entering the school grounds she felt she must speak a word of caution.

"Sadie, did you have an appointment to meet Mr. Willard to-night?" she inquired.

"Well, suppose I did!" was the defiant retort.

"If you did, you certainly had no right to draw me into anything of the kind," said Katherine, indignantly. "It was not an honorable thing to do."

"Well, what are you going to do about it? Are you going to give me away?" demanded the girl, tartly.

Katherine flushed.

"I have no wish to tell tales of anyone," she replied; "but, truly, I do not like what I have heard and seen to-night. Sadie, I overheard what Mr. Willard said to you just as we were getting on the car."

"Lor'! Did you? Well, of course, he didn't like it; to have all our fun spoiled and——"

"And it proved to me that you are in the habit of meeting him clandestinely," interposed Katherine, determined to sift the affair to the bottom.

"I'm sure I don't know what business you have to meddle," spiritedly began the girl, when Katherine checked her again by saying:

"You know, Sadie, that my only thought is to save you from getting into trouble," and she laid a gentle hand upon the arm of the angry girl.

"I reckon I made a mistake asking you to go with me," Sadie observed, in a calmer tone after a moment

of silence, "but—but—Katherine, I might as well own up—I'm—engaged to Ned Willard."

"Engaged! Sadie! Where did you meet him? How long have you known him?" exclaimed Katherine, aghast.

"Oh, about three months. I met him the night Mrs. Bryant gave that theater party."

"Did Mrs. Bryant introduce him to you? Was he with her party?"

"N-o; but Nellie Nixon knew him and introduced us on our way out after the play."

"Does your guardian know of your engagement?"

"No. Ned thought it would be as well not to say anything about it at present," Sadie reluctantly admitted, but cringing visibly at the question.

"Dearest," said Katherine, fondly, "I feel that I have no right to 'meddle,' as you say, in your affairs, but I do not see how you can respect or trust a man who would draw you into a secret engagement and then endanger your reputation and standing in school by insisting upon clandestine meetings. If he possessed a fine sense of honor he would go to your guardian, frankly tell him of his regard for you, and ask his permission to address you openly. What is Mr. Willard's business, Sadie?"

"I—I don't know," the girl confessed, with embarrassment. Then bridling, added: "Well, but I don't care shucks about that. I have money enough for both—or shall have next year, when I am twenty-one."

"I am afraid he is of the same opinion," Katherine

said, to herself; but, thinking it might be unwise to dwell upon that point, made no reply.

"You are not going to tell anyone, honey," Sadie pleaded, and pausing upon the steps before entering the building. "I think it will be downright mean if you do," she added, hotly, as she saw the troubled look on her chum's face.

"Sadie, I wouldn't for the world do anything for the sake of being 'mean'; but I am sure you are doing very wrong, and will deeply regret it some day," was the grave reply.

"If you give me away it will get me into an awful scrape."

"I know it; and my greatest concern is to save you from anything of the kind. Will you stop meeting Mr. Willard on the sly?"

"Oh, Katherine, and not see him at all!" exclaimed Sadie, in a voice of dismay.

"Dear, are you so fond of him?" queried Katherine, gently.

The girl flushed from neck to brow.

"Indeed—indeed, I am," she confessed, with downcast eyes.

"Well, then, if it has gone that far he should at least allow you to respect him!" said Katherine, a thrill of indignation vibrating in her tones. "Don't go on this way, Sadie," she pleaded; "write him that you cannot meet him again in any such way; but tell him, if he will make himself known to your guardian, and get his permission to call upon you, you will receive him here."

"If I will do that, will you promise not to say anything about to-night?" demanded the girl, eagerly.

"Yes," Katherine replied, after a moment of thought; at the same time she did not feel quite satisfied with the state of affairs.

"All right; I will write Ned to-morrow and tell him," Sadie returned, with a sigh of relief as they entered the building and passed on to their room.

Before going to rest, Katherine slipped away to see Miss Reynolds and ascertain if she could do anything for her before retiring.

She found her reading, but Miss Reynolds at once laid down her book and welcomed the girl with a bright smile.

"I am all right, Kathie, and I have been having a perfect feast," she said, touching the "Science and Health" in her lap.

They spent a few minutes in social chat, then she sent Katherine away, saying she must make up the sleep she had lost the night before, and our faithful little Scientist was glad, after her busy day, to seek her couch, where she was soon sleeping peacefully and knew no more until she awoke the next morning to find the bright May sunshine flooding her room, and told herself, with a sigh of content, that it was the Sabbath, and a whole restful day of truth and love before her.

She was made happy, on descending to breakfast, to find Miss Reynolds in her accustomed seat. They exchanged smiling glances, and, later, the teacher said, in a low tone:

"Come to my room this afternoon, Kathie, if you

have nothing special to do; I have more questions for you."

Katherine said she would, and, as soon as the meal was over, hastened away to prepare for church.

It was a beautiful day, and she decided to walk instead of taking a car, as usual. She reached the hall just in season to slip into a seat before the opening hymn was given out.

When she arose with the congregation to sing, she glanced around to see if there was anyone near her whom she knew. Her astonishment may be imagined when her eye fell upon Jennie Wild, just across the aisle from her.

The girl had also espied her and nodded a smiling and half-defiant recognition, which Katherine gravely returned.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Story of a Stray Waif.

For a moment Katherine felt as if she were being made the target for the arrows of error from every quarter; for here was another lawless girl on her hands, and another infraction of rules which threatened to involve her in disagreeable complications.

But, after silently declaring that "evil could not make her its channel, either directly or indirectly," she resolutely put disturbing thoughts away, determined that her mind should not be distracted from the lesson.

She did observe, however, that Jennie paid the strictest attention throughout the service, joining in the Lord's Prayer, and in the hymns with a vigor which indicated thorough enjoyment of that portion of it.

The moment the benediction was pronounced she came directly to her and greeted her with a half-deprecatory air, but with a roguish gleam in her saucy eyes.

Katherine lingered a little to speak to some acquaintances, and also introduced her companion; then they passed out of the hall together.

"Did you have Prof. Seabrook's permission to come here this morning, Jennie?" Katherine inquired, when they were on the street, but feeling confident of receiving a negative reply.

Jennie took refuge in one of her comical grimaces and shrugged her plump shoulders.

"Ask me no questions and I will tell you no—stories," she laughingly rejoined.

"I am answered," Katherine gravely observed.

"I don't care. I wanted to come, and I knew it wouldn't do to ask the professor, after what he said to you about Christian Science," said the girl, in self-justification, but flushing consciously beneath the look of disapproval in her companion's eyes. "I think the service was just lovely," she went on, glibly. "How happy all those people seemed—as if there wasn't a thing in the world to trouble them. And that 'silent prayer'!—it just made me think of Elijah and the 'still small voice,' after the tempest and the earthquake. I was sorry when it was over."

"I am glad you enjoyed the services, Jennie They are always very restful to me, and Sunday is my day to be marked with a 'white stone' for that reason," and there was a look of peace in the soft, brown eyes that assured Jennie of the truth of her words.

"Oh, I think Sunday is a bore, as a rule," she observed, with another shrug. "I'm always lonesome if I don't go to church, and, if I do, I never know 'where I am at'—as the Irishman put it—after listening to a long sermon. That was a queer idea, though, in the lesson to-day, about there being only one Mind in the universe. Where do you get your authority for that, Miss Minturn?"

"There is but one God, who is Spirit or Mind, and He is omnipresent," Katherine explained.

"What are you going to do with us, then? I mean your mind and mine?"

"This mortal mind is only a counterfeit——"

"A counterfeit of what?"

"Of the One Mind, or the divine intelligence. The same as gas and electric light are counterfeits of real light from the sun, or the one source of light; but, oh, dear! I am talking Science, Jennie, and Prof. Seabrook said I must not," said Katherine, cutting herself short.

"The idea of trying to bridle anyone's tongue, in any such way, in this free country!" cried Jennie, aggressively. "But that lady read from the Bible that there is 'nothing covered that shall not be revealed, neither hid that shall not be made known'; then the man read something about it being a law of God for truth to uncover error. Do you believe that, Miss Minturn?"

"Yes."

"Do you Scientists really know how to find out anything that is hidden or—or secret?" eagerly inquired the girl.

"I think I don't quite catch your meaning, Jennie."

"I'll tell you why I asked you that," she replied, an intense look in her dark eyes, her cheeks flushing crimson. "Perhaps you have heard something about me—that—that I am a kind of waif?"

"Yes, I have, dear," Katherine admitted.

"Well, it is true, and I'll tell you all about it," was the confidential rejoinder. "My aunt—she taught me to call her so, though she isn't related to me in any way—was traveling from Kansas City to Chicago, about sixteen years ago, and there was a terrible acci-

dent. Auntie was in a rear car and wasn't hurt in the least, but the first and second sleepers were completely wrecked. A good many people were killed, and others so badly injured they didn't live long. As soon as auntie could pull herself together she went out to see if she could help anybody, and she found me, a little tot only a year old, screaming in the gutter beside the track. She took me back into her car and looked me over, to see if I was injured; but, aside from a few bruises and scratches, I appeared to be all right, and, after a while, she quieted and soothed me to sleep. Then she went out again to try to learn to whom I belonged; but she could not get the slightest clew, and everyone said the person or persons I was with must have been among the killed. She advertised, and the railroad officials made every effort to find my friends for a long time; but nothing ever came of it. Auntie began to grow fond of me, and said she would never let me go until she had to give me up to my own folks. Of course, they have never been found, and so I grew up with her."

"But wasn't there anything about you by which you could be identified?" inquired Katherine, who had been deeply interested in the pathetic story.

"Nothing but a string of amber beads with a queer gold clasp, and with the initials 'A. A. to M. A. J.' engraved on the back of it. Now, do you think that Christian Science could solve such a riddle as that?" demanded the girl, in conclusion.

Katherine smiled faintly.

"There is nothing of clairvoyance in Christian Science, dear, and that is a hard question to explain to

you," she said. "I mean difficult to answer so that you would clearly understand me. But it is sufficient for every human need, and very wonderful things have been demonstrated through the right comprehension of it. I know of men who govern their business by it, and who have solved some very perplexing problems. But I am talking again!" she exclaimed, and breaking off suddenly once more.

"Oh, if I could only find out who I am, I'd be a Christian Scientist, or—anything else!" cried Jennie, with tears in her eyes, but gritting her teeth to keep the drops from falling. "It is dreadful to feel yourself to be such an enigma! Think of it! to have your identity lost. I get awfully worked up over it sometimes. Auntie is a dear, and I love her with all my heart, for she has been an angel of goodness to me. She isn't very well off, but she wanted me to have a first-class education and be with nice girls; so, after talking with Prof. Seabrook, she said if I would be willing to work for a part of the expense she would try to make up the rest."

"How perfectly lovely of Miss Wild!" said Katherine, earnestly. "And you, too, Jennie, deserve great credit for your own efforts to get a good education. But——"

"But what?"

"I wonder if I may say it?" mused Katherine, doubtfully.

Jennie slipped her hand within Katherine's arm and gave it a fond little hug.

"Miss Minturn, I've loved you ever since the day you came to Hilton. You are a dear—you have been

just as kind as you could be to me, and you may say anything you like," she impulsively returned.

"Thank you; that is giving me a good deal of license," was the laughing response; "but what I wanted to say was—make the getting of your education, instead of fun, your chief object, and don't spoil your record by breaking rules."

"As I have to-day, for instance?" supplemented Jennie, flushing.

"Yes, to-day, and—on some other occasions that I could mention."

The girl gave vent to a hearty, rollicking laugh.

"You manage to see considerable with those innocent eyes of yours," she said, after a moment. "But I don't get very much fun after all. With all my work and my studies there is precious little time left me for recreation, and, sometimes, I get so full I just have to kick over the traces. But—surely you don't think I could get any harm from your service to-day," she concluded, demurely.

"That is not the point, Miss Mischief, and you know it. Of course, there was nothing but good in the service for you, or anyone. But you didn't find anything in it—did you?—to countenance disobedience?"

"No," said Jennie, seriously; "and I suppose, too, that if any of the teachers or girls had seen me come away from the hall with you it might have given the impression that you had countenanced my going. But, Miss Minturn, I have wanted to get at the secret of—of your dearness, ever since you came here. But I

promise you, though, I will not put you in jeopardy again by running away to your church."

Katherine nodded her approval at this assurance, then changed the subject, and they chatted pleasantly until they reached the seminary.

After dinner Katherine repaired, as she had been requested, to Miss Reynolds' room. She found her teacher sitting at her desk, her Bible and "Science and Health" open before her.

"You see, I cannot let the great subject alone," she said, welcoming the girl with a smile and glancing at her books. "Now that I have begun to get a glimpse of the truth, it is like a fountain of pure, cold water to a man perishing from thirst—I cannot get enough of it; I just want to immerse myself in it. And, see here," she added, touching a letter lying beside the books, "I have written to the publishing house in Boston for several of Mrs. Eddy's works. I want them for my very own."

"You are surely making progress," Katherine returned, with shining eyes.

She was very happy, for this eager, radiant woman seemed an entirely different being from the helpless sufferer to whom she had been called less than forty-eight hours previous.

"Sit down, Kathie," said her teacher, indicating a chair near her. "I hope I am making progress," she added, growing suddenly grave. "I find there is need enough of it, and I have been both on the mount and into the valley to-day."

"That is the experience of everyone," was the smiling reply, "but it all means progress just the same."

"I see that everyone who begins to get a glimpse of the truth, in Christian Science, must also begin to live it at once, if he is honest."

"Yes, we have to live it in order to prove it."

"And the first thing to do is, as Jesus commanded, to have one God and to love our neighbor as ourselves. That word 'love' has taken on a new meaning for me to-day, Kathie. It means an impersonal love, which, like the 'rain'—in Jesus' simile—'falls alike upon the just and the unjust.'"

Katherine lifted questioning eyes to the speaker, for her voice was now accusingly serious.

"And one cannot demonstrate the Love that is God," she went on, "unless he loves in that way—without regard to personality."

"That is true—how quickly you grasp these things!" said her companion.

"Ah! but I have grasped something, with this, that is not at all agreeable," said the woman, with a peculiar glitter in her eyes which the girl had never seen there before.

"How so? Pardon me, though, I should not have asked that," corrected Katherine, flushing.

"But I am going to tell you all the same," said Miss Reynolds. "Ten years ago my father died. He was supposed to be a rich man, but when his affairs were settled my mother and I were left with almost nothing. His partner represented that the firm was heavily involved, but said if we would sign our interest in the business over to him, for a certain amount, he would perhaps manage to pull through and save us the expense of having things adjusted by law. We were not

at all satisfied with the state of affairs, but we were helpless, as we had no money to spend in litigation, and we were forced to accept his terms. He made over to us a small house on the outskirts of our town, together with a mere pittance, which barely served to support us until I secured a position as teacher. I have taken care of my mother and myself ever since. But that man and his family have never abated their style of living one whit, and are to-day rolling in luxury. There can be no doubt that we were robbed of a fortune, and yet there was no possible way of proving it. I have never been able to meet or even think of that man since, without smarting as under a lash, and with a feeling of resentment and a sense of personal injury that never fail to give me a sick headache, if I allow my thoughts to dwell upon him. That isn't love, Kathie."

"No," gravely; but the voice was also very tender.

"Everything is either 'for' or 'against' in Christian Science?"

"Yes."

"There is, I see, no middle ground; so, if one cannot think compassionately, even tenderly, of one's enemy one is guilty of—hate?" said Miss Reynolds, with quivering lips and averted eyes.

Again Katherine was silent; but her glance was very loving as it rested on her teacher's troubled face.

"Tell me how to get rid of these feelings, Kathie," she resumed, after a moment, "for they make me wretched at times. I find myself mentally going over the same ground, again and again, holding imaginary conversations with the man who has wronged me, argu-

ing the case and bringing up evidence, as if it were being tried before a judge and jury. How would you conquer it in Science?"

"Every wrong thought we hold has to be reversed——"

"Oh! do you mean I must declare that that man is not dishonest—that he has not wronged me? That I have not been injured and do not resent that injury?" interposed the woman, looking up with flashing eyes, a scarlet spot burning on either cheek. "Child, you don't know what I have suffered. My father took that man into his business and gave him a start when he had not a dollar in the world, and it was such base ingratitude to rob his family and let them sink into poverty. Ah! the bitter tears I have shed over it!"

Then she suddenly relaxed and sank back in her chair with a deprecatory smile.

"Kathie, you did not suspect your teacher of having such a seething volcano concealed in her breast, did you?" she observed, sadly.

"What you have told me makes me think of a verse of 'The Mother's Evening Prayer,' in 'Miscellaneous Writings,'"* said Katherine, gently; and she repeated in a low tone:

> "Oh! make me glad for every scalding tear,
> For hope deferred, ingratitude, disdain!
> Wait, and love more for every hate, and fear
> No ill, since God is good, and loss is gain."

"Say that again please, dear," pleaded Miss Reynolds, with a sudden catch in her breath; and Katherine went through it the second time.

"Ah! that shows how she has risen to the heights

*By Mary Baker G. Eddy, page 389.

she has attained," said Miss Reynolds, in a reverent tone. "We are to be 'glad' for whatever drives us closer to God, to 'wait' and 'love' through all."

"And to know that every man is our brother—the perfect image and likeness of God, and we must not bind heavy burdens of sin and dishonesty upon him in resentful thought."

"Yes, I see; we have to 'blot it all out,'" said Miss Reynolds, wearily. "I caught something of that in my study to-day and that was what sent me down into the valley, for it seemed such an impossible thing to do. You could see what a strong grip it had on me in rehearsing it to you."

"All wrong thought brings the sting—the smart of the lash; but love—right thinking—brings the 'peace of God,'" said Katherine.

"Ah! it is a case of 'as ye sow ye shall also reap,'" said Miss Reynolds, drawing a long breath. "But, Kathie, do you think it will be possible for me to so reverse my thought about that man that I can grow to love him?"

"You do love him now; only error is trying to make you think that a dear brother is not worthy of your love," said the girl, softly.

"Oh, Katherine! we have to come under the rod, don't we?" and her voice almost broke.

"There is also the staff," was the low-voiced reply. "Truth, the rod, uncovers and smites the error; then Love, the staff, supports our faltering steps—'meets every human need.'"*

---

*"Science and Health," page 494.

Silence fell between them, during which both were deeply absorbed in thought, while the fire gradually faded from the elder woman's eyes and the scarlet from her cheeks.

At length she turned with an earnest look to her companion.

"Kathie," she said, in a clear, resolute tone, "I have put my 'hand to the plow,' and I am not going to 'look back.' "

"Then everything will come right," said the girl, with a brilliant smile, as she bent forward and kissed her on the lips.

CHAPTER XIV.

A Sophomore Racket.

Monday evening, after study hours were over, again found Katherine in her teacher's room, for now that the woman had begun to get an understanding of the spiritual interpretation of the Scriptures her desire to know more was insatiable; while our young Scientist was only too glad to lend her what help she could along the way.

They went over the Sunday lesson together, and afterward fell to talking upon certain points that had especially attracted their attention, becoming so absorbed that they took no account of time until the clock struck the half hour after eleven.

"Why!" Katherine exclaimed, and starting to her feet, "if you were not a teacher I should be guilty of flagrant disobedience in being out of my room at this hour."

"Dear child, I have been very thoughtless to keep you so long," said Miss Reynolds, regretfully, "but I certainly had no idea of time. And what is time, anyway? I begin to realize that it is only a mortal invention, and that we are living in eternity now. But I must not begin on this infinite subject again to-night; go! go!" She laughingly waved the girl away, and

she slipped noiselessly out into the hall to seek her own room.

Miss Reynolds was located on the second floor of the east wing, and Katherine roomed in the west wing, consequently she was obliged to go down a flight of stairs, cross the main or central hall, and up another flight to gain her own quarters.

The lights were all out, but the moon was full, coming in through the windows with a soft radiance, and thus she had no difficulty in finding her way.

She had crossed the main hall, and just entered a short passage leading to the west wing, when she came suddenly upon some one, who appeared to be trying to shrink out of sight into a corner.

"Why, who is it?" she cried, in a repressed but startled tone.

"Sh! sh! keep mum!" was the warning response as the figure drew near her.

"Jennie!" Katherine whispered, amazed, "what are you doing here at this unearthly hour of the night?"

"Hush! don't give me away for the world," said the girl, laying a nervous hand upon her arm. "There's something going on in yonder—it's the fun I told you about a while ago. I'm not in the plot, but I'm bound to be in at the finish, for it's going to be a hot time, I can tell you."

"Really, dear, you are better out of it altogether," Katherine gravely returned. "You know what we were talking of yesterday, about breaking rules and spoiling one's record."

"Aren't you breaking rules, too?" retorted Jennie, aggressively.

"No; I have just come from Miss Reynolds' room."

"Well, I'm going to see this through, now I've started in. I've had to pinch and pound myself for the last two hours, though, to keep awake, and I'm not going to miss the 'racket' after all that bother," declared the girl, clinging tenaciously to her purpose.

"Hark!" she added, a moment later, in a startled whisper, as a titter of irrepressible mirth was borne to their ears from somewhere beyond them.

It seemed to proceed from the landing at the head of the stairs which led to the second story, but was quickly suppressed and all was still again.

"Well," said Katherine, after listening a moment, "I must go on to my room, and my advice to you, Jennie, is to return at once to yours. Good-night," and, leaving the willful "racket"-lover to her fate, she stole softly away.

She paused at the foot of the stairs to listen again, when the swish of garments fell on her ear, then a voice, which she immediately recognized, whispered:

"Be sure you tie your end tight, Carrie."

Katherine moved lightly up a step or two and heard the answer:

"I have; now, Rose, scud up to the next floor and give the signal, while I go for my cymbals," and a smothered laugh followed.

Again there was a rustle of garments and the soft slipping of unshod feet over the upper flight of stairs, while Katherine as noiselessly sped over the lower one.

On reaching the landing she looked about her to ascertain, if possible, what mischief was brewing.

The hall was very dimly lighted by a window at each

end, and, as the moon had not yet got around to that quarter, it was almost impossible to discern anything; but, lower down the hall, she thought she could detect two lines, stretched across from opposite doors, about three feet from the floor.

Not wishing to get involved in the prospective mischief, and as her room was just at the head of the stairs, she softly turned the handle of the door and slipped inside.

Scarcely a minute elapsed after she had closed and locked it, when there came a deafening crash and bang, mingled with the blowing of whistles, horns and combs, that seemed sufficient to awaken the "Seven Sleepers" in their cavern of refuge.

"Oh, heavens! Whatever is the matter?" screamed Sadie, starting up in affright. "Are you there, Katherine?"

"Yes."

"What was that noise? Did you hear it?"

"Indeed I did."

They listened for a moment or two, but there was no sound.

Then it seemed as if some commotion had arisen somewhere, and a medley of muffled voices was borne to their ears.

Presently steps were heard on the stairs, whereupon Sadie sprang out of bed, slipped on a wrapper, and, opening her door a crack, saw the watchman with his lantern just mounting into view.

Then the voice of one of the teachers—Miss Clark—rang out excitedly, while she vainly tugged at her door

which had been connected with the one opposite by a piece of clothesline:

"Young ladies, what is the meaning of this outrage? Release me immediately."

"Ye'll just hev to wait a minute, marm," said the watchman, with an audible chuckle of amusement as he comprehended the situation, while he put down his lantern and plunged his hand into various pockets in search of his knife.

Looking farther down the hall, Sadie saw that Miss Williams had been imprisoned in the same manner. while a promiscuous assortment of tin pans, covers and plates lay in a heap upon the floor, and telling their own story regarding the recent crash.

There was not a person, save the watchman, in sight.

But, presently, doors were cautiously opened and tousled heads appeared in the apertures, while timid voices made inquiries as to what had happened.

The watchman—who had been making his rounds, as was his custom at midnight, hence his timely appearance upon the scene—soon had the indignant teachers released, and then went on to the next floor, where similar conditions prevailed.

On being given their liberty, Miss Clark and Miss Williams immediately bestirred themselves to ferret out the culprits; but, of course, everybody was innocent and as eager as themselves to ascertain "who could have been guilty of so daring an escapade at that hour of the night."

Poor Jennie, however, was destined to pay the penalty of her temerity.

A moment or two after Katherine left her, she had

also stolen cautiously up the stairs, but on moving farther down the hall had run against one of the ropes.

Like a flash she comprehended something of the nature of the joke, and, hearing steps and smothered laughter above, turned back and slipped into a closet at the end of the hall, where she shrank into a corner and waited with eager ears and bated breath for the *dénouement*.

When it came, however, she heartily wished she was anywhere else in the world; but there was nothing for her to do except to wait quietly in her place of concealment until the breeze blew over, when she hoped she could steal away, unobserved, to her room. If the watchman had not appeared upon the scene so opportunely, she would have made a break immediately after the crash; but, hearing his steps, she knew that her escape was cut off in that direction. She could not even mingle with the other girls, when they began to gather in the halls to "help investigate," and so find protection in numbers; for she belonged in the other wing, and her presence in the west wing would at once warrant the worst possible construction being put upon her appearance there.

So she shrank closer into her corner and stood motionless, hoping no one would think of looking there.

Vain hope, however, for Miss Williams, having closely questioned various ones without gaining any satisfaction, walked straight to the closet and opened the door, when the light from her candle flared directly upon Jennie's white, frightened face and shrinking figure.

"Ah! Miss Wild! so you are implicated in this dis-

"The light from her candle flared directly upon Jennie's white, frightened face and shrinking figure." (See page 184)

graceful escapade!" the teacher sternly exclaimed, as she laid a forcible hand upon her arm and drew her from her hiding place. "What was your object and who were your accomplices? for, of course, you could not have carried it out alone," she concluded, sharply.

Miss Clark now joined them, while many of the students gathered around and regarded Jennie with blank and wondering faces.

"I—I don't know—there wasn't—er—anybody," stammered Jennie, too confused and overcome with fright to speak connectedly.

"Don't tell me that! It is impossible that you could conceive such a plot and execute it without help, and I am going to sift it to the bottom," was Miss Williams' sharp retort; for she by no means relished being aroused at midnight by such a frightful bedlam, to find herself a prisoner in her room.

"Truly, Miss Williams, I wasn't in it at all," Jennie affirmed, with more coherence, and lifting an appealing look to the incensed woman.

"Miss Wild, don't add falsehood to your other offenses. What were you hiding here for, if you had nothing to do with it? But"—suddenly cutting herself short—"I think we will defer further investigation until to-morrow. Go to your room at once, and remain there until I come to you in the morning. Young ladies, retire—all of you—and those who, in any way, have participated in this affair, prepare to make open confession, for I assure you it will not be dropped until you do."

She waved them imperatively away, and they immediately vanished with cheerful alacrity from her austere

presence, while Jennie also sped away without one backward glance.

Miss Williams then turned to the watchman and observed more calmly:

"Mr. Johnson, it seems we were all more frightened than hurt. My first impression was that there had been a terrific explosion, and the sensation of being fastened in one's room at such a time isn't at all agreeable. I am glad you were at hand to help and reassure us."

"Ye were in rather a ticklish box, mum; fur, by the powers! 'twur like a pan-dom-i-num let loose," replied the man, stooping to recover his lantern and to conceal a broad grin of appreciation, for it was well known he enjoyed a joke as well as anyone, even to the point of sometimes abetting the perpetrators. "But what'll we do wid all the truck?" he added, glancing at the pile of tinware on the floor.

"Oh, leave it where it is until morning, and the maids will take care of it," Miss Clark suggested; and then the teachers also repaired to their rooms, the watchman went his way, his broad shoulders shaking with silent laughter, and quiet settled down once more upon Hilton's ruffled west wing.

Katherine had remained in the background throughout the entire disturbance, quietly disrobing and getting ready for bed.

Sadie had been so frightened by the startling noises outside, she did not observe—the room being dark—or dream that her roommate was still up and dressed. She supposed that she had come in while she was sleeping and retired without waking her; thus Katherine

escaped being questioned or obliged to make any explanations.

But she lay awake some time after the house had settled into stillness, trying to decide what steps she ought to take, knowing what she did about the matter.

She knew it would not be right to allow Jennie to suffer for what she was in no way responsible, even though she had broken rules in being out of her room at so late an hour. But what her duty was regarding reporting the leaders in the "racket," if they obstinately refrained from confessing their offense, she could not readily determine. She finally resolved that she would do her utmost to exonerate Jennie without incriminating anyone else, if possible.

She arose with the first stroke of the rising bell, performed her usual duties with what dispatch she could, and then sought Miss Williams shortly before the breakfast hour.

The teacher greeted her cordially, and inquired with a significant smile:

"Were you frightened nearly out of your senses, with the rest of us last night, Miss Minturn?"

"Oh, no; but perhaps I might have been if I had been asleep. I know something about the affair, Miss Williams, and I have come to talk it over with you," Katherine explained.

"Ah!" and the woman looked both astonished and interested.

"Jennie Wild told you the truth last night," she went on. "She had nothing whatever to do with the 'racket,'

even though appearances point strongly the other way."

She then proceeded to tell all that she knew about the matter, but without revealing the names of the ringleaders.

"Well, this certainly does put an entirely different aspect upon the affair," Miss Williams observed, when she concluded. "I am more than glad, too, because my sympathies are with Miss Wild, in spite of her tendency to bubble over now and then. Circumstantial evidence is not always true evidence, is it?" she added, with a smile. "I was highly indignant with her last night, for I felt sure she was prominent in it—and she certainly was guilty of disobedience."

"Yes; her curiosity surely got the better of her judgment," Katherine assented.

"Well, could you identify those girls, whom you overheard in the hall?" Miss Williams now inquired.

Katherine flushed. She had been dreading this question.

"I did not see anyone," she returned with a faint smile, after a moment of hesitation.

"I see, my dear; you do not wish to 'tell tales,' and I appreciate your position," said her companion, with a wise nod that had nothing of disapproval in it. "Well"—after considering a moment—"we will say no more about it until Prof. Seabrook has been consulted. Jennie, however, will have reason to be grateful to you for helping her out of what, otherwise, might have proved a very awkward situation."

Miss Williams went at once to the girl and released her from the confinement she had imposed upon her

the previous night. She explained how Miss Minturn had come to her rescue, and Jennie, who had for once been thoroughly frightened, vowed she would "never be caught in a scrape of any kind" during the remainder of her course.

Considerable excitement prevailed during the day, and the "midnight escapade" was the one topic of conversation whenever a group of girls came together; but it was not until study hours were over in the afternoon that any active measures to "investigate" the matter were instituted. Then Katherine was summoned to the principal's study, where she found the four teachers who had the west wing in charge, and Jennie, assembled.

Jennie was rigorously catechised, but had very little to tell. She had overheard something of a plot that promised considerable excitement and fun; she had also heard some one whisper, "Monday, at midnight," and her curiosity had been raised to the highest pitch, therefore she had been unable to resist being "in at the finish." She could not tell who were the leaders, for she had neither seen nor heard anyone, having slipped into the closet before the crash came. Being hard pressed, however, she admitted that she thought the sophomores were chiefly concerned in the "racket."

Katherine was then requested to relate all that she knew about it, whereupon she repeated what she had already told Miss Williams.

"You have corroborated what Miss Wild has stated, and have also exonerated her from any complicity in the affair," Prof. Seabrook observed, when she concluded. "I judge that it must have been confined en-

tirely to the sophomore class. Now we must get down to individuals, if possible. Miss Minturn, did you recognize the voices of those two girls whom you overheard in the hall last night?"

"Truth compels me to say that I did," Katherine replied, a hot flush mounting to her brow.

"Their names, if you please," commanded the principal, briefly.

"I beg that you will excuse me from naming them," she pleaded.

"It is plainly your duty to expose them, Miss Minturn. The affair is of too serious a nature to allow sentiment to thwart discipline and the preservation of law and order," returned the gentleman, in an inflexible tone.

"Pardon me," she said, "but I cannot feel it my duty —at least until——"

"That is equivalent to saying that you will not comply with my request," interposed the professor, his eyes beginning to blaze in view of what he regarded as a defiant attitude.

"No, sir; I could not be so disrespectful," Katherine gently replied. "Please allow me to say that I would have taken no action whatever in the matter but for the sake of saving Miss Wild from being unjustly accused."

Jennie flashed her an adoring look as she said this.

"I just wanted to hug you!" she told her afterwards.

"Miss Wild is no doubt properly grateful; all the same you have no right to shield the guilty ones, and I shall hold you to your duty," inflexibly responded Prof. Seabrook.

Katherine saw that he was determined to make her name the culprits, and, for a moment, she was deeply distressed. Then her face suddenly cleared.

"May I suggest that it is the duty of the offenders to confess their own wrongdoing?" she questioned, in a respectful tone; adding: "It certainly is their right to have the opportunity given them, and I would prefer not to rob them of it; while it would release me from a very awkward position if they would do so."

"I think Miss Minturn is right, Prof. Seabrook," Miss Williams here remarked. "I am sure we can all understand how she feels about it, and we know that it would place her under the ban of the whole school if she were to expose the ringleaders without giving them the opportunity, as she says, to volunteer a confession."

Katherine shot a look of gratitude at the speaker, who nodded her sympathy in return.

An uncomfortable silence followed, during which the much-tried girl felt that her principal regarded her as obstinate as well as sentimental, and was more than half inclined not to yield his point, in spite of Miss Williams' espousal of her cause.

"Very well; let it rest here for the present," he at length curtly observed. "You are temporarily excused, Miss Minturn. But if the offenders do not promptly come forward, I shall expect you to tell all you know, later."

Katherine bowed and slipped quietly from the room, but with a choking sensation in her throat, a feeling of injustice pressing heavily upon her heart.

She paused in the hall a moment, after closing the

door, trying to calm her perturbed thoughts, when these words from her dear "little book" came to her:

"Let Truth uncover and destroy error in God's own way, and let human justice wait on the divine."*

Then she went on her way, at peace with herself and all the world.

*"Science and Health," page 542.

CHAPTER XV.

"*Hilton Volunteers.*"

After Katherine was dismissed, Jennie was sternly reprimanded for her infraction of rules, cautioned against future disobedience, a penalty imposed upon her, and then told she might go back to her duties.

She moved slowly to the door, stood there a moment irresolute, a thoughtful look on her young face; then deliberately turned and walked straight back to her principal.

"Prof. Seabrook," she began, "I have another confession to make to you, and I'm willing to take any punishment you may think I deserve. I do this because I want you to know the kind of girl Miss Minturn is, for—I think you do not half appreciate her. I've loved her from the first minute I saw her in this room with you, the day she came; she makes everybody love her, and I've often wondered if it is her Christian Science that helps her to be so—so dear and true. I've tried to make her tell me something about it, but she wouldn't—she always says you told her not to talk about it to the students. I asked her last week to let me go with her to her service on Sunday. But she said no, unless I would get permission from you. But—I did go," Jennie continued, growing scarlet to her brows, yet looking the man unflinchingly in the

eyes. "I started out early and was there when she came into the hall, and walked home with her afterwards. She didn't spare me; she told me I had done wrong and read me a lecture about spoiling my record by breaking rules. I want you to know this, because some one may have seen us come out of the Christian Science hall together and might think she took me there; but she never breaks a rule, and she isn't a bit priggish about it, either. She tried her best to make me go back to my room before the 'racket' last night, and I just want you to know that she's true blue, through and through."

Jennie looked very spirited and pretty with her flushed cheeks and glowing eyes as she faced her principal, and, without flinching a hair, told her simple, straightforward story in the presence of the other teachers.

Prof. Seabrook was fond of the girl, for she possessed many lovable qualities and was very faithful in the performance of her duties. If he had been inclined to be severe, because of her other offense, his heart was very tender towards her now; for he fully appreciated her honesty and the moral courage she had manifested in taking this stand for Katherine.

He was uncomfortably conscious, too, that his own attitude towards Miss Minturn had not been quite considerate. He recognized her loveliness of character, her excellence in scholarship, her conscientious deportment; in fact, he had no fault whatever to find with her, except that she was a Christian Scientist, and the remembrance of this always stirred him, in the most un-

accountable manner, whenever he came in contact with her.

He regarded Jennie thoughtfully for a moment after she concluded, then a gleam of amusement crept into his eyes and his lips twitched with repressed mirth, as he dryly observed:

"Well, Jennie, it seems that you are making quite a record for yourself by breaking rules. I hope there will be no occasion for further self-condemnation after this. You may go now."

The girl was glad to go, and was "scared stiff," as she affirmed afterward, when she came to think over what she had said. But her desire to have justice done Katherine had made her forget herself, for the time, in defending her.

Still, as was characteristic, her spirits quickly rebounded, and she flew away to find some of the sophs and reel off a graphic report of what had just occurred in the principal's study.

Consternation at once took possession of some of their number, for it was evident that, even though Prof. Seabrook and the teachers were ignorant of the names of the guilty ones, Miss Minturn had recognized the ringleaders, and so their supposed secret was out.

A private meeting of all concerned was immediately called, and the matter thoroughly discussed.

"So Miss Minturn claims it would 'rob us of our moral responsibility' if she should give us away!" remarked Rose Tuttle, a buxom girl of eighteen, with a roguish face and an independent air. "That's a novel way of looking at it—isn't it, girls?—and escaping the

fate of a 'telltale,'" and the ringing laugh which completed these remarks was echoed by several others.

"Puts us in a tight box, though," said Carrie Archer, another merry sprite, as she gnawed the rubber on her pencil with a thoughtful air.

"All the same, I think Katherine Minturn is O. K., and I'm ready to make my best courtesy to her," gravely observed a girl who was sitting beside her.

"Well, I begin to think she is rather fine myself, in spite of her absurd Christian Science. But what are we going to do about this affair?" inquired Miss Tuttle, with an impatient shrug of her plump shoulders.

"Oh, let's fight it out," cried a shrill voice from a corner.

"That means let Miss Minturn fight it out," retorted Carrie Archer, spiritedly.

"Well, she's game—she won't tell, and it will all die out of itself, after a while."

"But that would leave a very uncomfortable sting behind—the sting of cowardice," said Rose Tuttle, with very red cheeks. "I tell you what, my dear fellow sophs," she went on, after an irresolute pause, "if Miss Minturn had given us away to-day every mother's daughter of us would have called her a 'spy' and a 'tattler.' But, although she knows exactly as well as you and I do"—a chuckle of mirth escaping her—"who tied those ropes to the doors, she has just faced the professor and those teachers and practically told them that she would not give us away."

"Why couldn't she have held her tongue altogether, then?" grumbled a discontented voice.

"Good gracious, Nell! knowing what she did she couldn't keep mum and let 'Wild Jen'—poor goosie! whose curiosity is always getting her into some scrape or other—bear the whole brunt of it," Miss Archer replied, with curling lips. "No, she has put us upon our honor, and if we don't do the square thing I think she'll have a right to call us—sneaks."

"Carrie, you're hitting out pretty straight from the shoulder," cried her friend Rose, with a short laugh.

"Well, maybe; but I didn't miss myself in the trial of my muscle," was the dry rejoinder.

There was much more talk after the same order, the ayes and nays on the question of "open confession" being about equally divided; while all began to feel that there wasn't quite as much fun as they had anticipated to be gotten out of midnight escapades.

"Well, sophies, I'll tell you what I'm going to do," finally said Miss Archer, breaking in upon the hubbub of voices, a look of determination settling over her face, "but first I'll say what I'm not going to do: I'm never going to hear it said that I forced somebody else to stand in a gap that I hadn't the courage to fill. I'm not going to sneak out of sight behind another to save myself. I started this ball rolling and planned the details of the affair, and, now, I am going straight to Prof. Seabrook and tell him so and swallow the bitter pill he gives me with what grace I can. It won't be sugar-coated, either. I won't give anyone else away, so don't be afraid," she interposed in response to terrified exclamations and frightened faces. "I'll just do the square thing myself, and you know it is always

the commanding officer who is held responsible for leading his subordinates astray."

Miss Archer was the daughter of an ex-colonel, which will account for her simile.

There was dead silence for a full minute after she ceased speaking, and the faces in that quiet room would have been an interesting study for a physiognomist.

Then Rose Tuttle sprang to her feet and held out her hand to her friend.

"I wonder who is 'game' now?" she cried, in a ringing voice.

Miss Archer's eyes flashed with sudden inspiration.

"Here! give me a pencil, somebody; I've broken the point off mine," she said, as she moved her chair to a table and drew a blank sheet of paper towards her.

Half a dozen were handed her, and, selecting one, she continued:

"This is going to be a voluntary surrender. I'm not going to wait to be summoned before my superior officer and 'given an opportunity.'"

She wrote rapidly for a few minutes, while her companions regarded her in curious silence.

"Hear now," she finally commanded, as she threw down her pencil, and, lifting her paper with an impressive flourish, read:

"To the Commander-in-Chief at Hilton: News of certain matters, pending at headquarters, just received by scout. Wherefore this is to certify that the undersigned planned and led the attack on West Wing on the night of May the twentieth. In view of the demands of honor, of admiration for, and the sentence menacing the valiant party at present held as hostage,

I hereby make confession, and unconditional surrender, together with all munitions of war, and also herewith beg absolution for subordinates.

"Signed. CAROLINE WEBSTER ARCHER,
"Capt. Co. S, Hilton Volunteers, U. S. A."

"How will that do, my brave company of sophomores?" she cried, with laughing eyes, as she finished reading her effusion. "I'm afraid it isn't quite up to the mark in military technicalities, but, perhaps, it will answer our purpose."

"It isn't going to do at all, Carolina *mia*," returned Rose Tuttle, with an emphatic nod of her head. "If you assume that you were the captain in the fracas, I certainly was first lieutenant, and I'm going to stand by the cap. until the last gun is fired. Give me that paper."

It was passed to her, and in a clear, bold hand she wrote:

"The captain cannot be allowed to go to the front alone.

"Signed. ROSE ASHLEY TUTTLE,
"First Lieutenant Co. S, H. V., U. S. A."

There were grave faces all about her as she read what she had written and then pushed the paper from her.

Presently a voice remarked:

"Girls, good soldiers always follow their leader." Then another figure glided to the table and a third signature was appended to the document.

It was the "bugle call" that fired them all, and in less time than it takes to record it, the name of every other

girl in the room was signed underneath, then inclosed in a bracket and the name "Private Co. S, H. V., U. S. A." written outside of it, after which the paper was passed back to Miss Archer.

"Company S, I'm proud of you!" she exclaimed, with crimson cheeks and something very like tears in her eyes.

"I—I hope the professor won't think it is too—too flippant," some one suggested, in a doubtful tone.

"Do you suppose he will, Carrie?" queried Rose, turning to her friend in sudden consternation.

Miss Archer flushed hotly.

"I—don't—know," she said, with a thoughtful pause between each word. "I am sure I did not mean it to sound so. The idea came to me to put it that way when I spoke of the 'commanding officer being held responsible.' I'll tear it up, if you say so, and go and tell him the whole story instead." And she held it up between the thumb and forefinger of both hands as if to suit the act to her words.

"No! no!" "Send it as it is!" "It's all right!" "He'll understand!" cried several voices; though one weak sister murmured, with a plaintive sigh: "I'll be glad when it's all over."

"This having to face a 'court-martial' was overlooked in planning the campaign, hey?" observed another, with a grimace.

"I don't care! It was fun to hear those teachers tugging at their doors for dear life, and I have it from an eyewitness, when Johnson cut Miss Craigis loose she keeled over in the most undignified manner!" laughed a pert young miss, who was one of the gid-

diest in the class. "And, oh!" she went on, breathlessly, "did you see poor old Webb on the upper floor? It was perfectly killing! She had on that startling palm-leaf kimono—her false front had slipped down over one ear; she had her precious herbarium under one arm, her bird cage in one hand, and a huge hatbox in the other. She was frightened nearly out of her senses, and demanded, right and left, 'Young ladies, where is the fire? oh, where is the fire?' "

A merry shout greeted this graphic description, and it is to be feared that some of the delinquents were not as deeply impressed with the enormity of their recent insubordination as could have been desired.

"Sh! sh! do hush, girls!" cried Miss Archer, waving her paper to enjoin silence. "This will have to be nicely copied in ink, and you'll all have to sign it again. And let me warn you," she added, soberly, "you'd better keep pretty mum about last night, or we will get a bigger pill than will be comfortable to swallow."

She seated herself at the table again and made a neat copy of her document, after which the signatures were carefully appended, then the meeting was dismissed, and the "captain" of the disorderly sophomores went directly to Prof. Seabrook's study.

It was very nearly supper time, and she had reasoned that he would issue an order, at the table, for the class to meet him in one of the recitation rooms, in the near future, to give the guilty ones an opportunity for confession; and her plan was to forestall this summons with the paper she had prepared.

When, in response to her knock, he bade her "come in," it must be confessed that she opened the door with fear and trembling; while something in her bearing and the tense lines of her face at once aroused a suspicion of the nature of her errand in the principal's mind.

"Prof. Seabrook, I have been commissioned to hand you this communication," she gravely said, as she laid it on the table before him.

"Ah! by whom were you 'commissioned,' Miss Archer?" he inquired, his keen eyes searching her flushed face.

"By—by the parties whose names you will find signed to it."

"And what is the nature of the communication?"

"I—er—it will explain itself," replied the trembling emissary, blushing furiously and averting her eyes.

"Very well; I will give it my earliest attention," the professor returned, but eying the missive curiously.

"Thank you, sir," and, with a nervous bow, entirely at variance with her habitual *sang-froid,* the girl hurried from the room, her bounding heart causing her to pant as if she had been running a race.

Prof. Seabrook waited until the door closed after her, then unfolded the paper and began to read. But his face grew stern and his brow heavily overcast as his glance hastily swept the page.

After reading it through and noting every signature, he began it again, perusing it more carefully, and, gradually, a gleam of amusement crept into his eyes;

his stern features relaxed, and the corners of his mouth twitched suggestively.

"The little mischief is game," he at length observed, "and this document is a very clever stroke of business; though at first it sounded rather pert, as if she were bound to make a joke of the affair. But there is a straightforwardness and an appreciation of Miss Minturn's position in it that rings true. Really, I begin to think that girl is a power for good in the school, in spite of her fanaticism and heresy. Hum!"—reading aloud—"'news of matters pending at headquarters'—it traveled pretty fast; who was the 'scout,' I wonder? Ah! Jennie, of course; the little gossip! Well, Miss Archer, you didn't waste any time before dispatching your flag of truce, and you have rather a fine sense of honor underneath your lawlessness, after all. So you are 'captain' of your company of sophomores! I think we will rob you of your commission and see how you will stand the discipline. 'Co. S, Hilton Volunteers!' pretty good—pretty good!" and a light laugh rippled over the man's lips. "And Miss Tuttle is 'first lieutenant,'" he continued, "and gallantly came forward to share the self-imposed mission of her friend 'to go to the front.' There's pluck there, too; but you are a precocious pair—you two—and keep one busy guessing what you will do next. All the same, with the right check-rein, I believe you'll both make fine women, and—the school would surely lose some of its spice without you."

He carefully refolded the quaint document, locking it in a drawer of his desk, and the next moment the supper bell rang.

A meeting of the faculty was called for that evening, when the communication from the mischief-makers was read and discussed; and, in spite of their lawlessness, which demanded the imposition of a penalty severe enough to insure immunity from future ebullitions of the same nature, the originality and spirit pervading it were thoroughly appreciated by all.

The following day, at dinner, Prof. Seabrook gravely announced that he would meet the sophomore class at four-thirty, that afternoon, in the "north recitation room," and every member was ordered to be present.

There were some quaking hearts during the intervening hours, and there were not a few anxious faces among the thirty-six sophomores gathered in the appointed place, when the principal appeared upon the scene and at once proceeded to business.

"Young ladies," he began, "I have summoned the entire class here in order that those who are innocent of wrong may know that they are no longer under the ban of suspicion, in connection with the disgraceful escapade of Monday night; and, also, that those who were guilty of complicity in it may acknowledge their offense in their presence. Those of you who have made confession to that effect may rise."

Fourteen of the class arose and stood with downcast faces, awaiting what was to follow.

"Were there any other accomplices in the affair?" inquired the principal, glancing around upon those who had remained seated.

No one responded or moved, and he then proceeded to arraign the offenders in no light terms, and not one

ever forgot the scathing words that fell from his lips or the shame which followed his vivid portrayal of their hoidenish behavior.

"And now," he said in conclusion, "for two weeks you will forfeit your afternoon recreation hour, and pass it in this room with your books, and with a monitor to preserve order. Miss Archer and Miss Tuttle, who acknowledge having been the ringleaders, will be on probation for the remainder of the year, and any further infringement of rules will be followed by summary expulsion. I will add"—and the professor's stern face relaxed visibly—"that you all have saved yourselves much by your voluntary confession; but the 'Hilton Volunteers' are here and now disbanded for all time. Young ladies, you are dismissed."

Well, it was over, and heavy hearts grew lighter, though there were some who were inclined to grumble over the severity of the penalty.

Carrie Archer and Rose Tuttle made no talk whatever about the matter. Both felt that they had had a narrow escape, and were thankful, even under the sentence of "probation."

Of course, the whole affair was aired and freely discussed by the entire school, and thus Katherine became somewhat conspicuous because of her forced participation in it; while it was interesting to observe how radically the attitude of almost everyone changed towards her, the sophomores, particularly, manifesting the greatest admiration for her.

Miss Archer and Miss Tuttle were the first to express their appreciation of the stand she had taken

in their behalf, and her sweet reception of their overtures made them her stanch friends for all time.

"I'll never sneer at Christian Scientists again," Rose afterwards confided to her friend, "for if they are all as lovely and plucky as she has shown herself, we can't have too many of them in the world."

CHAPTER XVI.

A Junior Entertainment.

The school year was fast drawing to a close, and every student was busy preparing for examinations and annual exercises, and also looking forward to the pleasurable excitement attending class-day ceremonies, entertainments, receptions, etc.

The first week in June it was customary for the juniors to give a special exhibition, to be followed by a social, with dancing and a fine spread, in honor of the retiring seniors, and upon this grand occasion each student in both classes was privileged to invite some friend from outside.

So much had been said in praise of Katherine's little play and paper on "Transcendentalism," it was suggested they be repeated for the benefit of those who had not heard them, and allow visitors and strangers to guess the conundrum and charade.

The whole school had heard the story of that Junior League meeting, for it had been too good to keep, and it had aroused so much interest, both among teachers and students, the juniors finally persuaded Katherine to reproduce her clever effort.

Besides this, the programme consisted of another original play, written by some of the class, two or three choice selections from the Glee Club, and was to wind up with some fine tableaux.

The important day arrived and was attended by no end of worry, work and excitement. The final rehearsal of the play proved, as is often the case, anything but satisfactory; but when it came to the "last tug of war" in the evening, everything "went off without a hitch," only those behind the scenes being aware of the strenuous efforts put forth to achieve this result.

It was accordingly pronounced "a great success." Katherine's production contributed the element of comedy, while the vocabulary of adjectives was insufficient to express appreciation of the tableaux.

The last one, or "grand finale," is worthy of special mention, for various reasons. It was billed as "The Carnival of Flowers," and included all the members of the junior class. Each was in evening dress and was either profusely decorated with, or carried, an elaborate design of the flower which she had chosen to represent.

Dorothy, who had been unusually comfortable during the two weeks preceding, had been deeply interested in the preparations for this great event, and, one day, when Katherine was consulting Mrs. Seabrook upon some important point, she had exclaimed, with a long-drawn sigh:

"Oh! how I wish I could be in it, too."

"I wish you could, dear," said Katherine, bending to kiss the wistful face. "Well—why can't she?" she added, turning suddenly to Mrs. Seabrook; "she could have a place in the Carnival of Flowers. Will you allow her to?"

Mrs. Seabrook smiled, but there was a sad yearning in her soft eyes as they rested upon her helpless child.

"I hardly think it would do. I am afraid it could not be arranged," she doubtfully replied.

"Indeed it could, and very easily. I have a lovely idea!" said Katherine, eagerly. "Let her take the Calla Lily—no one has chosen that because the flowers are too stiff to trim a dress gracefully. But Dorothy's chair could be transformed into a chariot of lilies, and I am sure they could be so arranged about her that she would look like a fairy in the midst of them. If you are willing I will talk it over with the girls. We will manage everything, so that she will not be wearied with any of the preparations, and I will take charge of her while she is on the stage. I know that she would have a beautiful time."

"Oh, mamma, if I only might!" breathed Dorothy, rapturously, and carried away by the attractive prospect.

"Well, we will talk it over with papa; if he consents I will not say no, and certainly Miss Minturn's suggestion is very alluring," replied her mother, as she bestowed a grateful smile on Katherine.

Prof. Seabrook could see no objection to the plan, and as everybody was always glad to contribute to the enjoyment of the sick girl, the idea was eagerly adopted, and Miss Dorothy was at once chosen to be the central figure in the tableau.

It proved to be a most effective one, with the bevy of gorgeously garlanded maidens artistically grouped around their lily queen, who entered heartily into the spirit of the scene.

The child's chair had indeed been transformed! No

one would have recognized it, covered as it was with a wealth of pure white blossoms and dark-green leaves, for it looked more like the throne of a fairy than like anything so ordinary and unpretentious. Mrs. Seabrook, who possessed exquisite taste, had so massed the blossoms around her and daintily perched an inverted one on her head that the effect was exceedingly beautiful and picturesque. Katherine, who had chosen to be "Lady Poppea," made a brilliant foil, on one side, with her garlands and basket of vivid scarlet poppies; while another junior, bedecked with fuchsias, stood on the opposite side and held an umbrella, made of and fringed with the same flowers, protectingly over her; and with a score or more others forming a variegated background, the scene was brilliant and gorgeous beyond description.

The applause was tumultuous; for, aside from the exceeding beauty of the picture, every heart in the audience was touched by the happy little face looking out at them from the midst of her devoted subjects, and the curtain was raised and lowered several times before they could be satisfied.

Then the proud and happy juniors hastily divested themselves of their gay trappings and hurried away to join their friends and trip to inspiring music in the main hall below; thus Katherine was left with Dorothy alone on the stage.

"Wasn't it perfectly lovely, Miss Minturn?" exclaimed the girl in a rapturous tone and with shining eyes. "I never saw you look so pretty, and I never had such a happy time in all my life. I only wish I could have seen the whole of it."

"I think you will, later; or at least something very like it; for, when that flash light was thrown on, as the curtain went up the last time, somebody took a snapshot at us," Katherine replied, smiling fondly into the eager face.

"Oh! who was it?"

"Some one whom you know. Guess!"

"Uncle Phil?"

"Yes; he asked permission of the president of the class. But now I must see about getting you out of this place. I wonder where Alice can be!" said Katherine, looking out towards the deserted dressing room for the nurse, who had promised to be on hand to receive her charge as soon as everything was over.

She had been disconnecting several ropes of flowers that had been attached to the chair while she was talking, and, as no one came to assist her, she now rolled the girl towards the side of the stage, thinking, perhaps, she might get her off herself, as it was not very high.

But she had missed one rope, and, as it trailed along the floor, it swept over a saucer containing some still smoking Greek fire, or red light, that had been carelessly left just where it had been used.

The soft paper ignited in an instant, and the next moment the lower part of the lily chariot was ablaze.

"Oh! Miss Minturn!" shrieked Dorothy, "save me! save me!"

For a second Katherine thought she would faint.

The next she snatched a portière that had been used in one of the tableaux and left upon the floor, and wrapped it closely around the burning paper, beating

it with her hands and doing her utmost to smother the cruel flames.

"Don't be afraid, dear," she said to the girl, who, after that one half-crazed appeal, seemed to be paralyzed with fear, "you are God's child—you cannot be harmed. He is Life, and there are no fatalities in His realm, 'though thou walk through the fire thou shalt not be burned.'"

She did not know that she was talking aloud; she was not conscious of what she was saying; she only knew that she was reaching out, with her whole soul, to the ever-present Love wherein lay protection and safety, and all the time mechanically pulling the portière closer about the chair.

Suddenly she heard a low, startled exclamation, saw Dorothy snatched from among the smoke-blackened lilies and passed along to Alice, who at last had appeared upon the scene; then, as in a dream, she felt herself enveloped in a shawl which was drawn so tightly about her skirts that she could not move, and saw Dr. Stanley's pale, anxious face looking down into hers, while he told her, in calm, reassuring tones, that there was nothing to fear.

"Can you stand so for a minute while I look after that still smoking chair?" he presently asked, and putting a corner of the shawl into her hand to hold.

Fortunately it was her left hand, and she grasped it mechanically, while she tried to mentally deny the well-nigh unbearable pain that was making itself felt in her right hand and wrist.

It was the work of but two or three minutes to crush out the last smoldering spark among the ruined lilies,

for the flames had been effectually smothered by Katherine's presence of mind in wrapping the portière about them and by her vigorous beating.

Then the physician turned again to her and gently removed the shawl from her burned and disfigured skirts.

"It is all out, thank God!" he said, after carefully looking her over. "It was a narrow escape for you and Dorrie, as well as from a serious conflagration. Now tell me, Miss Minturn, are you burned?" he concluded, searching her white face with troubled eyes.

She tried to smile as she glanced down at her ruined dress.

"A few dollars will make it all right, and that doesn't matter," she returned evasively, but with lips that quivered in spite of her effort at self-control.

"You were badly frightened, poor child! but it is over," he gently observed, the tense lines of his face softening in a reassuring smile.

Then, seeing that she was keeping her right hand out of sight, he reached down and drew it forward into the light.

"Miss Minturn!" he exclaimed, as he saw the reddened flesh and three great blisters, "you did it beating out the fire to save Dorothy. Come with me and I will dress it immediately."

"No," she said, setting her teeth resolutely; "go to her; I shall do very well. Go!" she repeated, almost sharply, "for I saw that she had fainted when Alice took her."

His brow contracted, and for an instant he seemed on the point of insisting upon taking care of her first.

Then he drew forth his handkerchief and folded it gently about her hand, saying:

"Well, if I must; but go you directly to your room and I will come to you as soon as I can."

Katherine could bear no more, and, turning abruptly from him, sped from the place.

As she passed out of the lecture hall, she almost ran into Miss Reynolds, who was on her way downstairs.

"Katherine!" she cried, aghast, as she caught sight of her pain-contracted face, the handkerchief on her hand and her smoke-blackened clothes, "what has happened?"

"Oh! may I go to your room?" gasped the girl.

"Of course; come," and without another word the woman turned and led the way.

"Lock the door and don't let anyone in," said Katherine, as she sank into the nearest chair and covered her face with her well hand.

Miss Reynolds quietly obeyed, then went to her desk and began to read aloud, in a calm, clear voice, from the open "Science and Health" that lay upon it.

For half an hour she kept on without stopping; but she then began to be conscious that effectual work was being done, for, at first, the sufferer sitting behind her had been unable to keep still a moment; but gradually she became less restless, and at the end of forty-five minutes had grown perfectly quiet and lay back in her chair, her face pale but peaceful.

"Dear Miss Reynolds, you must go now. I must not keep you any longer," she said, at length.

"My child, I shall not leave you while you need me," her teacher returned, and, going to her side, she tenderly smoothed back the dark hair from her forehead.

"I am much easier, so do not mind leaving me. You will be missed, and some one will be coming for you; just let me stay here for a while and be sure not to tell anyone where I am, or why I am among the missing," Katherine pleaded, for she did not wish Dr. Stanley to learn her whereabouts, knowing he would seek her and insist upon dressing her burns.

"I will be very discreet; but I am going to keep you with me all night," her teacher replied. "Now, if you can bear it, I will help you off with your clothes. You shall have one of my night-robes and go straight to bed."

With fine tact she had refrained from asking a single question; but the suffering face, the pretty dress all burned and discolored, the handkerchief wrapped about her hand, told her something of what had occurred, and she could wait until later for details.

She dexterously assisted her to undress; but while doing so the handkerchief was displaced and dropped to the floor and she had to shut her lips resolutely to repress the cry of pity that almost escaped her as she saw what it had covered. The next instant she was mentally repeating the "scientific statement of being,"* while she quietly replaced the square of linen and pinned it to keep it in place. Then, with a grateful smile and a sigh of content, Katherine slipped into bed and sank upon her pillow.

---

*"Science and Health," page 468.

"Now go, please," she begged again, "and find out, if you can, how Dorothy is."

"No, Kathie, I am not going just yet," was the decided reply, though there was a startled heart-bound at the girl's reference to Dorothy. She asked no questions, however, but, going back to her desk, continued her reading as before.

In about fifteen minutes she glanced towards the bed and saw by her regular breathing that Katherine had fallen asleep. She bowed her head upon her book for a moment, and when she lifted it again there were tears on her cheeks, and in her eyes "a light that was ne'er on sea or land."

Turning the gas low, she slipped softly out of the room and went downstairs to join the gay company who were all unconscious of what had been going on above.

Five minutes later Dr. Stanley came to her, his fine face overcast and anxious.

"Miss Reynolds, can you give me any information regarding Miss Minturn?" he inquired, adding: "I have been looking for her for nearly an hour, and no one seems to know where she is. I suppose you have heard about the accident?"

"An accident?" repeated the lady, inquiringly.

"Yes," and he proceeded to give a brief account of the narrow escape in the lecture hall. "I told Miss Minturn to go to her room," he continued, "and I would come to her as soon as I had ascertained if all was well with Dorothy. The child is all right; she was simply frightened and lost consciousness for a few moments. But Miss Minturn was badly burned, on

her hand and arm, and her beautiful dress is a wreck. Mrs. Seabrook and I have been to her room; no one was there, nor can anyone give us a clew to her whereabouts," and the gentleman looked really distressed as he concluded.

Miss Reynolds had been doing some practical thinking while he was talking, and now observed:

"Well, Dr. Stanley, to relieve your anxiety, I will tell you that she is in my room, where she will remain all night. But I have disobeyed her injunction to tell no one where she is. Fortunately, I met her just as she was leaving the lecture hall, and she begged shelter with me. I have but just left her."

"But she must have attention—her burns must be dressed," said the physician, in a tone of professional authority.

"That will not be necessary, for she is asleep and resting quietly."

"Asleep! impossible!" interposed the man, emphatically; "that is, unless she has taken a powerful opiate."

"She has had nothing of the kind," was the quiet answer.

"Then I repeat—it would be impossible for her to sleep," Dr. Stanley asserted, with a note of impatience in his tone. "Why, only an hour has elapsed since the accident, and, with those burns, it would be many hours before she could get any rest or relief without an opiate. I know," he added, flushing, "she is a Christian Scientist, but I can't quite swallow such a miracle as that."

"Nevertheless, my friend, the dear girl, is sleeping

peacefully—or was, ten minutes ago," the lady smilingly returned.

"Did she put anything on those burns?"

"Nothing."

"Do you believe she 'demonstrated,' as they express it, over the pain?"

"I know," she softly replied.

"Ah!"—with a start—"are you——"

Again she smiled as she interposed:

"I must not say too much about that just now. I will say this, however: I have seen and learned enough to make me wish to know more, for Katherine Minturn is an earnest, honest exponent of her religion. I am very fond of her—she is one of the loveliest girls I have ever known."

"I can heartily agree with you on that point," replied Phillip Stanley, gravely. "But I was hoping that I could be of service to her, for we owe her much for her wonderful presence of mind and practical common sense. But for that Dorothy would have been badly burned and a great sufferer at this moment, instead of having gone to bed the happiest girl in the building and full of gratitude to Miss Minturn for giving her so much pleasure. Will you say to her, if there is any way I can serve her, I shall be only too glad of the opportunity?"

"Indeed I will, and I shall slip away very soon and go back to her, although I am sure she does not really need me. I am glad for her sake, however, that to-morrow will be Saturday."

"May I tell my sister what you have told me?" Dr. Stanley inquired. "I know it would greatly relieve her

mind, for she is much disturbed because Miss Minturn cannot be found."

"Yes; I am sure Kathie would be willing, under the circumstances. I know her only fear was that she might be found before her work was done," Miss Reynolds said, after considering a moment. "I think," she added, "she would prefer not to have Dorothy told anything, except, perhaps, that her dress was injured."

"Yes; it would mar her pleasure," her companion observed; "in fact, we have said nothing about the *contretemps* to anyone but the faculty as yet, fearing it might spoil the evening for many. We cannot be too thankful that it was no worse; if it had occurred before that last tableau was over, there is no telling how serious it might have been, with so many thin dresses and all those paper flowers," he concluded, gravely, then bowed himself away.

After making the round of the room, Miss Reynolds sought Sadie and told her that as Katherine was not feeling quite herself, she would spend the night with her; then she stole away and went back to her charge.

Katherine aroused when she entered the room, but showed no signs of present suffering.

"How is Dorothy?" she questioned, eagerly.

"She was not harmed in the least, and 'went to bed the happiest girl in the building,' so I was told."

Katherine heaved a sigh of relief.

She asked for a glass of water and drank thirstily when it was brought to her.

"Can I do anything more for you, Kathie?" her friend inquired.

The girl's eyes wandered to the books on her desk. "Shall I read?—what?"

"The twenty-third psalm, please."

Miss Reynolds found and read it as given and interpreted in "Science and Health": "Divine Love is my Shepherd; I shall not want. Love maketh me to lie down in green pastures; Love leadeth me beside still waters;"* and so on to the end.

Then she turned to her own marker and read for herself a while.

The room was very quiet, for the revelers below were so far away they could not be heard. Only a strain of music from the orchestra was now and then wafted on a gentle breeze to them through an open window.

Suddenly a deep sigh from the bed fell upon the reader's ear. She started and turned toward her charge.

" 'Love'—'still waters,' " murmured Katherine, then turned like a tired child on her pillow and was again locked in slumber.

Softly, Miss Reynolds laid aside her festal attire, made a nest for herself on her roomy couch and, to the faintly flowing rhythm of "The Beautiful Blue Danube," soon lost herself in dreamland, never waking until the brilliant sun of a glorious June morning flooded her room and warned her that a new day had begun.

---

*"Science and Health," page 16.

CHAPTER XVII.

Dr. Stanley Has An Object Lesson.

She found Katherine already awake.

"What do you think of tramps who take possession of your room and drive you out of your comfortable bed?" playfully demanded the girl, and nodding brightly at her.

"I like it—that is, when I have the privilege of choosing the tramp," her teacher laughingly responded, as she sat up and glanced at the clock; "besides, this couch is every bit as comfortable as the bed. Did you rest well, Kathie?"

"Beautifully. The last I knew, until about ten minutes ago, you were reading the twenty-third psalm."

Miss Reynolds arose and began to dress. Once or twice she found her eyes straying to Katherine's bandaged hand, and longed to inquire regarding its condition. But she wisely resisted the temptation and maintained a discreet silence.

"You will not try to go down to breakfast, Kathie," she remarked, as she completed her toilet, and the bell began to ring just at that moment.

"No, I think I will keep out of sight to-day. I do not wish to answer questions. Besides, I haven't anything here suitable to put on," and she bestowed a rue-

ful look upon her pretty evening dress, all crumpled and burned, that lay over the back of a chair.

"True; but I will go for one of your dresses when I come up from breakfast," said her friend; "meantime, if you care to get up, you can slip on this negligee of mine," and she threw a dainty wrapper over the foot of the bed as she spoke.

As soon as Miss Reynolds left the room, Katherine arose and dressed, then sat down to read. She was glad to be alone, for, though she was entirely free from pain, she felt she still had work to do for herself.

For nearly an hour she read and worked diligently, and then her teacher returned, bearing a tempting breakfast, which she soon dispatched with the appetite of a healthy, hungry girl.

"I met Prof. Seabrook and his wife on my way up," Miss Reynolds observed, as she began putting away the things she had worn the previous evening, "and both inquired most kindly for you. The professor said you are excused from the class lecture this morning, if you wish, and Mrs. Seabrook will come to see you later. They both expressed themselves as deeply grateful for what you did last night."

"I scarcely know what I did," Katherine returned, flushing. "Dr. Stanley came so quickly to the rescue that it was all over before I could think clearly. It seems like a dream."

"Yes, he told me all about it last night, Kathie, and said but for your rare presence of mind there might have been a bad fire. He was pretty well cut up, however, when he found that you had hidden yourself away and he had lost a patient," Miss Reynolds replied with

a laugh of amusement, which was merrily echoed by her guest.

"He doesn't seem to take much stock in Science, dear," she presently resumed. "He was simply amazed when I told him you were sleeping—I thought it best, as long as your work was done, to relieve his anxiety—and declared that was impossible, unless you had taken a powerful opiate."

"An opiate is something which mortal mind says produces repose; well, I had taken a large dose of that 'Peace, be still,' which, rightly administered, never fails to give the sufferer and the weary rest," said Katherine, with luminous eyes.

"It was beautiful, Kathie, and, figuratively speaking, I 'put off my shoes from off my feet,' feeling that the 'place whereon I stood was, indeed, holy ground,'" reverently observed her companion. "But, tell me, weren't you afraid when you saw the flames?"

"Yes, for an instant, then I forgot everything but the 'secret place' and 'the shadow.'"

"How much those words mean to me now! And you believe that every statement of that ninety-first psalm can be proved—made practical?" gravely inquired Miss Reynolds.

"Every one."

"Well, I think I am beginning to know it, too; though, as yet, it is like 'seeing through a glass darkly,'" and a sweet seriousness settled over the woman's face. "But," she went on, arousing herself after a moment, "if you will tell me what to bring you I will now go to your room for some clothes."

"Really, I am perfectly able to go for them myself," Katherine began.

"No, indeed; you are going to remain just where you are, at least for the morning," said her teacher, authoritatively. "At this hour you would be sure to meet many of the students and become the target for innumerable questions."

"Well, then, bring my linen suit and my 'Horace,' please. I have to complete an essay on that accomplished and agreeable gentleman 'as a poet and a wit,' and I can spend the morning working upon it."

Miss Reynolds slipped away on her errand, but she no sooner reached the main hall than she was surrounded by a bevy of excited maidens and besieged with a volley of inquiries regarding the accident of the previous night.

Dorothy's nurse, Alice, had described the scene in the lecture hall to one of the maids, when, of course, the news had spread like wildfire, and it, together with Katherine's "heroism," was the one topic of the day. Sadie had also heard it and was on her way to see her chum when she, too, met the teacher in the hall.

She went back to her room with her, found the things Katherine had designated, and then, as it was nearly time for the class lecture, sent word that she would come to see her after study hours were over.

When Miss Reynolds reached her own door again, she found a maid standing there with a long box in her hands.

"Mrs. Seabrook told me to bring this up to you, marm," the girl observed; but on entering her room

and relieving herself of her armful of clothing, she saw that the package was addressed to "Miss Katherine Minturn."

"What have we here, I wonder?" she remarked, as she passed it to her companion, together with a pair of scissors.

Katherine cut the string and lifted the cover, when a cry of delight broke from her.

"Dear Miss Reynolds! look!" she said, holding the box towards her for inspection.

It was filled with fragrant, long-stemmed Jack roses.

"How lovely! Who can the donor be?" she said. "Ah! there is a card, tucked almost out of sight, under the foliage."

Katherine drew it forth, and a quick flush suffused her face as she read the name, "Phillip Harris Stanley." She passed it to her friend, then bent over her box of crimson beauties, as if to inhale their perfume, but really to hide the deepening color in her cheeks.

Presently a bell rang and Miss Reynolds was obliged to go to a class, thus leaving Katherine alone with her books and her flowers, and in a very happy frame of mind.

It was nearly noon before Mrs. Seabrook could steal away from her duties to go to see her; and when Katherine, in response to her knock, admitted her, she took the girl into her arms and kissed her with quivering lips, her eyes brimming with tears.

"My dear child, you know it is simply impossible for me to tell you all there is in my heart," she began, but her voice broke and she had to stop to maintain her self-control.

"Do not try, dear Mrs. Seabrook," said Katherine, as she returned her caress. "I know it all, and you cannot be more thankful than I am that Dorothy escaped without even having her pleasure spoiled."

"She talks of nothing but her 'beautiful time' and your 'bravery,'" the mother resumed. "She says that even though she cannot remember much of what happened, after you wrapped the portière about the chair, she did hear you tell her 'not to be afraid, for she was God's child and could not be harmed.' She was not harmed in any way; she simply fainted from the shock, and seems even brighter to-day than she was yesterday. But you suffered for her," and Mrs. Seabrook's tremulous lips failed her again, as she softly touched the girl's bandaged hand.

"It is almost nothing now," said Katherine, brightly. "I am fast forgetting it myself, and want everybody else to. Does Dorrie know?"

"No; my brother thought it best not to tell her."

"I am glad; pray keep it from her if possible."

"But is it not very sore? Are you not suffering?"

"Not in the least, I assure you. The pain lasted only a little while; I slept lovely and feel as good as new this morning."

"But your beautiful dress was ruined, though that, of course, shall be replaced; and you lost your good time last night," and the woman heaved a regretful sigh.

Katherine laughed out merrily.

"You will not let me 'forget,'" she said. "But there will be plenty of other 'good times,' and all else is as nothing in the balance, compared with Dorothy's

safety." Then, to change the subject, she inquired: "Now, tell me, wasn't that last tableau about as fine as anything could be?"

"It was exquisite beyond description," said Mrs. Seabrook, with animation. "Mr. Seabrook was delighted with it, and so pleased to have Dorrie in it. It was lovely of the juniors to take so much pains for her and make her the central figure. The whole entertainment was a great success; your production was very bright and clever, and our guests from outside had nothing but praise for everything. Oh! by the way, Miss Minturn, my husband sends his kindest regards to you by me. He said it was all he could do until he could see you personally."

After chatting a little longer she arose to go, saying she was expecting company to dine with her.

Then she paused and again gently touched the spotless handkerchief bound around Katherine's hand.

"My dear," she observed, searching her face with curious eyes, "I cannot reconcile your bright and happy appearance with this; to me it is a marvel, and I wish—oh! how I wish——"

She checked herself suddenly, but Katherine read her thought.

"I know," she said, softly, "and my heart has been full of the same yearning for a long time. It will come, dear Mrs. Seabrook, if we keep on wishing and praying."

"If I only knew how to pray as—as you do!" was the wistful response.

"The Lord's Prayer meets every human need, particularly the clause, 'Thy will be done on earth as in

heaven;' only we need to know it was never our Father's 'will' that His children should suffer," Katherine returned.

Tears rushed to the elder woman's eyes.

"I wish I could understand," she began, brokenly. Then, bending forward, she left a light kiss on the girl's cheek and abruptly left the room.

There were tears in Katherine's eyes also, but a tender smile on her lips.

"Divine Love is preparing the soil for the seed," she murmured to herself as she went back to her essay.

She kept herself aloof from the other students as much as possible until Monday, when she appeared as usual in her classes. She had to run the gantlet of some inquiries regarding the extent of her injuries, but she made light of them, and her comrades began to think they must have been greatly exaggerated, and so gave the matter no further thought.

Monday afternoon, when the duties of the day were over, she went to see Dorothy, who had sent her several pressing invitations during the last three days.

"I thought you would never come, Miss Minturn," she exclaimed, the moment the door opened to admit her, "and I have so wanted to talk over that lovely—lovely time with you."

"I have been pretty busy, dear, since I saw you," Katherine replied, bending to kiss the eager face.

"I expect you have, getting ready for exams, and everything, and I've tried to be patient," said the child, with a sigh, as she recalled how impatient she had felt. "Everybody says that was such a beautiful tableau!" she went on, with shining eyes, "and we know it was,

don't we? I shall never forget it; only, it was too bad to have such a scare afterwards and my pretty chariot spoiled. Wasn't it lucky, though, that Uncle Phillip happened to come just when he did and——" but she was obliged to pause here for breath.

"Indeed, it was most fortunate, and I am sorry that the chariot was spoiled, for it would have been a pleasant reminder of our lily queen's grandeur as long as you cared to preserve it," Katherine returned.

"But that was nothing compared with your dress!" was the regretful rejoinder. "Uncle Phil said the skirt was ruined; but papa says you shall have another every bit as nice——"

"Indeed, you shall, Miss Minturn," here interposed Prof. Seabrook, coming from the adjoining room, where he had overheard the above conversation.

He cordially extended his hand as he spoke, while his tone and manner were more affable than they had been since the day of her admission to the school.

"We owe you a great deal," he continued, "both for the pleasure you were instrumental in giving our little girl last Friday night, and for your presence of mind which saved—no one can estimate how much—possibly a dangerous panic, the destruction of property and much suffering."

He had been quietly inspecting the hand he held, while he was speaking, and was greatly surprised to find only a slight discoloration where he had expected to see unsightly sores or scars, and, while he did not wish to undervalue her heroism and self-abnegation, he began to think that his brother-in-law had greatly over-estimated the injuries which she had sustained,

"I am afraid you are giving me far more credit than is my due," Katherine replied, releasing her hand and flushing as she read something of what was passing in his mind. "I simply did what first came to my thought and——"

"And exactly the right thing it was to do," the man smilingly interposed.

"And Dr. Stanley did the rest," she persisted, finishing what had been in her mind to say.

"Well, 'all's well that ends well,' and we are very grateful that things are as they are," said the professor, earnestly, adding:

"You must allow me to repair whatever damage has been done, as far as money can do that. It pains me to know that you were burned, but I am thankful to see that you did not suffer as severely as I was led to infer." He glanced at her hand again as he concluded.

"I suffered more on Dorothy's account, I think, than in any other way," the girl quietly replied.

"Why! were you burned, Miss Minturn?" Dorothy exclaimed, catching her breath sharply.

"You would hardly know it now," she said, showing her hand, for she saw she could no longer conceal the fact from her.

Dorothy took it, looked it over, then touched her lips lovingly to it.

"I'm very sorry," she said, "but it couldn't have been so awful bad to get well so quickly, could it?"

"It is all passed now, dearie, and we are glad that no one's good time was spoiled, aren't we?" Katherine observed and hastening to change the subject.

"Indeed, we are. It was such a happy time!" sighed

Dorrie, in a tone of supreme content. "I've dreamed and dreamed of it. I wake in the morning thinking of it, and mamma and I talk and talk about it."

"I wish to add, Miss Katherine," her principal here interposed, "that your special contribution to the programme of last Friday evening was exceedingly entertaining; and"—his eyes resting very kindly on her—"having learned the circumstances that inspired it, I heartily appreciate the spirit with which you met and mastered them. Now, Dorrie, I will not keep you from your talk with her any longer," and, with a genial smile and bow, the gentleman left the room.

Katherine remained an hour with Dorothy and allowed her to expatiate upon her "good time" to her heart's content, after which she went out into the grounds for a little quiet meditation by herself.

She was very happy because of what Prof. Seabrook had said to her and the marked change in his manner towards her. He had addressed her by her first name, too, for the first time, a thing which he never did in speaking to students in public; but there were a favored few whom he sometimes greeted thus when he chanced to meet them informally, and it now seemed as if she were henceforth to be numbered with them.

All the same, she knew that, in his heart, he was not one whit more tolerant of her religious views, and the skeptical gleam in his eyes, while inspecting her hand, had told her that he had no faith whatever that she had made a "demonstration" over a severe burn. But it was evident there had been a radical change in his attitude towards her; he no longer entertained any personal repulsion, and thus, with the little fire of Fri-

day night, all "barriers had been burned away" and a bond of true sympathy re-established between them. So, with a smile on her lips and a song in her heart, she made her way to a favorite spot, beneath a mammoth beech tree, where, drawing forth a pocket edition of "Unity of Good"*, that tiny book, that *multum in parvo* which, to every earnest student of Christian Science, becomes a veritable casket of precious jewels, she was soon lost to all things material in the perusal of its pages.

She had been reading fifteen minutes, perhaps, when a muffled step on the heavy greensward caused her to glance up, to find Dr. Stanley almost beside her.

"All inquiries regarding a certain lady's health, I perceive, are quite unnecessary," he observed, as he searched her glowing face. "Pray pardon me if I have startled you, but I would like to know how that poor hand is getting on, if it is permissible to mention it."

"It is not a 'poor hand'—it is a very good hand, indeed, thank you, Dr. Stanley; at least, for all practical purposes," she demurely returned, but keeping it persistently out of sight, among the folds of her dress, where it had fallen when she arose to greet him.

"Miss Minturn, aren't you going to shake hands with an old friend?" he gravely queried, extending his hand to her, but with a roguish sparkle in his handsome eyes.

Katherine laughed out musically, and reluctantly laid hers within his palm.

---

*By Mary Baker G. Eddy.

The man's face assumed an inscrutable expression as he turned the small member over and examined it with a critical look, even pushing up her sleeve a trifle to view the arm; but the slender wrist was fair and white and no flaw anywhere, except the slight discoloration previously referred to, where the unsightly blisters had been.

"Miss Minturn, it is less than three days since that accident occurred, and those burns are entirely healed! What did you do for them?" he demanded, in low, repressed tones.

"Nothing, except to know that 'God is an ever-present help in time of trouble.'"

"Do you mean to tell me that you applied no lotion or salve? that you did nothing but 'demonstrate mentally,' as you Scientists express it?"

"That was all, Dr. Stanley. I had no lotion or salve."

"How long did you suffer from the pain? I suppose you shrink from being questioned thus by a doctor," he interposed, as he observed her heightened color; "but please tell me—I want to know."

"The burning sensation was all gone at the end of three-quarters of an hour, by the clock, though I confess the time seemed much longer than that," she admitted, with a faint smile. "I was conscious that my hand was sore and very tender as long as I was awake; but in the morning that also was a belief of the past."

"It is beyond me!" muttered the physician, with a puzzled brow. "But," he added, frankly, "I am heartily glad you did not have to suffer many hours, as I felt sure you would, after seeing the condition of your hand that night. I went to your room with my sister,

after attending to Dorothy, but, as you know, failed to find you. An hour later Miss Reynolds astounded me by telling me that you were in her room, asleep."

"Yes, she kindly took me under the shelter of her wing."

"Miss Minturn"—accusingly—"you ran away from me; you did not want me to find you;" but he smiled as he said it.

"It was far better for me, with our conflicting opinions. It would only have prolonged my suffering if you had found me and insisted upon dressing the burns, even though your motive was most kind," Katherine gently explained.

"I am almost tempted to believe that, after what I have heard and seen," he thoughtfully admitted.

"I hope you do not feel that I did not appreciate your kindness," Katherine observed, a note of appeal in her voice. "I know that you would have done your best for me, in your way. And now, let me thank you again for the lovely Jacks. I have not seen such beauties for a long time. I hope you received my note of acknowledgment."

"Yes, and wondered how you had managed to hold a pen, much more write your natural hand."

For a moment Katherine wondered how he could know her "natural hand"; then she remembered that he had asked an exchange of cards from herself and her mother the day before they landed the previous fall. She had just given her last one away, so had been obliged to write her name and address on a blank card.

"What is this little book, in which you were so absorbed as I came upon you?" he resumed, as he picked

it up from the seat where she had laid it and turned to the title page. "U-m! another production by that remarkable woman! Do you understand it?"

"I am growing to understand it better every time I read it. There is much that is beautiful and helpful in it."

"Well, one would need to read over and over to comprehend what she teaches, and"—reflectively—"I am not sure but what it would be well worth one's while. But I must go. Dorrie will think I am very late this afternoon. *Au revoir,* Miss Minturn," and slipping the book into Katherine's hands, he lifted his hat and went his way, while she looked after him with shining eyes.

"Mamma sowed better than she knew, there; the soil is good and the seed is taking root," she told herself as she turned with a light heart back to her book.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Sadie Receives An Opportune Invitation.

The last weeks of the school year just seemed to melt away until only one remained, and this was filled full with many duties, various class meetings, preparations for graduating day, class receptions, etc.

For some time Katherine had observed that Sadie appeared absent-minded and depressed; in fact, wholly unlike herself, and twice of late she had surprised her in violent weeping. But the girl would give no reason, made light of it as "nervousness," and evaded all questions.

One day, while looking over their personal belongings and packing away things no longer needed, preparatory to their flitting, Katherine abruptly inquired:

"Sadie, where are you going to spend your summer?"

The girl started violently and turned a vivid scarlet.

"I—I don't know, honey. I reckon I may travel some," she said, after a moment of hesitation.

"With your guardian and his family?"

"N-o; they're going to Europe, but I don't care to go with them."

"But you surely cannot travel by yourself," Katherine observed, in surprise, while she regarded the

averted face opposite her curiously, an unaccountable feeling of uneasiness taking possession of her.

"I—I suppose I can't; perhaps I shan't, after all," Sadie stammered. "I may go to some quiet place and board."

"Even in that case you would need a chaperon," Katherine objected.

"Well, Mr. Farnsworth wants me to go to his sister in Genesee County. She's a stiff, little old maid who lives by herself, and he says if I will not go to Europe I must stay with her. But I might as well be shut up in a convent, and—I won't," and there was a resonant note of defiance in Miss Minot's voice as she concluded.

"But what is your objection to the European trip, Sadie? I should think you would like it; I am sure you could have no better opportunity than to go with the Farnsworths," argued Katherine, who was more and more perplexed by her roommate's strange caprice.

"Oh! well, I'm not going, anyway, and that settles the matter!" sharply retorted the girl from the depths of her trunk, but her voice was thick with tears.

Katherine suddenly sat erect, a startled expression sweeping over her face. She dropped the subject, but before an hour had passed a hastily written, special delivery missive was on its way to Mrs. Minturn.

The next evening, after supper, she burst into her room, her face beaming with joy, an open letter in her hand, to find Sadie drooping over a note she had been writing and nibbling at the stem of her pen, apparently in the most disconsolate frame of mind.

She hastily drew a blank sheet of paper over the

written page to hide it, a circumstance which did not escape the observing eye of her chum, and, looking over her shoulder, inquired:

"What is it, Katherine? You look as if you'd had good news."

"I have—at least good news to me, and I hope it will be to you also," was the cheery reply.

Sadie sat up and looked interested.

"To me! How so?" she said, in surprise.

"Well, I wrote mamma yesterday that you seemed to be in something of a quandary about your summer, and as I have the privilege of inviting some one to spend my vacation with me, I asked her if I might have you—that is, if you would like to come. Would you, dear?" Katherine pleaded, with an anxiously beating heart. "We have a cottage at Manchester-by-the-Sea, in Massachusetts, which we make our headquarters, then take little trips here and there, as the spirit moves us. Papa cannot be with us all the time, on account of business, but he comes and goes, bringing some of his friends now and then; and, Sadie, we do have very nice times. Now will you be my guest for the summer? I have a special delivery from mamma, who also wants you."

The girl had remained motionless, almost breathless while Katherine was speaking, a peculiar look on her face, which grew red and white by turns. She did not at once reply when she concluded, but seemed irresolute, almost dazed, in fact, by what she had heard.

Then, all at once, she started to her feet, threw her arms around Katherine, bowed her head upon her shoulder and burst into a passion of tears.

"Threw her arms around Katherine, bowed her head upon her shoulder and burst into a passion of tears." (See page 238)

"Oh! how good of you, Katherine! How good of you! It will seem like heaven to me!" she sobbed, with more feeling than she had ever manifested before during all the months they had spent together. "Ah! I have been so lonesome, so homesick, so—so wretched, and I would love to go if—if you really want me."

"I certainly do, Sadie, or I would not have asked you," Katherine heartily responded, and now feeling very sure that she had done a wise thing, for she was convinced that the girl's "wretchedness" had proceeded from an entirely different cause than a choice between a European tour and a sojourn with an "old maid in Genesee County."

"It is perfectly lovely of you, and I can never tell you how much it means to me!" Sadie replied, with a long breath of relief, while she wiped the hot tears from her cheeks.

"Well, you need not be 'homesick' any longer," was the cheery assurance, "for mamma will make you feel that you have your own place in our dear home nest on the rocks by the sea; and papa is the jolliest of men. No one need be 'lonesome' when he is around, and we shall have other friends with us some of the time. Listen while I read you what mamma says: 'Have your friend come, by all means, if she thinks she can be happy with us. You can explain what our plans are, and if they prove attractive we will make her one with us.'"

"That will be perfectly delightful! It is awfully sweet of you both," Sadie exclaimed, with sparkling eyes, her spirits quickly rebounding, as the burden of a few hours previous began to roll from her heart.

"Oh! Katherine, you never can know how happy you have made me, and I am going to write to my guardian this very minute."

She turned back to her desk, and presently Katherine heard her tearing paper into tiny bits, after which she wrote two letters and then went immediately out to post them.

There were no more tears or doleful looks during the remainder of the week. A day or two later there came an approving letter and a generous check from Mr. Farnsworth, and Sadie was once more her serene and gracious self and looking forward eagerly to the day of their flitting to the sea.

Katherine, on the other hand, was feeling an unaccountable reluctance to leaving, even with the expectation of returning in September, and in spite of her longing for both father and mother. It was very strange, she told herself, but she certainly was not elated over the prospect of a long vacation.

Prof. Seabrook was going to Europe for a complete change of scene and rest. Mrs. Seabrook, Dorothy and nurse were booked for a quiet spot in the White Mountains, where, it was hoped, pure air and country life and diet would strengthen the frail girl for what was in store for her, and where Dr. Stanley would join them, for the month of August, if he could arrange to leave his patients.

Miss Reynolds was to go to her home in Auburn for July, but, to Katherine's delight, had accepted an invitation from Mrs. Minturn to be her guest during the first two weeks of August.

And so, when the morning of their departure came,

adieus and good wishes were exchanged with their many school friends, and the two girls started upon their journey to the coast of the "good old Bay State" and lovely Manchester, that beautiful town so boldly perched on rugged crags and nestling so restfully 'mid sylvan shadows.

There was a secret sense of disappointment in Katherine's heart because she had not seen Dr. Stanley during these last days. He had been unusually busy for a month, and she had not met him since the afternoon of their brief interview under the great beech tree; but when she went to say farewell to Mrs. Seabrook she left a friendly message and good-by for him.

Dorothy wept when taking leave of her, and Mrs. Seabrook clung fondly to her.

"I am very loath to let you go," she said, "for there have been many peaceful hours in this room when you have been with us, and I shall count the weeks until we are all back again. Somehow, I am dreading my summer," she concluded, with a weary sigh.

It was six o'clock in the evening when the young travelers reached Boston, where they were met by Mr. Minturn, an unusually prepossessing gentleman, who evidently was very fond of "my girlie," as he called Katherine when he gathered her into his strong arms and held close for a moment.

Then he greeted Sadie with a breezy cordiality which, for once, disabused her of the notion that Northerners were "stiff and cold" and Southern hospitality at a premium.

They had just time to get their trunks rechecked and catch a suburban train, and about an hour later,

seated behind a pair of spirited bays, they were rolling over a smooth country road and ere long drew up beneath the *porte cochère* of a fine residence built on a rocky bluff and overlooking a broad expanse of ocean.

"So this is a 'cottage by the sea,' a 'nest on the rocks,'" Miss Minot mentally observed to herself as her glance roamed over the roomy mansion, while she was mounting the steps leading to the wide veranda, where Mrs. Minturn and another lady, both in dinner costumes, were waiting to welcome them. Katherine flew to her mother's arms, while Mr. Minturn presented Sadie to Mrs. Evarts; then, presently, Mrs. Minturn came to her, greeting her so graciously and lovingly that her heart was won at once, and she felt that she had been admitted within a charmed circle and a strangely peaceful atmosphere.

"Now, my dears, I am not going to make you dress to-night," Mrs. Minturn observed, when the greetings were over. "Ellen"—glancing at a maid in spotless cap and apron—"will take you upstairs and help you get rid of some of the dust of travel, then you can come directly down, for we were only awaiting your arrival before having dinner served."

The maid took possession of their hand bags and led the way indoors, up a broad stairway to two adjoining rooms, opening out upon a balcony which commanded a fine view of both land and sea. After submitting to a vigorous brushing, bathing hands and faces and pinning into place some truant locks, they went below to a tempting repast, to which the two hungry travelers did ample justice.

The weeks that followed Sadie Minot never forgot,

for they marked the beginning of a new era in her life. She seemed to be living in a different world. Every day was begun with a reading from the Bible and the Christian Science text-book; this was followed by the singing of a lovely hymn, then came a minute or two of silent communion, after which the Lord's Prayer was repeated in unison.

Ofttimes Mrs. Minturn and her friend would remain to discuss or go over again some passage that had awakened a new train of thought, and frequently Sadie found herself lingering also, an interested listener.

After a week of rest they began to make trips to various points of interest, sometimes stopping two or three days in a place, then returning to Manchester for a little season of quiet, when they would flit away again in another direction.

It was ideal. There was never any friction or jar in the home or on the wing; an atmosphere of peace and love brooded everywhere, while, at the same time, a spirit of good-fellowship and jollity pervaded the entire household, particularly when Mr. Minturn made one of their number.

Katherine, who was quietly observant of her friend, was glad to see that there was no return of the absent-minded moods or depression that had previously overshadowed her; but that she seemed care-free and happy, giving herself up heartily to the enjoyment of her vacation.

Only now and then, when a letter addressed in a bold, free hand came to her, did she seem to cast a backward glance or recall anything to mar her pleasure.

They had little visits at Newport and Narragansett

Pier, a trip to the Thousand Isles, interspersed with outings at the Essex County Club at home; golf, tennis and drives, and, now and then, a run to Boston for sightseeing or shopping.

One morning—the very last of July—Katherine received a letter bearing a New Hampshire postmark.

"I wonder if it is from Mrs. Seabrook! I have been wishing we might hear from Dorothy," she observed, as she hastily cut the end of the envelope and drew forth a closely written sheet. "Yes, it is," she supplemented, glancing at the name appended, and then became absorbed in its contents, her face growing grave and wistful as she read.

"Mamma," she remarked, when she had finished and was refolding the missive, "Mrs. Seabrook writes that Dorothy is not as well. They have had to send for Dr. Stanley, and he thinks that the mountain air does not agree with her; that she would be better near the sea. She has written to ask if we know of a cottage here that she could rent for the remainder of the season."

"Why, yes; there is the Hunt cottage. Mrs. Hunt told me yesterday that they are all going on a trip through the Canadas; but she was in a quandary about her help. She does not like to let them go, neither does she feel quite like leaving them to run the house by themselves. Perhaps she would be glad to rent it," Mrs. Minturn returned.

"That would be delightful, for then we could have Mrs. Seabrook for a neighbor, and—oh! mamma—if we only could do something for that dear child," said Katherine, yearningly.

"We could not interfere there, dear," her mother

gravely replied. "We could do nothing, with Prof. Seabrook so opposed to the treatment of Christian Science. But I will go and talk with Mrs. Hunt and see what can be done for your friends."

The result of her call was a cordial assent on the part of the Hunts to rent the cottage, if the Seabrooks, after learning the terms, desired to have it.

Katherine wrote by return mail, stating the case to Mrs. Seabrook, and the second day afterward, while she and Sadie were busy with some fancy work on the veranda, Dr. Stanley suddenly appeared, mounting the steps.

Katherine sprang forward to greet him, her face glowing with pleasure.

"This is a delightful surprise, Dr. Stanley," she said, giving him a cordial hand. "Come and have a chair. If you have walked from the station you will be glad to get out of the sun, and I am sure you need no introduction to Miss Minot."

The physician saluted Sadie with his customary courtesy, then seated himself in the comfortable rocker tendered him, and gazed, with an appreciative eye, off upon the blue expanse before him, at the same time taking in deep breaths of the cool, delicious salt air.

"This is glorious!" he exclaimed. "Young ladies, I do not wonder at the roses in your cheeks, in view of these invigorating breezes wafted straight from the domain of old Neptune."

Sadie, however, did marvel as she observed the unusual color in the face of her friend. "The invigorating breezes of 'Old Neptune' didn't have anything to do with that," she said to herself.

"We have found it very warm and close up in the mountains," the gentleman resumed, "and I now regret that I did not send my sister to the sea at the beginning of the summer."

Katherine inquired for Mrs. Seabrook, who had scarcely referred to herself in her letter, and expressed her regret that Dorrie had seemed to lose ground.

"Yes, she has been very poorly, and her mother is simply worn out with anxiety and watching," said Phillip Stanley, with a clouded brow. "You perceive I lost no time, after the receipt of your letter, in coming to conclude the arrangements with Mrs. Hunt."

"You will find her cottage very comfortable and homelike, although it is not very large," Katherine informed him. "We think it is just the place for you, because of the well-trained help, which will greatly relieve dear Mrs. Seabrook. That is the house—the second one above us on the opposite side of the street."

"The location is certainly fine. It is high, has a good view of the ocean and spacious grounds. I shall feel that we are very fortunate to secure it. I wonder if I shall find Mrs. Hunt at home?" said the gentleman, and apparently eager to conclude the bargain.

"I think so, and, if agreeable to you, Dr. Stanley, I will go over with and introduce you to her," returned his young hostess.

"That is very good of you, Miss Minturn," he eagerly responded, with a look that caused the white lids to droop quickly over the brown eyes. "I shall certainly avail myself of your kind offer."

"I am sorry that mamma is not at home," Katherine remarked, as she arose to go in and make ready for

the proposed call. "She will be disappointed to have missed you. She was obliged to go to Boston this morning, with Miss Reynolds, who arrived last night, and will not be back until late this evening. Sadie, will you come with us to Mrs. Hunt's?" she concluded, turning to her friend.

"No, I reckon not," the girl lazily replied. "I am too comfortable to move, unless the occasion is imperative."

Katherine disappeared, but shortly returned equipped for her call, and Phillip Stanley's glance rested appreciatively on the lithe, graceful figure in its dainty robe of pale yellow chambrey, with its soft garnishings of lace and black velvet. The nut-brown head was crowned with a pretty shade hat of yellow straw, also trimmed with black velvet ribbon, and a white parasol, surmounted by a great, gleaming white satin bow, completed the effective costume, while the girl's pink cheeks and brilliant eyes told, as she walked away with her companion, that she was bound upon no unpleasant errand.

"U-m!" ejaculated Sadie, with a wise nod, as she looked after the vanishing couple, "you two will make a perfectly stunning pair and—you have my unqualified blessing."

The arrangements with Mrs. Hunt were soon completed, for Dr. Stanley was only too eager to secure her charming cottage upon any terms.

When he spoke of references the lady cut him short by smilingly remarking that she needed no better vouchers than her friends, the Minturns. The family would leave the next morning, she said, and it would

be perfectly agreeable, as far as she was concerned, to have Mrs. Seabrook take possession the following day, and it was so arranged.

As they left the house Dr. Stanley glanced at his watch, then drew forth a time-table.

"I have an hour or so before I need to leave for Boston," he observed, after studying it for a moment.

"Oh! Dr. Stanley, do not say that!" Katherine exclaimed, in a tone of disappointment. "You surely will come and have lunch with Sadie and me, then I will order the horses and we will have a nice drive."

"You tempt me sorely, Miss Minturn," the gentleman smilingly observed, as he met the appealing brown eyes, "but if I am to bring my sister and Dorrie here the day after to-morrow, I must get back to them to-night."

"Yes, I can understand that you wish them to come as soon as possible," Katherine replied, and at once yielding her point; "and you all shall have plenty of drives before the summer is over. But, if you have an hour to spare, perhaps you would like to walk about a little; I can show you one or two fine views."

"That will be very enjoyable," he eagerly responded, and they bent their steps towards a point which had become a favorite spot with Katherine.

They had a pleasant ramble, talking of various matters, but without once referring to the subject of Christian Science, for Katherine purposely avoided it for several reasons.

Finally they turned their faces towards the town, when, on rounding a curve in the road, they saw the figure of a man sauntering idly along some distance

before them, although, at the time, neither bestowed more than a casual glance upon him.

Presently, however, after again consulting his watch, Dr. Stanley said time was flying, and he must hasten to catch his train; so, quickening their steps, they soon overtook the stranger in front of them.

He shot a curious look at them, as they were passing; then, to Katherine's amazement, doffed his hat with a courteous "How do you do, Miss Minturn? Ah! Stanley! a fine day."

Without slackening his pace, the physician turned a pair of blazing eyes upon the man, as he, in duty bound, lifted his own hat; and they had passed him before Katherine could do more than bestow an astonished look upon him.

Her companion turned and searched the puzzled face beside him.

"Miss Minturn, do you know that young man?" he gravely inquired.

She flashed a pair of startled eyes up at him, for his tone had a peculiar note in it.

"I don't know. There was something familiar about him, and he seemed to recognize me," she began, doubtfully. "Why!" she went on, her face clearing, "I remember now. I was introduced to him last spring; his name is Willard, I believe. Oh! what does he want down here?" she concluded, with a sudden heartthrob of fear.

"I do not know who may have introduced you," her companion remarked, "but I feel it my duty to tell you that he is a man whose acquaintance is very undesirable. It is true he belongs to a fine family, but he

is their thorn in the flesh. He is a drunkard and a gambler, and his associates are among the most reprobate. Two or three times I have been called to bring him out of a state bordering upon delirium tremens. A physician is not supposed to give away the weaknesses of his patients," he interposed, in a deprecatory tone, "but under existing circumstances I feel justified in saying what I have said."

"I had a suspicion that he might not be desirable," Katherine returned, and feeling deeply disturbed, for she was sure the man had followed Sadie for no good purpose. "I never met him but once, and then under rather peculiar circumstances. I thank you for telling me about him, for, although I may never see him again, it may prove a warning to some one whom I know who has seen more of him."

They had almost reached the station by this time, and a warning whistle told them that the inward-bound train was near at hand.

There was just time for Dr. Stanley to get his ticket, take a hurried leave of his fair companion, and then board his car, waving a last adieu.

The girl stood watching the train as it rolled from the station, a soft radiance in her large brown eyes, a happy smile parting her red lips; while the physician bore away with him the mental picture of a dainty little lady in pale yellow, her beautiful face looking out at him from beneath a most becoming shade hat, one slender hand holding aloft a white ruffled parasol surmounted by a gleaming satin bow.

CHAPTER XIX.

Mrs. Seabrook Takes a Stand.

On her way back, after Dr. Stanley's departure, Katherine stopped at the house of a friend to make a call.

She found her in a pavilion that flanked a corner of the veranda, and with her some other young people, all of whom were busily engaged with the new fad of basket making. They were just on the point of having light refreshments and heartily welcomed her to their circle, where the time slipped unheeded by until a clock, somewhere, striking the half hour after twelve, warned her that lunch at home would soon be served, and Sadie, even now, must be wondering what had become of her.

But when she reached home the girl was nowhere to be found. It was after one o'clock and lunch waiting when she finally came slowly up the hill, which sloped to the beach behind the house, and Katherine was sure, from her flushed cheeks and reddened lids, that she had been crying.

There was no opportunity for any confidential conversation during the meal, for the waitress was in the room, and, after making a very light repast, Sadie observed she "reckoned she'd go take a nap," and abruptly leaving the table, disappeared.

Katherine was deeply thoughtful while finishing her lunch. "He has been here," she said to herself as she folded and slipped her napkin into its ring; then, with a resolute uplifting of her head, she followed Sadie upstairs and tapped upon her door. "Please excuse me for a little while, honey," came the response from within, but in unnatural tones.

"But, Sadie, I am sure that something is troubling you; and, besides, I have an item of important news to tell you," her friend persisted.

"Well, then, come," was the reluctant reply, and Katherine entered, to find the girl, as she had surmised, in tears.

"I knew it, dear," she said, going to her side. "I was sure you were grieving about something, and I believe that Ned Willard is the cause of it. I saw him this morning when I was out with Dr. Stanley."

"You did! He didn't say that he had seen you," exclaimed Sadie, in astonishment. Then, realizing how she had committed herself, she colored a vivid scarlet and fell to weeping afresh.

"Ah! then he has been here!" said Katherine. "I thought so, when you came in to lunch." There was a moment of awkward silence, then she resumed: "Sadie, I do not wish to force your confidence, but I am going to tell you frankly what is on my mind, and I hope you will feel it is only my friendship for you that impels me to say it. I noticed, for a long time before school closed, that you were not yourself, that you were depressed and unhappy, and I was confident that Mr. Willard was the cause of it; that it was on his account you refused to go to Europe with your guar-

dian. It even seemed to me that you were almost on the point of taking some step, doing something rash, from which you instinctively shrank, and when I asked you to come home with me you seized the opportunity as a loophole of escape. Of course, I have not been blind and I have suspected that certain letters which have come to you here were from Mr. Willard, and when I saw him to-day I feared he had followed you and would make you 'wretched' again. I did not know him at first, but he recognized me and spoke to me."

She paused irresolute for a moment, then continued:

"I am going to tell you all, Sadie, for I know it is right you should learn the truth. Dr. Stanley looked amazed when Mr. Willard spoke to me, and inquired if I knew the man. I told him I had simply been introduced to him, and he said, 'He is a person whose acquaintance is very undesirable; he is a drunkard and a gambler; he belongs to a good family, but he is their thorn in the flesh, because of his dissolute ways.' Perhaps this sounds harsh, even unkind to you, but I am trying to do by you as I would by my own sister if I had one. I don't want you to spoil your life, Sadie."

The girl had been growing more composed during Katherine's revelations, and when she concluded she sat up on the bed, threw her handkerchief away and faced her.

"I am glad that you have told me this, Katherine," she said, drawing a deep breath, "and I have longed, ever since I came to this 'house of peace'—for it has been that to me—to tell you this secret that has been

eating my heart out. I did continue to meet Ned on the sly, even after I promised you, last spring, that I would not. I wrote him, as I told you I would, about going to Mr. Farnsworth and doing the square thing; but he only laughed at me and still insisted upon seeing me the same as ever. I—I really am fond of him, honey," she confessed, a vivid blush suffusing her face. "Ned has good qualities, in spite of his faults. I know that he has been in the habit of drinking some, but we Southerners don't mind that as much as you Northerners do. I—I didn't know about his gambling—that seems dreadful. I know he thinks the world of me, for when my guardian said he was going to take me to Europe he was perfectly wild about it; so that is why I gave it up. Then he wanted—oh! Katherine! how can I tell you——" and the scarlet face went down upon the pillow again.

"Yes, dear, I suspected it—I almost knew that he wanted you to marry him secretly, and you came very near consenting—would have taken the irrevocable step perhaps if I had not asked you to come with me," gently interposed her friend.

"Katherine! What made you think that?" and the girl started up again, amazed.

"Oh! several things; your fits of abstraction, your 'homesickness,' your 'wretchedness,' and the remarkable reaction that followed your acceptance of my invitation."

"Well, honey, it was true, and I shall always love you for saving me from that, for I knew it was wrong. I was beginning to get my eyes open a little, though, and to feel that Ned should not have asked me to marry

him in any such way; but I hardly knew which way to turn," Sadie confessed, with downcast eyes.

"Of course, I am glad to have you with me; but perhaps going to Europe would have been the better plan. It would have taken you out of his way," Katherine thoughtfully observed.

"I couldn't leave—I—I didn't want to," faltered her companion, and Katherine sighed as she saw that there was an even stronger attachment here than she had suspected.

"He has been trying to persuade me to—to go away with him ever since I came here," Sadie resumed, and evidently determined to keep nothing back; "and today he came upon me suddenly while you were away, and he wasn't very kind"—her lips quivered painfully over those last words; "but," she presently went on, "since I have been here many things have begun to seem different to me, and I had made up my mind to go back to school and do my very best next year; but if Ned is going to keep on bothering me like this, I shall be wretched."

"If he comes again I think we will have to let papa deal with him," said Katherine, gravely.

"Oh! I wouldn't have your father or mother know anything about it for the world," cried Sadie, in distress. "I begin to feel ashamed of the whole affair myself, and I would not marry him on the sly now for anything. But he claims that I am pledged to him, and says he will make trouble for me if I try to dodge him," and the girl nervously twisted a diamond ring which she wore on the first finger of her left hand.

"There is nothing to prevent you from releasing

yourself from any such rash pledge if you choose to do so," said Katherine. Then she asked: "Is that your engagement ring, dear?"

"Yes; but I haven't dared to wear it on the right finger, for I didn't want anyone to know," she admitted, with a blush of shame.

Katherine leaned forward and smiled fondly into her eyes.

"You understand, I am sure, that I do not wish to meddle in an affair of this kind; but if you will allow me, I would advise you to return that ring at once. Tell Mr. Willard that you revoke your promise to him, and that henceforth he is to leave you unmolested. Think it over, Sadie, and I am sure your own good judgment will tell you this would be the wiser course. Now I will leave you to take your nap, for I think you need it," and, kissing her softly, she left the room.

The next morning a great burden rolled from her heart when she saw Sadie hand the postman a letter and a small package on which there was a special delivery stamp, and she earnestly hoped that this step in the right direction would forever end the disagreeable affair.

The following day the Seabrooks arrived, and our "brown-eyed lassie" was very happy to have so many of her school friends around her; but it was impossible not to see how pale and worn Mrs. Seabrook looked, and that Dorrie had failed not a little.

After a few days, however, the child appeared to improve a trifle, and everybody else began to look refreshed and hopeful once more. Dr. Stanley devoted the greater portion of his time to her, and she was

never so happy as when he wheeled her to some point where she could have an unobstructed view of the ocean and watch the foam-crested waves as they broke upon the rocks on the shore.

At times, when she was sleeping or being cared for by the ever-faithful Alice, the physician and his sister might have been found at the Minturn home, where many a pleasant hour was spent on its broad verandas, and where the subject of Christian Science was often the theme of conversation, and Mrs. Minturn was plied with numerous questions by Miss Reynolds and the doctor also.

Mrs. Seabrook rarely joined in these discussions, but Katherine observed that she was a very attentive listener.

Miss Reynolds had become an enthusiastic student; in fact, she was having class instruction under Mrs. Minturn, and did not hesitate to avow her full acceptance of its teachings.

Dr. Stanley maintained, at first, a very conservative attitude; but it was apparent that he had read more on the subject than he was ready to admit.

Once he quoted a passage from "Unity of Good"* and asked Mrs. Minturn to explain it, whereupon Katherine bent a look of surprise on him.

He caught her glance, flushed slightly, then smiled.

"Yes, Miss Minturn," he said, "after glancing at your book, that day when we met under the beech tree, I felt a curiosity to know more of what it con-

*By Mary Baker G. Eddy.

tained, so bought a copy and—yes—read it through three times."

"Have you read 'Science and Health'?" inquired Mrs. Minturn.

"Yes, twice, and 'Miscellaneous Writings'* once. What do you think of such a confession as that from a doubly dyed M.D.?" he concluded, with heightened color and stealing a side glance at his sister.

"I should say you are getting on pretty well," replied his hostess.

"No; I am not getting on at all," he asserted, with an uncomfortable shrug. "I don't understand them and I find I am at cross-purposes all the time."

"Yes, I can comprehend that, if you are trying to mix *materia medica* and Science; you will have to drop one or the other, or still be at 'cross-purposes,'" returned the lady.

The gentleman made no reply, and the subject was changed.

"Well, Phillip, you electrified me this afternoon!" Mrs. Seabrook observed, when, later, they were by themselves at home.

"Why? Because of the books I confessed to having read?"

"Yes; when did you begin to be so interested in Christian Science?"

"When that child was healed of seasickness on shipboard."

"And—are you going to adopt it?"

"I don't know, Emelie. I haven't reached that point yet."

---

*By Mary Baker G. Eddy.

"I should hope not after all your years of study and practice, to say nothing about the expense involved," returned his sister, in a tone of disapproval, for she was exceedingly proud of her successful brother. "Are you becoming dissatisfied with your profession, Phillip?" she asked, after a moment.

"When I encounter a case like Dorrie's I am dissatisfied with it," he admitted, with a quiver of his mobile lips. "When I am called to a case that responds quickly to treatment, I feel all the old enthusiasm tingling within me. Then, again, when I attend our medical associations and find the faculty discarding methods and remedies which were once pronounced 'wonderful discoveries,' and substituting something new or something that had years ago been discarded, I become disgusted, and declare there is no science in *materia medica;* that it is but 'a bundle of speculative theories,' as Mrs. Eddy puts it in her startling chapter on 'Medicine.' "*

"What rank heresy, Phil!" exclaimed his sister, with a laugh.

"I know it, and I have been in a very uncomfortable state of 'mental chemicalization'—which is another pat phrase coined by that same remarkable woman—over it for some time."

"Dear me! what is the world coming to with its ever-changing creeds, doctrines and opinions? One begins to feel that there is no really solid foundation to anything," replied Mrs. Seabrook, with a troubled brow. "Phillip!"—with a start and a sudden blanching of her

*"Science and Health," page 149.

face—"are you losing faith in your treatment of Dorothy?"

"I should have all faith if she were improving under it," he returned, moodily.

"But she isn't! You are seeing that as well as I," and the mother's voice broke with sudden anguish. "Oh, if you are losing faith I shall know there is no hope."

"Don't, Emelie," pleaded her brother; "I really am hoping much from this change——"

"Ah! that is equivalent to saying that you have exhausted your methods—that our only hope now is in a salubrious atmosphere, etc. It has been the same story, over and over," she wailed. "Every physician we have had—his resources having failed—has suggested 'change of air and scene,' and 'hoped that nature would do the rest.' What do you doctors mean by that? What is 'nature'?" she concluded, almost wildly.

"I see, Emelie, you feel that is a way of begging the question to secure release from a doubtful position," the man returned, sadly. "Well"—with a sigh—"I am forced to admit that none of our remedies are infallible. But, it should not be so," he went on, thoughtfully. "For years I have felt it when disease has baffled me; there should be a panacea—a universal remedy, provided by an all-wise Creator for suffering humanity; but, ah! to find it!"

At those words Mrs. Seabrook started and looked up quickly.

"Have you those books—that you mentioned to-day —with you?" she inquired.

"Yes."

"I want to read them."

"Will would never forgive me for putting them into your hands."

Mrs. Seabrook sat suddenly erect.

"I am not a child that I must have my reading selected for me," she retorted, spiritedly. "But, I can buy them."

"Dear, I wouldn't force you to that expense to gain your point," said her brother, as he tenderly laid his arm around her shoulders. "They are in my trunk, and you can have them whenever you wish. But you are tired—go to bed now, and I hope you will have a good night's rest."

"I am afraid I have seemed cross and out of sorts, Phil. Perhaps I also am in a state of 'mental chemicalization,'" she said, with a faint smile that ended in a sob; "but, indeed, my heart is very sore. I shall read your books, and, if they appeal to me, I—shall have Christian Science treatment for my child," and there was a ring of something very like defiance in her voice which smote strangely on her brother's ear; for Emelie Seabrook had ever been regarded as one of the gentlest and least self-willed of women.

But the reading of the books was postponed, for Dorrie began to droop again, and the faithful mother could scarcely be persuaded to leave her even for necessary food and sleep. Mrs. Minturn, Katherine and Sadie were all tireless in their efforts to do something to lighten her burdens. Many a delicacy found its way to the cottage to tempt the capricious appetite of the child; interesting incidents were treasured to relate to

her, and many devices employed to shorten the weary hours.

But there came a time that tried them all, for, in spite of the greatest care and watchfulness, the girl contracted a sudden and violent cold, and became so seriously ill that Dr. Stanley—though he gave no sign of his fears—felt that the end was very near.

For three days he battled fiercely with the seeming destroyer, while her suffering drove them all to the verge of despair.

At sunset of the third day, while attempting to change her position, hoping to make her more comfortable, she suddenly lapsed into a semi-conscious state from which they could not arouse her. When this condition had lasted for upwards of half an hour Mrs. Seabrook turned despairingly to her brother.

"Can you do nothing, Phillip?" she asked.

"I am afraid not, Emelie, except to continue giving the stimulants to try to keep the spark of life a little longer," he returned with white lips.

His sister caught her breath sharply.

"Then—will you give her up to—Mrs. Minturn?" she cried, hoarsely.

He bent a look of surprised inquiry upon her.

"I am going to try it," she went on, still in that unnatural tone. "I am going to try to save my child, and —I do not care who says 'no.'"

Phillip Stanley went to her, took her white face between his hands and kissed her tenderly, as he said:

"Very well, Emelie, I will go at once for her, and, from my soul, I am glad that you have taken this stand."

He hurried from the house and went with all speed to the Minturn mansion. He found Mrs. Minturn on the veranda, Katherine and her guests having gone for a walk.

"Will you come with me?" he asked. "You are needed at once." He briefly explained the situation to her, and in less than five minutes they were both at Dorothy's bedside.

"Oh, can you do anything for her?" helplessly moaned the heart-broken mother as the woman entered the room.

"Dear heart, God is our refuge. He is the 'strength of our life'; of whom shall we be afraid?" Mrs. Minturn quoted in calm, sweet tones, as she slipped a reassuring arm around Mrs. Seabrook's waist; and, standing thus, she repeated the ninety-first psalm through to the end; then dropping her face upon her hand, she treated silently for ten minutes or more.

Meantime Dorothy's half-opened lids had gently closed, hiding the sightless eyes, and she lay almost breathless upon her pillows.

Dr. Stanley, alertly observant of every change, believed it was the end; but, having relinquished his patient, knowing that he was absolutely helpless at this supreme moment, he made no sign.

Presently Mrs. Minturn broke the silence.

"Will you please leave me alone with her for a while?" she asked.

"Oh, I cannot leave my child!" panted Mrs. Seabrook, rebelliously.

"She is in our Father's care—our trust is in Him," Mrs. Minturn gently returned. "Go into the next room

and lie down. I promise to call you if there is the slightest need, and, believe me, I ask only what is best."

Dr. Stanley took his sister by the hand and led her unresistingly from the room. He made her go to an adjoining chamber and lie upon a couch, then seated himself beside her.

To his amazement her tense form almost instantly relaxed and in twenty minutes she was asleep.

He sat there with his head bowed upon his hands for nearly two hours, thinking as he had seldom thought during his whole life. At the end of that time the door of Dorothy's room was noiselessly opened and Mrs. Minturn beckoned to him.

He went to her—softly closing to but not latching the door of his sister's room—to ascertain what she wanted, but with fear and trembling.

"Please get me a glass of warm milk," she said to him.

"There is some brandy——" he began.

"No; milk, if you please," she returned, and disappeared within the room.

A few minutes later he handed the glass in to her and the door was shut again.

Another endless hour and a half he passed sitting upon a balcony that opened off the same floor, waiting—waiting for he knew not what.

Then Mrs. Minturn came to him with the empty tumbler in her hand.

"Have it filled again, please," she said.

"Is it for—Dorothy?"

"Yes; she has taken what you brought before and asked for more."

"Asked!" and in spite of his professional self-poise the man's heart bounded into his throat.

"Yes, she is awake; is perfectly conscious and free from pain, though weak, to sense; but we know that God is omnipresent strength," Mrs. Minturn replied, with an assurance that proved to him she was confidently resting upon the Rock of Ages, and which also inspired him with hope.

When he returned with the milk he longed to go in and see for himself how the child was progressing, but Mrs. Minturn stood in the aperture of the half-opened door, and he instinctively knew that his presence was not desired.

As she took the glass from him she inquired:

"Is Mrs. Seabrook sleeping?"

"I think so—she was when I left her."

"Pray let her rest," said his companion; "but if she should wake tell her that Dorrie is more comfortable; that I shall remain with her all night and do not wish to be disturbed. And you, Dr. Stanley"—with gentle authority—"you must try to rest also; you may safely trust the child to God, and with me as His sentinel, for she is doing well. But first, if you will slip over to the house and ask Katherine to send my night-wrapper I can make myself more comfortable; just drop it outside the door, then go to bed and 'be not faithless but believing,' Good-night."

She softly closed the door, and the man went obediently to do her bidding; while, "after the storm there was a great calm" in his heart.

CHAPTER XX.

Interesting Developments.

Phillip Stanley sped across the street to do his errand and inquired for Katherine.

She heard his voice and went directly to him when he told her what her mother had just said about Dorrie, and the light that leaped into her great brown eyes inspired him with fresh hope.

"Ah! mamma is holding her in the 'secret place,' and we know she is safe," she said, in a reverent tone.

She quickly brought the wrapper; then, with a brief handclasp, he bade her "good-night" and retraced his steps.

Before going upstairs he sought the kitchen, where the cook was lingering, thinking something might be needed, and ordered a dainty lunch prepared; then, taking both tray and garment, he left them at Dorrie's door and passed on to the next room to find his sister just waking.

"Phillip!" she cried, starting up, "I have been asleep!"

"Yes, Emelie, for more than three hours, I am glad to say."

"Oh, how inconsiderate of me! And—Dorrie?" she questioned, in a quavering voice.

"Is more comfortable. She has been awake twice,

and had two glasses of milk," replied her brother, as he laid a gentle, but restraining hand upon her shoulder, for she was on the point of rising.

She regarded him wonderingly.

"Phillip! I can't believe it! I must go to her," she said, almost breathless.

"No; Mrs. Minturn is going to remain all night. She says she is not to be disturbed, and we must respect her wishes," said Dr. Stanley, authoritatively. "She will call you if you are needed, but says she wants us both to rest, if possible. Now lie down again, dear, and I will sit in the Morris chair in the hall, to be near if you wish to speak to me."

Mrs. Seabrook sat irresolute a moment, her eyes anxious and yearning.

"Emelie, you have voluntarily given Dorrie into God's hands; now prove that you trust Him," her companion gravely admonished.

She looked up at him and smiled.

"Yes, I will; and I believe that 'His hand is not shortened that it cannot save, nor His ear heavy that it cannot hear,'" she replied, and immediately lay back upon her pillow.

Her brother covered her with a shawl, then left her with a thankful heart, for he knew she was sadly in need of rest.

Going to his room, he secured his copy of "Science and Health," and, retracing his steps, settled himself to read by the table in the hall, which was often used as a sitting room.

As he sat down he observed that Mrs. Minturn's

wrapper and the tray had disappeared; then he became absorbed in his book.

The next he knew a hand was laid softly on his shoulder, and, starting erect, he saw that a new day was just breaking and Mrs. Minturn standing beside him, looking as fresh and serene as if she had just come from hours of sweet repose instead of from a long night's vigil.

"Dorrie is hungry," she said, "and I think it would be well if you would arouse one of the maids and have something nice prepared for her."

"I will; what shall it be?" said the man, springing nimbly to his feet, but scarcely able to credit his ears.

"A dropped egg and a slice of toast, with a glass of milk, will perhaps be forthcoming as quickly as anything——"

"Wait, Phil—don't call anyone. I will get it," interposed Mrs. Seabrook's voice, just behind them. "Dorrie hungry!" she added, wonderingly.

She had heard Mrs. Minturn's request, and hurried out to convince herself that she was not dreaming.

"Yes, so she says," said Mrs. Minturn, smiling serenely into the questioning eyes, "and when her breakfast is ready I think she will prove the truth of her words to you."

Away sped the mother, marveling at what she had heard, but with a hymn of praise thrilling her heart; and, ten minutes later, as she moved lightly over the stairs again, she heard a sweet, though weak, voice saying:

"Listen, Mrs. Minturn!—just hear the birds sing!"

Phillip Stanley heard it also, as he sat in the hall,

his head bowed upon his hands, while great tears rolled over his cheeks and dropped unheeded on the floor; and, as the feathered choristers without sweetly chirped their tuneful matins, his grateful heart responded with reverent joy—"Glory to God in the highest."

As Mrs. Seabrook entered Dorrie's room and saw the change in the loved face—still very thin and white, it is true, but with a look of peace on the brow, the eyes bright, the pale lips wreathed with smiles—her composure well-nigh forsook her.

"Mamma, hear the birds!—and it isn't sunrise yet!" she said again, as her mother approached her.

"Yes, dear; but I hear what is far sweeter music to me," the woman replied, making a huge effort at self-control. "So you are hungry, Dorrie!" she added, bending to kiss the lips uplifted to greet her.

"Yes, really and truly hungry, and so happy; for my cold and the pain are all gone. How kind of Mrs. Minturn to stay with me! Did you sleep, mamma?"

"Like a kitten, dear. I think we have a great deal to thank Mrs. Minturn for," said Mrs. Seabrook, bending a grateful look upon her friend.

"That tastes good," Dorrie observed, as she partook, with evident relish, of the delicately prepared egg, "and how nicely you do toast bread! It looks almost like gold."

She was silent a moment, then resumed:

"Mamma, I wish you could have heard how beautifully Mrs. Minturn talked to me, last night, every time I awoke; and repeated such lovely things from the Bible. Of course, I have heard them before, but, somehow, they sound different as she says them."

"And you begin to see that God never made or intended anyone to be sick or suffer; that it is your right to be well and strong. You will try to think of that often to-day, will you not, Dorothy?" said Mrs. Minturn, as she lifted the small hand near her, to find no fever but a gentle moisture in the palm, instead.

"Yes, and I've a better idea now of what Miss Katherine once said about God—that He is Mind and perfect, and if we would let this perfect Mind rule us we would be well. What was that you read me from your little book about it feeding the body?" the girl earnestly inquired.

"'Mind constantly feeds the body with supernal freshness and fairness,'"* quoted Mrs. Minturn.

"Yes, that was it; if that is true, people should never be sick," said Dorothy, with a little sigh.

"No, and they would not be if they only knew how to let the divine Mind control them. You are going to learn how, Dorothy, and so find yourself growing strong and well with every day," said Mrs. Minturn, with a cheery smile.

"I wish I knew more about it," Dorothy wistfully observed. "Mamma, why cannot we have a book like Mrs. Minturn's?"

"We will have, dear," was the prompt response. "Have you had enough?"—as the girl gently put away the half-eaten slice of toast.

"Yes, when I have had the milk." She drank it all and then lay back, smiling contentedly. "It is so nice not to have any pain," she added; "it makes me love

*"Science and Health," page 248.

everybody. Ha! Uncle Phil"—for the man was peering in at the door, unable to keep away a moment longer—"come here and I will kiss you 'good-morning.'"

Mrs. Seabrook could bear no more and stole away with her tray to hide the tears she could no longer restrain.

Mrs. Minturn followed her.

"I am going now," she said, "but I shall continue to work for Dorrie all day, at intervals, and will run over now and then. All is going well, so 'be not afraid, only believe.'"

"How can I ever express what is in my heart?" faltered Mrs. Seabrook, tears raining over her face.

"You do not need to try, for I know it all, having once been almost where Dorrie seemed to be last night," her friend returned. "But do not make a marvel of it—just know that God's ways are 'divinely natural,' and that it is unnatural for anything but health and harmony to exist in His universe. I have left my book, and you can read to her if she expresses a wish to have you do so."

There were very grateful, reverent hearts in the Hunt cottage that day and during the days that followed, for Dorothy continued to improve rapidly and steadily, and there was no return of the old pain that had made life so wretched for her for years.

The fourth day after her long night-watch Mrs. Minturn sent a roomy carriage—the back seat piled with down coverlids—"to take them all for a drive."

Dr. Stanley, still governed largely by the "old thought," would have vetoed such a suggestion under

different circumstances, and claimed that the child was still too weak to attempt anything of the kind. But he felt that he, himself, was now under orders, and meekly refrained from even expressing an opinion.

So they thankfully accepted their neighbor's kindness, and when he saw Dorrie's delight in being once more out of doors, when he met her dancing eyes and noted the faint color coming into her cheeks and lips, and every day realized that she was getting stronger, something within seemed to tell him that she would yet be well; and—figuratively speaking—he reverently took off his *materia medica* hat to Mrs. Minturn and secretly registered the vow of Ruth to Naomi—"Thy people shall be my people and thy God my God."

One evening, after Dorothy was in bed and asleep, he came upon his sister in the upper hall reading "Science and Health," and he smiled, for since the night of their great trial she had literally devoured the book every spare moment she could get.

"Have you written Will anything about our recent experiences?" he inquired, as she glanced up at him.

"No; and I am not going to—just yet. Of course, I have written him," she hastened to add, "but I have said nothing about Dorrie, except that she is improving. I think"—thoughtfully—"I will make 'open confession' by another week, for I had a talk with Mrs. Minturn, this afternoon, and she feels that it is hardly fair, that she is not quite justified to go on with the treatment without his consent."

"Suppose he should still object?" suggested Dr. Stanley.

"Oh, he will not—he cannot when he learns the truth

and of the great change in her; that the old pain is gone and she sleeps the whole night through," earnestly returned Mrs. Seabrook, but flushing hotly, for she had been secretly dreading to tell her husband of the responsibility she had assumed.

"Well, when you are ready to write let me know, for I also shall have something to say to him," said her brother, gravely.

A week later two voluminous letters, charged with matter of serious import, went sailing over the ocean on their way to Paris, where it was expected they would find Prof. Seabrook, who, having turned his face homeward, would spend the last week of August there.

Each was characteristic of the writer; the mother's touchingly pathetic in describing the "valley of the shadow" through which they had passed, and glowing with love and gratitude to God in view of the present hopeful and peaceful conditions; closing with an earnest, even piteous, appeal for her husband's unqualified consent to continue Christian Science treatment.

The young physician was no less earnest in laying the case before his brother-in-law, but rather more logical and philosophical in discussing it, as well as very positive in his deductions. In conclusion he wrote:

"Perhaps you may be surprised to learn that I have been reading up on this subject during the last few months; but, as I have also been practicing medicine, at the same time, the mental conflict has been something indescribable. I told myself, in my presumption and egotism, that if there was healing power in Christian Science I would look into it and utilize it in con-

nection with my own methods. The result has been a state of perpetual fizz—I know no better word to describe it; and now, after our recent experience, I find myself willing to sit humbly at the feet of higher authority and learn of a better and more efficacious healing art than I know of at present. For, I tell you in plain terms, Dorothy was dying—she was past all human aid when that blessed woman came, like an angel of peace, to us and in one night brought back our darling from the border of the unseen world. She, with her understanding of Christian Science, saved her. There can be no doubt on that point, and the child is better than I have ever seen her since her accident. There has been no return of pain, and you can imagine what that means to us all. She sleeps well, and has a healthy, normal appetite. But Mrs. Minturn is very conscientious—says she cannot work in a divided household, and must have your approval, if she is to go on with the good work. Now, Will, be a man; put your prejudices away on some upper shelf—or, better still, cast them to the winds; pocket your ecclesiastical and intellectual pride, and give Dorrie a chance. I am convinced 'there is more in this philosophy than we have ever dreamed of,' and I am going to know more about it. Cable just two words—'go on'—if you are willing, and, at the rate she is going on now, I'll wager a hat against a cane that you won't know your own daughter when you arrive. Bring the cane, please! In the same spirit of good fellowship as ever.

"Affectionately yours,

"PHIL."

There was a season of anxious, yet blessed, waiting after these letters were dispatched. Blessed for Dorothy, who was gaining every hour, and happy as the day was long; anxious for Mrs. Seabrook, who could not quite divest herself of the fear of her hus-

band's disapproval, even though Mrs. Minturn was constantly admonishing, "Let not your heart be troubled," and working to demonstrate that there could be no opposition to Truth and that the work, so well begun, could not be hindered by bigotry, pride or self-will.

At last, one morning there came a cable message—just two words, as Phillip Stanley had requested, but not what he had asked for.

"'Sail to-day,'" Mrs. Seabrook read aloud from the yellow slip, and lost color as she looked anxiously into her brother's eyes and questioned:

"What shall we do?"

"We will ask Mrs. Minturn," he gravely replied.

So the message was taken to her, and after a thoughtful silence she turned with her serene smile to the waiting mother.

"We will go on," she said. "The question is ignored, and silence gives consent until we have more definite instructions."

And go on they did, all working together, praying, reading, trusting, while they waited for the white-winged vessel and the traveler that were speeding towards them.

Three days later, a black bordered envelope was handed Katherine.

"It has no more power than you give it, dearie," observed her mother, who saw that she did not at once open it.

The girl thanked her with a smile, and instantly broke the seal.

"It is from Jennie Wild, mamma," she said, as she

turned to the signature on the last page. Then she read aloud:

"DEAR MISS MINTURN: Auntie is gone, and it was all so sudden and awful I cannot realize it even yet. She just went to sleep last Thursday, in her chair, and never woke up. She was so dear—so dear, and I loved her with all my heart, and it seems to take everything out of the world for me, for her going leaves me alone, with no one to love, or have a kindred feeling for me. I had planned to do such great things for her when I should leave school, so that she need not work every minute to support me, and now I can do nothing and have been a burden to her all these years. It is dreadful to be a 'stray waif,' your identity lost, and your only friend swept out of the world without a moment's warning.

"Well, I am young and strong—I can work, and sometime, perhaps, I shall understand why I am here—what special niche I am to fill; though at present nothing but a blank wall seems to loom up before me. Of course, this means I am not going back to Hilton, for auntie's annuity ceased when she went; the quarterly remittance came the day before, so there was enough, and a little more, to take care of her. I am going, tomorrow, to Jerome's, to see if I can get a place in the store. I want to stay here because, now and then, I can see you, the Seabrooks, and some of the other girls who have been good to me. Please write to me, dear Miss Minturn. I thought of you first in my trouble, for you always have something so comforting to say when one is unhappy. Do you know anything about Prof. and Mrs. Seabrook, or how Dorothy is?

"Lovingly yours,

"JENNIE WILD."

There was a long silence, after Katherine finished reading this epistle, during which both mother and

daughter were absorbed in thought. They were alone, for Miss Reynolds had left a few days previous and Sadie had gone to Boston to do some shopping.

"Mamma," said Katherine, at length, breaking the silence, "there is Grandma Minturn's legacy."

Mrs. Minturn lifted a bewildered look to her.

"Ah!" she said, the next moment, as she caught her meaning, "I understand; you want to use it for Jennie."

"Yes; it is too bad for her education to be stopped. She is a conscientious student, in spite of her pranks, and I cannot endure the thought of her going into a dry-goods store as a clerk," Katherine replied.

"But the will states that the legacy is to be used for 'a European tour, or a wedding trousseau, or——'"

"I know; but, mamma, I've had my European tour with you—such a lovely one, too!" Katherine interposed; "while as for the trousseau"—this with a faint smile—"that is a possible need so far away in the dim distance as to be absolutely invisible at present. So if you will let me use the money for Jennie I shall be happy, and I am sure it will be 'bread' well 'cast upon the waters.'"

"Dear heart!" replied her mother, in a voice that was not quite steady, "it is a lovely thought; but we cannot decide so important a matter without consulting your father. If he approves you have my hearty sanction."

John Minturn, big-hearted, whole-souled, and always ready to lend a helping hand to a needy brother or sister, was deeply touched by Katherine's generosity.

"Well, 'my girlie,' I guess you can do about as you have a mind to with grandma's legacy," he said, when

she unfolded her plan to him. "To be sure she stated what it might be used for, but I think she meant you to get what you most wanted with it. You've had the trip abroad, as you say, and"—with a twinkle in his eyes that brought the color to her cheeks—"when the wedding finery is needed—which I hope won't be for a long time yet—I imagine it will promptly be forthcoming."

"Thank you, papa. I wonder if any other girl manages to get her own way as often as I do!" said the happy maiden, as she gave his ear a playful tweak and supplemented it with a kiss on his lips.

"Well, Miss Philanthropy, for once I'll concede that it is an irresistible 'way,'" he retorted, then added more seriously: "And I think we will insist that Miss Wild shall return to Hilton as a regular student and have no outside duties to handicap her in the race, for the next three years."

"That was my own thought, too, papa; but"—with a look of perplexity—"there are nearly three weeks before school opens, and I am wondering what she will do with herself during that time."

"Oh, that is easily managed; tell her to board with some nice family, and be getting her finery in order. Judging from what is going on upstairs, she'll need a few stitches taken as well as some other people whom I know," returned the man, with a chuckle; for, unlike the majority of his kind, he took a deep interest in the apparel of his wife and daughter, especially in the "pretty nothings" which add so much to the *tout ensemble.*

But upon confiding her plans to Mrs. Seabrook, that lady at once vetoed the boarding proposition.

"Tell Jennie to go directly to the seminary and remain with the matron and maids, who will be there next Monday to begin to put the house in order," she had said. "And—as she knows where everything belongs—if she will oversee our rooms put to rights I shall feel that I need not hurry back."

So, with a happy heart, Katherine wrote immediately to her protégée a loving, tender letter, which also contained sympathetic messages from all her other friends. Then, with great tact, she unfolded her own plans and wishes regarding her future, and in conclusion said:

"Jennie, dear, never again say that you are a 'stray waif,' for nothing ever goes astray in God's universe. Your 'identity' is not 'lost,' for you are God's child, and that child can never be deprived of her birthright, nor of any good thing necessary to her happiness or well-being. Neither have you 'been deprived of your only friend,' nor has she been swept beyond the focus of your love, or you of hers. The bond that existed between you can never be broken, for it was, and still is, the reflection of divine Love that is omnipresent. I am looking forward to our reunion, and shall think of you often as the days slip by.

"With dear love,

"KATHERINE MINTURN."

The response which Katherine received to the above letter drew tears from her eyes, for Jennie's full heart overflowed most touchingly, showing a depth of grateful appreciation that did her much credit.

While still grieving for her "dear auntie," she could

not restrain her joy, in view of the great boon of going back to school, and wrote of it:

"I did not think anything could make me so happy again, and I can never tell you how I love you for it. I will improve every minute. I will make you all proud of me. No one shall ever have cause to call me 'Wild Jennie' again, and when I graduate and get to teaching I shall pay you back every penny it has cost to fit me for it."

One evening, after dinner, the Minturns went, with some friends who were visiting them, to Katherine's favorite outlook, and, as they were passing the Hunt cottage they saw Dr. Stanley on the porch and invited him to join them. The sun was just setting as they reached their point of observation, where the view, illuminated by the vivid crimson and gold in the western sky, was impressive and magnificent beyond description.

They lingered long, as if loath to leave the enchanting prospect; but, as the softer shades of twilight began to steal gently like a veil of gauze over the scene, they turned their faces homeward once more.

As she was on the point of following, Katherine found Dr. Stanley tarrying beside her.

"Will you wait a moment?" he inquired, in a low voice, which impressed her as sounding not quite natural.

She paused with an inquiring look, and he led her back towards the edge of the bluff.

"Miss Minturn, do you see a vessel far out at sea?" he asked.

"Yes, it is a——"

"Pardon me, please," he interposed; "it is a five-masted schooner, with sails all set, is it not?"

"Why, yes," she began, turning to him in surprise, to find him looking off at the vessel, his right eye covered with one hand.

For a moment she could not speak. Then her face grew luminous with a great joy as she realized what it meant.

"Oh!" she breathed, softly.

"Yes, I can see," he said. "The sight has been slowly coming during the last month, and I have dimly discerned things around me. Yesterday Mrs. Minturn made a startling statement regarding sight being 'spiritual perception'—that 'it is not dependent upon the physical eye, the optic nerves, etc., but upon Mind, the all-seeing God,' and I caught a glimpse of something I had not comprehended before. To-day I found I could read my 'Science and Health' clearly, with both eyes; but I have not spoken of it to anyone until now—'twas you who first assured me that such a boon could be conferred. Miss Minturn"—he removed his hat and bowed his head reverently—"all honor to the 'Science of sciences' and to her, the inspired messenger through whom it has been given to a needy world."

CHAPTER XXI.

The Traveler Returns.

One evening Sadie was sitting by herself upon the veranda that overlooked the ocean, and where she was watching a glorious full moon which seemed to be rolling straight out of the glimmering sea into the cloudless vault above. It was unusual for her to be alone, but Mrs. Minturn had slipped away for a chat with Mrs. Seabrook, and Katherine, at the invitation of Dr. Stanley, had gone for a walk to the library in search of an interesting book for Dorothy.

Sadie had changed much during her summer with her friends. She had grown more thoughtful, more self-poised, more orderly and systematic in her ways; while, it goes without saying, she had become deeply attached to every member of the family.

Just now she was absorbed in a mental discussion with herself regarding what would be the most acceptable and appropriate gift she could offer each one, to attest her appreciation of their united kindness and unrivaled hospitality in taking her so lovingly into their household for the long vacation.

Without having heard a step or a movement, without a suspicion that any living being was near, her name was suddenly pronounced in familiar tones directly behind her.

"Sadie!"

She sprang to her feet and faced the intruder.

"Oh, Ned! Why have you come? Why cannot you let me alone?" she cried, in a startled tone.

"I have come to make you take back your ring," and he held out the box to her. "And I cannot 'leave you alone,' because—you know why, Sadie."

"No, I shall not take back the ring," she replied, waving it away, "and I wrote you that everything was at an end between us; that I would not be bound to you any longer."

"But you are bound—you have given me your promise."

"I have taken back that promise."

"Why?"

"Because—oh! for many reasons. I have my course to finish; I mean to put my best work into the coming year, and I will not be hampered in any such way," resolutely returned Sadie, who was fast recovering her self-possession.

"No; it is because that preaching, sanctimonious Katherine Minturn has influenced you against me," hotly retorted her companion.

"Katherine Minturn is the dearest, loveliest, sweetest girl in the world, and I won't hear one word against her," said Sadie, in stout defense of her friend.

"Well, what are some of your other 'many reasons'?" demanded Mr. Willard, and quickly retreating from what he saw was dangerous ground.

"I—reckon I'm under no obligation to give them," slowly returned the girl, after a moment of thought. "It is sufficient that I have decided to end everything.

Now please let that settle it and don't try to see me again."

"Don't you care for me any more, Sadie? What have I done? What fault have you to find with me?"

"Have you no fault to find with yourself, Ned Willard? Are you satisfied with the life you are living?" gravely inquired Sadie, but ignoring his queries.

"But you would be the making of me, Sadie. Under your influence I could be anything—everything you could wish."

"Well, now—doesn't that strike you as rather a weak argument for a man to offer for himself?" returned his companion, lapsing into her Southern drawl which, of late, had not been so prominent; "to ask a girl to bind herself irrevocably to him for life and holding out as an inducement the privilege of reforming him?" and there was a note of scorn in the lazy tones that stung the man to sudden anger.

"I swear I will not be trifled with in any such way," he passionately exclaimed. "You shall rue your words, Sadie Minot——"

"I reckon I'd better go in," she interrupted, and turned haughtily from him.

"You won't go in yet," he said, through tightly shut teeth, as he placed himself in her path. "I'll see if——"

At that instant voices were heard, and, turning, both saw Katherine, accompanied by Dr. Stanley, mounting the steps leading to the veranda.

With a half audible imprecation, the baffled intruder sprang upon the railing and vaulted over.

But his foot becoming entangled in the vines trailing there caused him to fall heavily to the ground,

where, after one sharp cry of agony, he lay silent and motionless.

In less time than it takes to record it, Sadie was kneeling beside him, while her friends followed closely after.

"I will call the coachman. We must get him into the house immediately," said Katherine, who was intent only upon giving instant succor to the injured man.

"No," vetoed Dr. Stanley, authoritatively, "he must not be taken in here. You may call help, however, and I will have him carried to my room, where I will ascertain how seriously he is injured, then we can decide what further disposition to make of him."

The coachman and hostler were summoned, and the unconscious man was borne to the Hunt cottage and laid upon Phillip Stanley's bed. Here an examination revealed that the left leg had been broken above the knee; but, before an hour had passed, this was skillfully set and the patient made as comfortable as possible for the night.

Dr. Stanley would not permit his sister to be inconvenienced in any way by this addition to their family, but took it upon himself to minister to the sufferer's requirements, which he did with all the ease and skill of a trained nurse.

During the first day or two the young man preserved a sullen silence; but as his attendant manifested only good will and invariably treated him with the utmost courtesy and kindness, his reserve gradually wore away and he became more communicative.

"This has proved a pretty unlucky trip for me," he

observed, on the third morning after the accident, and thus introducing a subject which Dr. Stanley had studiously avoided.

"Possibly; but you are coming on all right. You have had no fever, no pain," the physician replied.

"No, and I don't understand that part of it at all," remarked his patient, thoughtfully. "I have always supposed it was a terrible experience to have a broken bone set."

"Well, Willard, I have a confession to make to you about that," his companion returned; "you were in such a state of collapse Tuesday night I felt you were unfit to decide any question for yourself, and, as I had no anæsthetics at hand, I asked Mrs. Minturn to give you a Christian Science treatment while I performed my duties, and since then I have been trying to work, under her direction, to keep the claims of inflammation and fever from manifesting themselves."

"Christian Science!" repeated the patient, with a short laugh. "Well, I've heard that it would do great things, but I never took any stock in it; it seemed like so much twaddle to me. You are sure you're not guying me, doctor?"

"Indeed, I am not; you can rely on what I have told you."

"All right; the method doesn't signify, so long as I was spared the pain."

"Then, are you willing to keep on under the same treatment?" inquired his companion.

"I'll be blamed! I believe you're turning Scientist yourself!" exclaimed Willard, with a broad grin. "But it makes no difference to me what you do, so I

get results. You're a first-class doctor, and would be sure to know if anything was going wrong. But—confound the luck!—I don't want to be laid up here for three months," he concluded, impatiently.

"There will be no need of that. I think by the end of another week you can be put upon a Pullman and go home," was the encouraging response.

"Home!" was the bitter retort. "You know I can't go there, Stanley."

"Well, you are going to be well taken care of, anyway. I shall attend to that," said Dr. Stanley, kindly.

"Doc, you're O. K. You've been mighty good to me, first and last," the patient observed, and flushing with sudden feeling. "I suppose you know what brought me down here," he added, after a moment of silence.

"Yes, I know something about it. You followed Miss Minot here."

"Why shouldn't I follow her?" was the hot reply. "She had promised to marry me."

"I understand that promise had been revoked."

"She had no right to revoke it after leading me on——"

"Leading you on!" sternly interrupted Phillip Stanley. "Willard, don't add to your other sins by laying that at the girl's door, when I've known of your boasts that before the year was out you 'would have a wife and the handling of a cool three hundred thousand dollars.'"

"Who told you that?" demanded the young man, with a guilty flush and a shame-faced air.

"It does not matter who told me; I have it on good authority."

"But, Stanley, I am fond of her. I really am."

"Suppose Alfred Bent was fond of your sister, Minnie, in the same way, would you like to have him marry her?"

The fellow shrank as under a lash and his eyes blazed.

"By thunder—no!" he vehemently returned.

"But Alfred Bent has been your inseparable crony during the last two years that you have wasted, and there is very little to choose between you. So ask yourself if you are fit to marry a girl like Miss Minot; what right you have to ruin her life and squander her money."

"I say, doc, you are piling it on thick," Willard here interposed, in an injured tone.

"Yes, I know it sounds harsh, Ned," said the physician, bending a grave though kindly look on him, "but, in my profession, you know we sometimes have to probe and adopt severe measures before a cure can be effected. You also know, from past experience, that kindness was the only motive that prompted me in what I have done and still prompts me in what I am doing; so, now having come to an enforced pause in your career, I want you to improve it by doing some serious thinking. You are a fellow of more than ordinary natural ability, Ned, and have it in your power to gain an enviable position in the world if you would turn your talents in the right direction."

"You flatter me," was the sarcastic interruption.

"I have been telling you some very plain truths, and

it is only fair to give credit also where it is due," said his companion, in a friendly tone. "I am sure that underneath your seeming recklessness you have not always felt comfortable or satisfied with yourself. You are the only son of a fine father, who has given you every advantage. Your mother is one of the 'salt of the earth'; but her hair has been growing very white during the last two years, and Minnie—well, my heart has often ached for her as I have noted the sad drooping of her eyes and the grieved quiver of her lips when she has spoken to me of you."

"Stanley, have you any brandy in the house?" suddenly demanded Willard, trying to speak in his ordinary tone; but his companion saw that he was white to his lips, and concluded that he had "probed" far enough for the present.

"You are not to have stimulants while you are under treatment," was the quiet but decisive reply.

"But, doc, I can't stand it. I really can't. Look!" and he held up a hand that shook like a leaf.

"You will be better of that shortly, my boy. I'll take care of it," was the kind reply. "But"—confidentially—"while we are talking of it, wouldn't you be glad to have that habit broken—to be free?"

The poor fellow drew in a quick, sharp breath; then, in a hard, metallic tone, he said:

"I've thought a score of times I would be free; that I'd end it once for all—take a last drink, you know, with a dose of strychnine in it." Then, tossing back the hair from his forehead, he added, with an effort to be facetious: "I wonder how your science would work

on that? I say, Stanley, are you really turning Christian Scientist?"

Before his companion could reply, a maid appeared in the doorway, bearing a tray on which a tempting lunch was arranged. Dr. Stanley drew a table beside the bed and deftly placed things so that his patient could easily reach them; then, at his request, went below to join his sister and Dorothy at their repast.

The subjects of their recent conversation were not resumed, but, though the physician was in some doubt regarding the impression made on the young man's mind, it was evident that he cherished no resentment. He did not ask for liquor again, either, though there were times when a certain look in his eyes warned his watchful attendant that the old craving was making itself felt and caused him to flee to his "little book" and work vigorously on this first venture, which, with Mrs. Minturn's assistance, he was making in Christian Science.

One day, having made his charge comfortable and supplied him with an entertaining book to read, Dr. Stanley sought the companionship of his sister and Dorothy, on the broad piazza, where they now almost lived when the weather was fine.

"See! Uncle Phil," cried his niece, the moment he appeared, and holding up some work for his inspection, "mamma is teaching me to fagot and hemstitch, and I am going to make some pretty collars like hers," and the eager tone and sparkling eyes told how deeply interested the girl was in the novel employment.

The hitherto sunken cheeks were beginning to assume a graceful contour; the lips had taken on a de-

cided tinge of scarlet, while an unaccustomed vigor in all her movements told of daily increasing strength, and the cheery ring in her voice was like music to loving hearts.

The man bent down to inspect the small piece of linen and the dainty stitches, his face all aglow with inward thanksgiving as he praised her work.

"We will have you turning dressmaker next and setting up an establishment for yourself," he observed, in a sportive tone.

"Well, why not?" she gayly retorted. "If I took a notion to learn dressmaking, I am sure I could do it. But"—more gravely—"I am going to study like everything this winter and make up for lost time. Mamma and I have been talking it over, and she thinks I can begin the regular course if I want to. I do, and I mean to go through and graduate like any other student."

"Indeed! We are making great plans, aren't we?"

"Yes, I know it sounds big for me; but Mrs. Minturn says 'there is nothing we cannot do if we do not limit God,' and Miss Katherine says——"

"Well, what does Miss Katherine say?" queried her uncle, in an eager tone, as Dorothy paused to count the threads she was taking on her needle.

She looked up quickly into his face, his tone having attracted her.

"I guess you think she is pretty nice, too," she observed, naïvely.

"What has put that idea into your small head?"

"Oh! the way you speak of her and look at her

sometimes, and—well, of course"—with an appreciative sigh—"anybody couldn't help loving her."

"But you haven't told me what she said," persisted the man, but feeling the color mounting in his face as he caught the merry gleam in his sister's eyes.

"Oh! she said that 'God being the only intelligence, man reflects that intelligence, and there is nothing we cannot learn if we keep that in our thought as we study'; so you see, it is all right for me to plan to go through college if I want to," and the tone indicated that the matter was settled.

"'Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent and hast revealed them unto babes,'" quoted Phillip Stanley to himself, as he stooped to recover a spool that rolled from Mrs. Seabrook's lap.

At the same moment the sound of wheels fell upon their ears; the next, a carriage stopped before their door and a stalwart figure leaped to the ground.

"Papa!" "William!" fell simultaneously from the lips of the mother and daughter—one with a ring of triumph in her voice, the other with a note of intense yearning in her tones.

The man caught his wife to his breast.

"Sweetheart, it is joy to hold you here once more," he breathed, as their lips met; and she knew there was no cloud between them.

Then he turned and knelt beside his child, folding her in a long, silent embrace.

One swift glance into her bright, eager, happy face had told him a story that thrilled his soul and made him, for the moment, dumb.

"Papa, you can see, can't you?—and you are glad,

aren't you?" Dorothy at length observed, as she lifted wet but joyful eyes to his bronzed face.

"Darling, I can see, and I am more than 'glad,'" he returned, in a husky tone, as he gently released her, then arose to greet his brother-in-law.

"Phillip, old boy, it is good to be home again," he said, as he clasped the outstretched hand, and the hearty grip told the younger man that there would be no controversy between them over a previously mooted question, while he was strangely touched, when he added, with a smile that was somewhat tremulous:

"The cane is here, Phil, and at your disposal."

"What is that about a cane, papa?" cried Dorothy, whose quick ears had caught what he had said.

"I asked your father to bring me a nice cane from abroad," her uncle explained.

"Well, papa," the girl pursued, "I hope it is a very handsome one, and that you will make him a present of it, for you can never know how good Uncle Phil has been to us."

Both gentlemen laughed, and were glad of the opportunity to give vent in this way to their pent-up emotions.

"All right, Dorrie; and when you see it you shall be the judge whether it is fine enough," replied the professor, as he turned again to feast his eyes upon the wonderful change in her.

A little later the lunch bell sounded, and the happy quartet went within to break bread together, for the first time in two long months. But one of the number could only make a pretense at eating—his heart was too full to allow him to do much but covertly watch

his child, who was vigorously plying knife and fork and manifesting the appreciative appetite of a normally hungry girl.

Of course, there was much to tell and talk over, and the afternoon slipped swiftly away, twilight coming upon them almost before "the half had been told."

The subject of Christian Science had been mutually avoided, and was not referred to until after dinner, when Mrs. Minturn came in for her usual visit to Dorothy.

Prof. Seabrook had never met her but once, and that was when she had visited Hilton to apply for Katherine's admission to the school. But he recognized her instantly, and greeted her with the utmost cordiality.

When her interview with Dorothy was over and she rejoined the group in the parlor, he invited her to be seated and placed a chair for her.

"But this is your first evening with your dear ones, and they should have the privilege of monopolizing you," she objected, with her charming smile.

"Nay, there are some things that must be said, you know, and they, I am sure, are longing to hear them," he returned, with visible emotion. "First, I have no words adequate to express my gratitude for what you have done for my child."

"Not what I have done," the lady interposed, with gentle emphasis.

"I understand—and I have been trying to thank God every moment since my return," he said, "but you claim to be His messenger, or instrument, and surely we cannot ignore that fact. I left Dorrie pale and

wasted to a mere shadow, scarcely able to move or help herself in any way. I find to-day a bright, animated girl, rapidly taking on flesh and strength, sitting upright in her chair—sewing! How the wonder has been accomplished is beyond my comprehension. I had previously vetoed Christian Science treatment; to be frank, I contemptuously repudiated it. I can no longer hold it in derision, neither can I say that my attitude towards it, as a science, or a religion, has changed."

"That is yet to come," said Mrs. Minturn, smiling, as he paused.

"I have read your text-book," he resumed, "but with a critical frame of mind that has been termed 'ecclesiastical and intellectual pride' "—this with a quizzical glance at his brother, who nodded back a sharp assent—"and I could or would find nothing good in it. To me it seemed atheistic, fallacious, heretical. You perceive I am not sparing myself in these admissions," he interposed, "but I have been doing some serious thinking during my return voyage, and now I am going to read that book again; not to criticise, but to get at its true inwardness if I can."

"That is a spirit that will surely bring its own reward," Mrs. Minturn responded, her face luminous with admiration for the frank and conscientious acknowledgment which the man had made.

Mrs. Seabrook turned glad eyes upon her husband.

"And, William, we will have her keep on with the treatment, will we not?"

"Assuredly; one could never have the heart to stop the good work, even though one may not comprehend

the method," he heartily responded, and the happy wife and mother heaved a sigh of supreme content.

They talked on for a while longer, then Mrs. Minturn gracefully took her leave and went home to tell Katherine that another prodigal was on his way to his Father's house.

CHAPTER XXII.

Phillip Stanley's First Demonstration.

A week after the return of Prof. Seabrook, Dr. Stanley ventured to transfer his patient to his native city. He was desirous of getting him away before the general flitting back to Hilton, in order to prevent awkward meetings and complications.

The young man had improved steadily, and his physician had found him, as a rule, very patient and tractable. He avoided talking about himself, and never again referred to the conversation that had occurred a few days after his accident. He read a great deal, conversed freely of politics, current events, etc., and evidently tried to cause as little trouble as possible.

He was often seriously thoughtful, a circumstance which his observant attendant regarded as a favorable indication, while, now and then, he would drop a word that betrayed his appreciation of the rare kindness he was receiving. In arranging for his transportation Dr. Stanley neglected nothing that would contribute to his comfort, and he made the trip without the slightest inconvenience, although he betrayed a sense of restlessness as he neared his destination, for he had not even asked what was to become of him upon his arrival, and could not quite conceal his anxiety on that point.

When he was lifted out upon the platform at the

station, in his own city, his astonished glance fell first upon his sister, a sweet girl of seventeen, then upon his father, both of whom greeted him as if there had never been a barrier between them.

He flushed a remorseful scarlet and lifted an inquiring look to Dr. Stanley.

"Yes, Ned, I plead guilty," he smilingly confessed. "I did not feel justified in keeping your family in ignorance of your condition, and Mr. Willard telegraphed me that he would meet us on our arrival."

"And, Ned, we have everything so nicely fixed for you at home," his sister here interposed, for she saw he was half dazed by the unexpected meeting. "Bridget—the same old girl—and I have put your room in apple-pie order; your books and pictures just as you used to have them, and"—with a ripple of musical laughter—"you are going to have cream toast with your dinner. It was your favorite dish, you know, and mamma is making it herself. She wouldn't trust anybody else, for fear there would be lumps in it. But here come the men," she concluded, cutting herself short, as two muscular fellows came forward to transfer the bamboo litter to a waiting ambulance.

"And I will come around in the morning to take a look at that cast. I think we'll have it off altogether before long," observed Dr. Stanley, as he held out his hand to take leave of his patient, who could only wring it in silence. Then he was borne away.

When the Seabrooks and Katherine arrived at Hilton, on the day previous to the opening of the school, they were joyfully welcomed by Jennie, who not only had everything in order for the principal and his fam-

ily, but had, with loving hands, also made Katherine and Sadie's room immaculate and gorgeously decorated it with autumn leaves and golden-rod in honor of their return.

Katherine could see that the girl's recent trying experience had subdued her somewhat; but, otherwise, she was the same original, irrepressible Jennie as ever.

"How I love you!" she cried, when she was left alone with Katherine, while Sadie was out of the room for a few moments, and supplementing her statement with another vigorous hug. "And you look dearer than ever, if that could be possible: and what a fine time you've all been having down there by the sea! Dr. Stanley has told me all about it, and"—with a grimace—"I guess you've been busy, too, doctoring some of the *materia medica* out of him—eh?"

"What do you mean?" Katherine inquired, but flushing under the fire of the girl's mischievous eyes.

"Oh! he doesn't make any bones of it; he told me all about Dorothy—how sick she was, and what your mother did for her, though he said, of course, it must not be talked here. I suppose he made an exception of me, because he knows how I love the Seabrooks and you, and then I can see for myself how flip he is with the 'new tongue.'"

"Jennie!" exclaimed Katherine, in a shocked tone. Then she added: "What do you know about the 'new tongue'?"

"I'm always saying the wrong thing," said the girl, in a repentant voice; "but, truly, I didn't mean to be irreverent—I only wanted you to know how pat the doctor reels off the scientific phrases; and"—assuming

an important air—"I guess I know that Christian Science is the 'new tongue' spoken of in the Bible. I've been to the service all summer; auntie went with me, too, and thought it was beautiful"—this with a sudden break in her voice—"and I've got the book," she resumed. "I bought it with my pin-money. One of the Scientists was going to get a revised pocket edition, and said she'd let me have her old one for half price. She said the Science is all in it, and so I thought it would do until I could afford to buy a new one."

Katherine's eyes grew moist as she listened to this, and she told herself that the dear child should also have a new revised pocket edition when Christmas came.

Looking back over the months that had elapsed since she first came to Hilton, she was almost overwhelmed, in view of the changed thought that had crept into the school. She had sown but the tiniest seed of Truth when she had told Prof. Seabrook that "Christian Science was a religion of Love and she would simply try to live it"; but its rootlets had taken firm hold beneath the surface of an unpromising soil; its germ had shot upwards and flourished, in spite of an adverse atmosphere, spreading abroad its branches with bud and blossom and fruitage, until now a goodly harvest was being gathered in. There were Miss Reynolds, Mrs. Seabrook and Dorothy, Jennie and Dr. Stanley, all ready to avow themselves as adherents of Truth, with Sadie, Prof. Seabrook and—she was beginning to hope—Ned Willard looking towards the Light; and her heart was flooded with a great joy.

"What are you thinking about, Miss Minturn?" Jen-

nie ventured to inquire when she had borne the silence as long as she could.

Katherine came to herself with a sudden start.

"Excuse me, dear," she said, with a deprecatory smile. "But what you have just told me sent my thoughts wandering back over all that has happened since I came here last winter. I did not mean to be heedless, and I am very glad that you wanted the book enough to buy it. Now"—laying a fond hand on her shoulder—"you are to drop 'Miss Minturn' here and now. You and I are going to be like sisters—we are sisters in Truth already, for you are coming to us after this for all your vacations. You must have a home, you know, and I think you will be happy with us."

"Happy!" cried Jennie, choking up suddenly. "Why, I—I—think it will be just h—hea—venly!" and down went the curly black head upon her hands to hide the tears she could not wipe away, for, as was frequently the case, her handkerchief was not forthcoming when most needed.

Katherine slipped hers into her hand, for she heard Sadie returning, and, a few minutes later, the three girls were engaged in an animated discussion of plans for the coming year.

The school opened with a full house again; indeed, it was more than full, for Prof. Seabrook was obliged to secure rooms for half a dozen new pupils with some families outside, and began to seriously consider the advisability of extending the wings of the building before the beginning of another year.

We cannot follow the experiences of our friends during the ensuing ten months, in detail; and, in fact,

but little out of the ordinary occurred to mark their passing.

It will be of interest, perhaps, to know that Prof. Seabrook, true to his word, made a careful perusal of "Science and Health," but he did not find it easy to get out of old ruts, and there was many a hard-fought battle with preconceived opinions and long-treasured creeds and doctrines. Many a time he threw down his book with a revival of his old antagonism, but a look at Dorrie—whose general health had become almost perfect, and who was now manifesting the keenest interest in the studies which she had insisted upon taking up—was like a "peace, be still" to the tempest and oil upon the turbulent waters, and he resumed his investigations with such determination to know the Truth, that, finally, he was enabled to say with one of old, "I begin to see as through a glass darkly."

Miss Reynolds became a greater power than ever in the school. She had always been attractive, and the students loved her, but now there was an added charm and sweetness that irresistibly drew everyone to her. She made no secret of the change in her views, although she never forced them upon anyone. She attended the service on Grove Street regularly, with Katherine, and Jennie also was numbered with the same congregation.

Dr. Stanley found his position unique and by no means an enviable one. Before going abroad he had built up a fine practice, and most of his patients came back to him on his return, while new ones had flocked to him. Now, however, with his changed thought, he found it exceedingly difficult to decide just what

course to pursue, when those who, hitherto, had placed unbounded confidence in him now called upon him to minister again to their necessities.

But he had chosen his path. Having become convinced that God and God alone "forgiveth all iniquities and healeth all diseases," he had declared that he would never again diagnose a case in accord with the laws of *materia medica,* write another medical prescription, or deal out ineffectual drugs. Neither did he, as yet, feel that he was prepared to announce himself a Christian Science practitioner. So, when called to his former patients, he had felt it his duty to state his position and, as an "entering wedge," suggest that they give the Science a trial for their infirmities. Some had openly scoffed at him; others had acted upon his advice, and were greatly benefited; while, in a few instances, he had offered to try what he himself could do, and, to his great joy, had made his demonstration. But the majority dropped him and went over to rival practitioners.

Then he began to push out into the byways and hedges. He sought out the suffering poor more than he had ever done before, and here he found a field "ready to harvest," where he could preach the "new gospel" and prove the promise, "The works that I do shall ye do also if ye believe on Me."

So the growth in his own consciousness went on while he was "casting his bread upon the waters," and he also might have been seen, nearly every Sunday morning, in one of the rear seats in the hall on Grove Street, listening intently to the service.

One supreme joy came to him during this time.

Ned Willard's improvement had been phenomenally rapid after his return home, and, to his family, the change in himself appeared no less remarkable.

He was now always considerate of and courteous to every member of the household, frequently expressing grateful appreciation of their care and kindness, while an oath, which once had been a frequent offense to their ears, was now never heard to pass his lips.

One morning, while making his accustomed visit, Dr. Stanley observed that his patient was strangely silent and thoughtful, seeming disinclined to talk, although he suggested several topics to attract his attention. He was just on the point of rising to go, thinking it wiser to leave him to his mood, when he suddenly broke forth:

"I say, Stanley, what have you been doing to me?"

"'Doing to you!' I am not sure that I catch your meaning."

"Well, when I tumbled helplessly into your hands, down there in Massachusetts, you told me you were using Christian Science treatment, and asked me if I objected. I thought it all 'bosh'; but, as you know, told you I didn't care, provided the method brought right results. I thought that if things did not go O. K. you would slip back to the old way, so I felt perfectly safe. But now I begin to feel some curiosity regarding this peculiar mode, process, or whatever it may be, for not only has my leg got well—it is practically well—quicker than I supposed it possible for a broken bone to mend, but I feel mended in other ways," he concluded, with some embarrassment.

"What do you mean, Ned?"

"Well, physically, I feel like a new man—kind of clean and fresh, through and through. Then"—flushing—"I am amazed that I haven't been crazy for drink; but I do not seem to want it—I do not even care to smoke, and——"

"Yes," said his companion, kindly.

"Oh! hang it! Stanley, it isn't easy to tell it, but I'm going to; I feel as if an X-ray had been turned upon my mentality, showing me what a blamed fool I've made of myself during the last few years, making me wish I could blot it all out and take a sharp turn in another direction. How's that for humble pie! I declare, I don't know myself!" he concluded, apologetically.

Dr. Stanley was literally stricken speechless. His heart was too full for utterance. Surely this "fruit of the Spirit" was ripening far earlier than he had dared to hope, although he had worked on the case with all the understanding he possessed, in connection with frequent correspondence with Mrs. Minturn for counsel.

"What have you been doing, doc?" Willard repeated. "I've heard that Christian Science treatment is wholly mental, but you have been doing some fine talking, first and last. Some of it has cut home and some has gone over my head. Does your science reform the drunkard as well as mend broken bones? I remember you once asked me if I'd like to be freed from it. Upon my word, I believe it does, though I'm not going to boast until I get out and can prove it. Have you been treating me for that, Stanley?"

"Yes, I have been trying to make you realize your

birthright—your God-given dominion over all things," said his friend, in a voice that faltered in spite of himself; "have tried to make you know that you were 'free-born.'"

"Hold on! Now you are soaring over my head again," interposed the young man. "Just make that clearer in your own language, please. Bible phraseology always seemed like Choctaw to me."

"Well, then, Christian Science teaches that God made man the perfect image and likeness of Himself and gave him power to reflect or manifest His dominion over all beings. It follows, then, that man was never in bondage to anything—habit, appetite, disease or sin; so he was 'free-born.'"

"Then how does it happen we find him so tangled up in all sorts of deviltry?" demanded Willard.

"We find the mortal 'tangled up,' as you express it, because he has set himself up as an independent entity and claims this entity can be governed by evil instead of good—with lies instead of truth, with sickness instead of health."

"You emphasize the word 'mortal'; so you make a distinction between a man and a mortal?"

"Yes; the mortal is the counterfeit of the real man, like a bogus dollar bill, with no gold or principal to back it. He arrogantly assumes that he has a will of his own, and this will is subordinate to no other unless he chooses to make it so. But we find that he reasons falsely when we see how he becomes the slave of all sorts of evil that ultimates in sickness and death," explained Dr. Stanley.

"Humph! Then, according to your logic, the Ned

Willard whom you know is simply a mortal, physical manifestation of will power, catering to his own appetites and desires, and so becoming their bond servant, and there is no true image and likeness of God, or real man about him," was the young man's half-quizzical rejoinder. "Granted," he went on, more seriously, "I think I am beginning to see him as he is and has appeared to others. But now comes the question, 'How is this same Ned Willard going to get rid of the undesirable mortal and find the man?' It looks a hopeless task to me."

"You are using the scalpel very freely upon yourself, my boy," said Phillip Stanley, in his friendliest tone. "But let us see if there isn't a different kind of blade that will serve us better. If you were cruelly bound with thongs, and some friend should pass you a keen-edged knife, you would not sit hopelessly looking at your bonds and still continue to bemoan your bondage; you would instantly begin to sever the thongs and so regain your liberty. In Christian Science we find the 'sword of Truth' with which we begin to cut away, one by one, the bonds of mortal falsities, habits, appetites and belief in evil until, eventually, we shall find our freedom and true manhood."

"That sounds very promising, as you put it, though the how of it seems rather vague. But, by all that's honest, I would like to get at the secret of it," and the young man turned a frank, earnest face to his companion as he concluded.

"This will reveal it. Will you read it if I leave it with you?" and Dr. Stanley drew forth a pocket edition of "Science and Health" and laid it upon his knee.

Willard opened it and glanced at the title-page.

"Thank you; I shall be glad to look it through," he replied.

"You will need a Bible to go with it," said his companion, lifting his eyes to a bookcase near him.

"You'll not find one there," his patient observed, with a short laugh. "Bibles and I have had nothing in common this many a year. However, there are plenty about the house."

Dr. Stanley shortly after took his leave and went away to visit other hungry ones, a reverent joy in his heart and on his lips the pæan of David, "Who is so great a God as our God?"

A few weeks later Edwin Willard walked briskly into his office, his handsome face all aglow with health, a new hope and purpose shining in his eyes.

"I'm off, Stanley!" he said, in cheery, eager tones as he laid his friend's "little book" on his desk. "I've just slipped in to return this and bid you *au revoir*."

"Off!" repeated Phillip Stanley, in surprise. "Where to? what for?"

"I'm going to Washington, as private secretary to the Hon. ——, United States Senator from Pennsylvania. He was a classmate of my father's at Yale, and asked the governor, the other day, if he could suggest some one for the position," Willard explained. "It's very sudden, but it's great luck, though this"—touching the book he had just laid down—"teaches there's no such thing as luck. The salary won't permit me to keep up a spread-eagle style at present"—with a light-hearted laugh—"but I have a promise of more later on, and it may be the stepping-stone to something

better; and, Stanley, I'm bent on going higher, in more ways than one," he concluded, in a confidential tone.

"Ned, I am more glad than I can tell you, and my best wishes go with you," heartily returned his friend. "Wouldn't you like to take the book along as a souvenir?" he asked, pushing it towards him.

"Thanks, I've just bought one for myself, and I don't need any souvenirs to remind me of you; for, Stanley, all I am and all I hope to be I owe to you, or—I suppose you would prefer me to say—to God, through you. But if I am to catch that fast express I must skip. I'll write to you, though, when I am settled."

The two men clasped hands and looked deep into each other's eyes for a moment; then the younger turned abruptly away and left the room, the elder gravely watching the manly form as it sped, with alert and vigorous steps, down the street.

"God bless the boy!" he said, in a low tone; "he has 'got at the secret of it' at last, and his life henceforth will be crowned with joy and peace."

CHAPTER XXIII.

Mrs. Minturn Visits Hilton.

Everything moved along harmoniously with Katherine in school. Of course, there was work to be done and it required diligence, patience and perseverance to accomplish her daily tasks. But there is always satisfaction in overcoming difficulties, for such conquest never fails to strengthen and uplift.

Between Sadie and herself there existed the tenderest relations. Every day seemed to draw them closer to each other, for divine Love was now the mutually acknowledged bond between them. The girl had provided herself with the necessary books and was doing more than "looking towards the Light"—she was really trying to walk in it. She was also striving to "do her best" during this, her last year at school, as she had avowed she would, and was reaping her reward by finding that she was daily gaining in mental strength and capacity.

Jennie also was making good progress. She did not love fun and frolic one whit less, but she now sought it in legitimate hours and ways, and never allowed herself to "kick over the traces," or, in other words, to break rules, and so jeopardize her record, although, as she once confessed, with the old mis-

chievous sparkle in her eyes, "the apples of Sodom did look very alluring sometimes."

So the Christmas vacation found them, and Katherine and Jennie went "home" to New York City, where every day was filled with delightful experiences, Mr. and Mrs. Minturn having spared nothing to make these holidays the brightest of the year, especially for their protégée whose pleasures had been so limited.

There was nothing to mar their enjoyment during the two "heavenly" weeks. They were like a pair of happy children, and not the least of their pleasure consisted in helping Mrs. Minturn distribute her yearly reminders among those of whom One said, "The poor ye always have with you." And when, on Christmas morning, at breakfast, the packages beside the various plates were inspected, there were bright faces and loving smiles, and in one case almost a rain of tears, in view of the numerous and lovely mementoes for which the recipient was wholly unprepared. But it was only a "sunshower," and when Mr. Minturn, with a quizzical look, told her to "take care, for she was losing some of her pearls," she laughingly wiped the glittering drops away and retorted:

"I wish they were real pearls, and I would heap them upon you all."

When it was all over and the two girls were rolling swiftly on their way back to school, Jennie, her face radiant with delightful memories, informed Katherine that she had "never had such an out and out jolly time in all her life before."

"It is like a diamond to me," she said, "for it will glisten and sparkle in my mind as long as I remember

anything about this life. But, best of all," she continued, earnestly, "has been the Science part of it; those lovely services and meetings! and your mother's talks! Oh! Katherine, if I could be with her all the time I know I should grow to be a good Scientist!"

Katherine smiled into the yearning dark eyes.

"Our growth, Jennie, depends upon our own right thinking and living, upon the faithfulness with which we study, assimilate and demonstrate Truth," she said; then added: "Right environment is very desirable, but when we lean upon that instead of on God, or Principle, we are not 'working out our own salvation,' which everyone must do. You know what happened to the five foolish virgins who leaned, or tried to lean, upon their neighbors for oil to fill their lamps."

"Yes; and it's like copying some one else's problems and shirking your own daily work. When the exams come you're not 'in it'; you just have to 'go way back and sit down,'" and the roguish dimples played in her cheeks as the slang phrases slipped glibly from her tongue. "All the same," she continued, "it is a help to have others about you doing good work. Somehow it inspires you to hustle for yourself—that is, if you honestly want to be the real thing and not a sham."

The latter part of February Mrs. Minturn, having been called to the western part of the State on business, stopped at Hilton on her way back, to spend the Sabbath and make "my girls" a little visit.

That visit was like an oasis to Prof. Seabrook, or, as he afterwards expressed it, "it shone in his memory like a pure, lustrous pearl set in jet."

Saturday afternoon was spent with Katherine and

Jennie, doing a little needful shopping and visiting some places of interest in the city. Saturday evening, a party, including the Seabrooks, Sadie, Miss Reynolds and Dr. Stanley, was made up to go to hear Madam Melba, who was to sing in "Faust," and a rich treat it proved for them all.

Sunday morning found them all, except the principal and his wife, at the service in the hall on Grove Street, and which was now far too small to comfortably accommodate the people who were flocking to it; while Sunday evening, at Mrs. Seabrook's invitation, saw our friends gathered in her spacious parlor to listen to a little talk on Christian Science from Mrs. Minturn.

"I see you each have your book," she began, glancing around the circle, "and I think we cannot do better than to look into the tenets of our faith—you will find them on page 497. There is much more than at first appears in those few brief paragraphs, and I hope no one will let a point go by, if it seems perplexing, without trying to get at the heart of it. Don't fear to interrupt me with questions, for they will show me your trend of thought."

Then, one by one, she took up the sections, which were freely and thoughtfully discussed. Prof. Seabrook, however, was the chief interlocutor of the evening and plied the patient woman with queries both practical and profound.

She met him logically on every one, and by the time they had come to the end of the fifth paragraph much of the perplexity had vanished from the man's face and a look of peace was enthroned in its place, while not one in the room ever forgot that hour, which was

so fraught with helpfulness and intense interest to them all.

"Mrs. Minturn," he gravely observed, as she paused for a moment, "when one begins to understand something of what Christian Science really is, one finds himself suddenly shorn of his former intellectual arrogance and ecclesiastical intolerance, while he stands abashed and is amazed that he had never seen these things before."

"That is because, in our previous study of the Scriptures, we were governed by human opinions, doctrines and creeds, instead of by the spiritual law of interpretation, which always brings the proof of its supremacy."

"But it makes one wish one hadn't been quite so pert in flaunting one's feathers before finer birds," drawled Sadie, as she shot a peculiar glance at Katherine, "like a turkey we had at home once that had never seen a peacock's plumage until after he had done a good deal of strutting around, with his own self-sufficient appendage spread out to its widest extent. He collapsed, though, when he saw that blaze of glory."

"Thank you, Sadie, for so pat an illustration of an exceedingly uncomfortable frame of mind," said Prof. Seabrook, with a merry twinkle in his fine eyes, while an appreciative laugh ran around the circle.

The girl flushed scarlet in sudden dismay.

"Prof. Seabrook!" she faltered, "I didn't mean—I was only thinking of what I said to Katherine about being a Christian Scientist the day she came here. I told her, very grandly, that I was an Episcopalian, that my grandfather was an Episcopalian clergyman,

and I had my doubts about his resting easy in his grave if he knew what a rank heretic I had for a roommate. Well, she just unfurled a white banner of Love to me, and I've wanted to hide my diminished head every time I've thought of it since."

"All right, Sadie; there's no offense," returned the principal, with a smiling glance at her still flushed cheeks, "and I think there may be some others among us who have learned a salutary lesson from our modest but stanch 'brown-eyed lassie,' for she certainly has tried, as she told me she would on that same day, 'to live her religion of Love.' But," turning again to Mrs. Minturn, "that reminds me of something else I wished to ask you."

Reopening his book, he read aloud the sixth tenet, emphasizing the phrase "to love one another."

"I find, in reading this book," he resumed, "that you Scientists give a higher signification to that word 'love' than is implied by the ordinary interpretation. Mere sentiment or emotion have nothing in common with your concept of its meaning?"

"Our Leader says, in her book of 'Miscellaneous Writings,'* that 'no word is more misconstrued, no sentiment less understood,'" said Mrs. Minturn. "Spiritual love is governed by its principle—divine Love. Emotional or sentimental love has no principle. It is governed by mortal impulse, moods, personal attraction, and so forth. Divine Love has but one impulse—infinite impersonal good. Paul's sublime definition of charity, or the love that 'beareth all

*By Mary Baker G. Eddy, page 250.

things,' 'that never faileth,' 'that thinketh no evil,' is the Christian Science idea of love, and as our text-book teaches, nothing short of this, lived and demonstrated in the daily life, is Christian Science love."

"That is your lesson to me over again," whispered Miss Reynolds, who was sitting beside Katherine, "and I need it."

"But you would not abolish human love?" Dr. Stanley here abruptly questioned.

"I would have it governed, transformed by divine Love," returned Mrs. Minturn, gently. "There is much more of selfishness embodied in so-called human love than one can realize until one learns its spiritual signification. The mother's is the purest of all human affection, and yet, even this is not devoid of selfishness, for it is 'my boy' or 'my girl' for whom she will toil and efface herself to secure advantages, and often to their detriment. The love that is absorbed in my wife or husband, my sister or brother, my friend, is not the truest, although it is right to care tenderly for those who are dependent upon us. But the yearning that reaches out to all men, recognizing in everyone 'my mother, my sister, my brother'—for all are God's children, and there are no mine or thine in Truth—is the love of God, the reflected Love that is God."

"I see, Mrs. Minturn; it is manifesting what the 'little book' says, the 'love of Love,'* or the good of Good without regard to personality, so if we are reflecting it we cannot even think anything but good of

*"Science and Health," page 319.

everyone," here interposed Dorothy, who had listened intently to all that had been said.

"You dear child! how much better you have said it than I with my multiplicity of words!" observed Mrs. Minturn, bending a look of affection upon her.

"She has simply summarized what you have given us; but your analysis has been very helpful to me, and I now see more clearly much that I have been questioning during my recent perusal of the book," Prof. Seabrook remarked.

"Our Leader has long been reflecting this impersonal Love in her wonderful devotion to the Cause she has espoused," Mrs. Minturn resumed. "Her one thought and motive is and always has been—since the Science of Christianity was revealed to her—to send forth the new gospel to all 'nations and peoples and tongues,' and gather them under its sacred banner, knowing that it is the 'pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night' that will surely guide them into the 'Promised Land.'"

"Yet she is severely criticised for claiming that it was a divine revelation; for assuming 'unwarrantable authority' and demanding 'unquestioning obedience,'" said her host.

"Is that a fair or an honest criticism, Prof. Seabrook?" inquired his guest. "Has she not proved that Christian Science was a divine revelation, not only by her own wonderful demonstrations, but by the marvelous results which follow the study of her book, 'Science and Health,' not to dwell upon the great work accomplished by the thousands of her students who have faithfully followed her teachings? Then, a leader must lead. Under supreme orders she became

the pioneer to mark the way for others; she has scaled heights which no others have attained since the days of the Master, and so she alone is fitted to direct. You, after long experience, have organized this school; you know best what is most needed to promote the highest interests of your students and maintain the superior standard of your institution. But your word has to be law to attain these conditions, and you insist upon implicit obedience to your rules and mandates. Are you autocratically exacting or 'assuming unwarrantable authority' by so doing in order to meet the responsibilities devolving upon you? As I said before, 'a leader must lead,' and a general must direct, as he discerns the need from his vantage ground above the field of battle, or the cause would be lost."

"I see your point. It is fairly and logically argued, and I am frank to admit that much of the criticism of Mrs. Eddy may be prompted by antagonism, jealousy and prejudice," the gentleman returned.

"But much more it is the outgrowth of misunderstanding," said Mrs. Minturn, charitably. "Those who have most uncompromisingly denounced Christian Science and its Founder have spoken and written without a proper knowledge of their subject, without having even attempted to investigate, in order to prove the truth or error of what they had heard. They claim to have 'read the book,' but you know, from your own experience, that one casual reading is not sufficient to enable one to grasp the fundamental principles contained therein."

"That is true," he assented.

"And no man of good judgment," she went on,

"would feel that he was prepared to write a treatise or exposition of some profound subject and give it to a critical public, until he had thoroughly mastered it; and this he would know he could not do in one, or even two, superficial readings. But these criticisms do not disturb us; they only make us love our Leader more, for her sweet patience, forbearance and forgiveness; and we know that the time will come when all will learn the Truth, 'from the least to the greatest,' and 'rise up to call her blessed.'"

"I am beginning to see that, too," said the professor. "But there is one thing more. Of course, you have had to meet the question many times—one hears it everywhere, and the papers every now and then reiterate it—how about the high price of the text-book and the teaching?"

"I would hardly have thought that such a question would have suggested itself to you, Prof. Seabrook, knowing, as you do, the high price demanded for some of your own text-books. Then, regarding the teaching, Hilton students pay from eight hundred to a thousand dollars a year, according to the privileges they enjoy, not counting the extras; and the course is four years, making quite a round sum in the aggregate. You force me to be personal as well as practical in my arguments," Mrs. Minturn interposed, with an arch smile. "Now for the other side of the question. Seventeen years ago I was healed of what several physicians—to whom I paid many hundreds of dollars—said was an incurable disease, by simply reading 'Science and Health,' for which I paid three dollars. A year later I studied with one of Mrs. Eddy's loyal

students, to whom I paid one hundred dollars for my course of instruction. Since that time I have never employed a physician or paid out a penny for medicines. In view of these facts, do you think that the price of the book and teaching should be regarded as 'exorbitant,' 'out of all reason,' an 'imposition upon the public,' and many similar expressions, as are repeated over and over by numerous denouncers and newspapers?"

Prof. Seabrook made a deprecatory gesture.

"I am ashamed to have raised such a point," he said; "it seems exceedingly narrow and petty."

"And besides," Mrs. Minturn continued, "this same book and teaching have enabled me to heal hundreds of people of all manner of diseases, and send them on their way rejoicing and to help others. Ah!" she cried, with eyes that shone through starting tears, "how can anyone speak slightingly of that dear woman who has been instrumental in giving such a boon to suffering humanity, or criticise any act which, in her God-given wisdom, she is led to do? But, I am sure, I have talked enough for now, although I am at your service at any time if other questions arise to perplex," she concluded, as she arose, and the little company, after a few moments spent in social converse, separated for the night.

A few days later Miss Reynolds sought Katherine. The girl was in a music room, where she had been practicing for nearly an hour, and arose as her friend entered, an expectant look on her face, for she seemed to feel at once that there was something unusual in the atmosphere.

The woman was evidently in a strangely serious mood. There was an expression of exaltation in her eyes, which told of some deep, new experience that had aroused profound reverence and wonder, and a drooping of her sweet lips that bespoke a spirit bowed beneath a sense of humility, and she carried a letter in her hand.

"Read that, dear," she said, in a repressed tone, as she passed it to her pupil.

Katherine removed the missive from its envelope and read:

"MISS ADELE REYNOLDS:

"DEAR MADAM: My father, as possibly you may have heard ere this, passed away one week ago to-day. You will perhaps be surprised to learn that I have long known there existed an error at the time of the settlement of Mr. Reynolds'—your father's—affairs nearly eleven years ago, and, although I sought several times to do so, I was powerless to have the matter rectified. Now, however, my sister and I, being the only heirs to our father's property, have agreed that justice must be done, and have deposited in the First National Bank of this city the amount—with accrued interest—that is your rightful due, and it is subject to your order. Trusting that you will kindly throw the veil of charity over what has been a great wrong, I am,

"Very respectfully yours,
"JOHN F. HOWARD."

As she finished reading this letter Katherine looked into the eyes of her teacher and smiled.

"Kathie, I can hardly believe it!" said Miss Reynolds, in a voice choked with tears.

"'The measure that ye mete shall be measured to

you again,' you know," softly returned her companion, "and love begets love. You, long since, threw the mantle of Love over your 'brother,' and Truth has uncovered and destroyed the error—in other words, the greed—that seemed to rob you of what was justly yours."

"It makes me very humble," faltered her teacher. "I have tried to love because, to be loyal to Truth, I must do nothing else."

"Yes, and so Love has fulfilled the law; and, as our text-book says, 'Mercy cancels the debt only when justice approves.' "*

"And Katherine"—and Miss Reynolds' face glowed with happiness—"now the way is opened for me to do what I had decided I must do by the end of this year—'go work in His vineyard.' I did not clearly see how I could do it, but I have tried to know that 'God is the source of all supply, and I left it there.' "

*"Science and Health," page 22.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The End of School Days.

Time seemed to fly after Mrs. Minturn's visit. Winter melted into spring, spring budded and blossomed into summer, and June, with its examinations, commencement exercises and formalities, was once more close upon the students at Hilton.

Mr. and Mrs. Minturn came on from New York to be present at Katherine's graduation, after which the family, Jennie included, were going directly to their summer home at Manchester.

Prof. Seabrook had again been fortunate enough to secure the Hunt cottage for the season, for the owners were going abroad for a year and were only too glad to rent it to such desirable tenants.

Sadie was going with her guardian and his family to Newport for the summer, but had promised Katherine a fortnight's visit during the latter half of July.

The two girls had grown closer and closer to each other, and they now found themselves very loath to separate, to dismantle their pretty room and pack their trunks, for their final flitting from Hilton, their well-beloved *alma mater*. Their prospective departure was also generally regretted by both teachers and pupils, who were to remain, for each had won a stronghold in all hearts.

There had been a great change in Sadie, but it had only served to make her more attractive, and she had kept her word to "do her best" work during her last year, for she now stood second in her class, and thus had won the respect of her principal as well as of her teachers, while her happy temperament and the almost prodigal expenditure of her ample income to give pleasure to others had made her many firm friends among the students.

Katherine, as we know, had broken every barrier down before her junior year expired, and during the present one not a cloud had gathered to mar her relations with her associates; while, having lived her religion, Christian Science had grown to be respected by the whole school, especially after it became known what had produced the wonderful change in Dorothy, who did not seem like the same girl, and was now able to get about quite nimbly with the aid of crutches.

The last all-important day arrived, and the retiring seniors "did themselves proud" in their "grand final parade" before the public, receiving their floral tributes and diplomas with pretty, consequential airs and smiles of supreme content, singing their last songs, but wiping away a furtive tear or two which the suggestive melodies evoked; then their reign at Hilton was over.

After the class was dismissed, as Katherine was gathering up her flowers to take them to her room, she glanced at the cards attached to the various offerings. One bore "With dear love from father and mother"; another was from "Sadie," and a third from "Dorothy."

She stood in thoughtful silence for a moment after

reading these names, a look of perplexity on her young face, a little shadow dimming her pretty brown eyes.

"I wonder," she began; then, suddenly cutting herself short, she threw back her small head with an unaccustomed air, and with a bright red spot on either cheek, went straight to her room.

"Bless your heart, honey! Whatever has given you such a magnificent color?" Sadie exclaimed, as Katherine opened the door, to find her roommate trying to dispose of the wealth of flowers that had poured in upon her from all sources.

"Have I more than usual?" she inquired, putting one hand over a hot cheek, which began to take on an even deeper hue.

"Indeed you have, and it's mighty becoming to you. You are perfectly stunning, and I'd like a picture of you as you look now," and the girl's appreciative glance swept over the graceful figure in its trailing white dress, the brilliant flowers encircled with one fair arm and the beautiful face all aglow with its unaccustomed color. "Well," she went on, with a satisfied sigh, "it is all over, *ami mia,* and I'm sure we made a downright splendid show, to say nothing about the honor we heaped upon ourselves, with our essays, poems, class history, singing, etc. I was proud of it all. Now for the grand finale to-night, and that, I suppose, will end our school life. Heigh-ho! aren't you just a little bit sorry, Kathleen mavourneen?"

"Yes, of course; one cannot help feeling the breaking away; er—Sadie, was Dr. Stanley in the audience this afternoon?"

Miss Minot shot a quick, comprehensive look from

under her long lashes at her companion, who had turned a little from her and was now apparently gazing out of a window.

"O-h! I see!" she ejaculated, reflectively, after an instant of hesitation.

"What do you see?" demanded Katherine, in surprise, and facing her suddenly.

"Why! Why, this beautiful Katherine—Mermet is refractory; she—it won't stand up in the vase; it has a crooked stem, lops over dejectedly and needs doctoring," Sadie observed, demurely, as she held the flower up to view. "But"—with a sly smile—"I reckon a little skillful surgery will straighten it out. Yes, Dr. Stanley was there—up in the north corner, almost behind that great post. How strange you didn't see him!"

"I didn't try to find anybody; I didn't care to know where anybody sat, at least until after I had read my essay; and then, you know, it was almost over," explained Katherine, turning away again, but not before her friend had noticed that the color was now all gone from her face.

She nodded her head wisely once or twice.

"He didn't send any flowers," she mentally observed. "Those Jacks are mine; the mixed bouquet is from the Minturns, and I saw Dorrie give the usher those Daybreak pinks. Well, it is queer. I wonder what it means?"

"There!" she remarked, aloud, "I've done the best I can with my avalanche of sweetness; now give me yours, honey, and I will put them in this *jardinière*. But what will you save out to wear with your recep-

tion gown to-night?" she asked, as she took the flowers from Katherine.

"I—don't know, Sadie; I believe I won't make any change—I'll go just as I am," was the dejected reply as the girl sank wearily into a chair.

"Go just as you are! not make any change! Well, now, Miss Minturn, that really 'jars' me; with that perfectly killing pink liberty gauze, made over pink silk, all ready to slip on, and which just makes me green with envy to look at," Sadie exclaimed, in a tone of mock consternation, although, as she told her later, she was "dying to shriek with laughter." "What is the matter, honey?" she added, softly, the next moment.

"Matter?" repeated Katherine, trying to look unconscious.

"Yes; are you tired?"

"Well—it has been a pretty busy day, you know," and a half-repressed sigh seemed to indicate weariness.

"Who is that, I wonder?" remarked Miss Minot, as some one knocked for admittance. "Come in."

The door opened and a maid put her head inside.

"A box for Miss Minturn," she said, briefly.

Katherine sprang forward to take it and a strange tremor seized her as she severed the twine, removed the wrapper and lifted the cover.

Then the rich color flooded cheek and brow as she saw a small but exquisite spray bouquet of white moss rosebuds lying upon a bed of moist cotton, and, beside them, a card bearing the name, "Phillip Harris Stanley."

"Sadie! Did you ever see anything so lovely?" she

cried, holding it out for her friend to admire, and trying not to look too happy.

"'Lovely' doesn't half express it," returned the girl, glancing from the waxen buds to the radiant face bending above them. "Ahem! Who sent 'em?"

"Dr. Stanley."

"U-m! just the thing to wear with that pink gauze to-night," was the laconic suggestion.

"They would look pretty with it, wouldn't they?" said Katherine, innocently.

"I reckon that was what they were meant for, or they would have come before and been handed in downstairs," Miss Minot observed, with an audible chuckle.

"Nonsense, Sadie!"

"What'll you wager on it?"

"How can one make a wager on what can't be verified?"

"Oh"—with an irrepressible giggle—"I'll take care of that part of it, if you'll only bet."

"What a perfect torment you can be, Sadie Minot, when you take a notion," interposed Katherine, flushing, but with a laugh that rang out clearly and sweetly. "But I must go and find mamma. She will be wondering what has become of me," and she turned abruptly away to get out of range of a pair of saucy, twinkling eyes.

She carefully sprinkled her buds, then covered them to keep them fresh, after which she went out to seek her parents, humming a bar of their farewell song on the way. As the sound of her footsteps died away in

the distance Sadie sank upon a chair and gave vent to a ringing peal of mirthful laughter.

"Moss rosebuds!" she panted. "They will look 'pretty' with her dress! Oh, innocence! thy name is Katherine."

A few hours later the main building of the seminary was ablaze with light and resounding with music, happy voices and laughter, together with the tripping of many feet in the merry dance.

Bright and attractive maidens, in lovely evening dresses of many hues, flitting hither and thither with their attendants in more conventional attire; parents and guardians, gathered in social groups, or from advantageous positions, watching with smiling content the brilliant scene; lavish and beautiful floral decorations lending a perfumed atmosphere and artistic effect to the whole, all made a charming and spirited picture which Prof. Seabrook dearly loved to gaze upon, and to which he always looked eagerly forward at the close of every school year; albeit his enjoyment was somewhat tempered with sadness in view of the final farewells that must be said to his senior class on the morrow.

To-night, as he mingled with his guests, everywhere showing himself the thoughtful host and courteous gentleman, his glance fell, several times, upon a graceful, rose-draped figure wearing a spray of white moss rosebuds on her corsage.

He also observed, as she moved in rhythmic sway to the inspiring music, that she was supported by the strong arm of his *distingué*-looking brother-in-law, who seemed, he thought, to be paying more homage than

usual to the Terpsichorean Muse, and one particular lady.

"Well, what do you think of it, Will?" whispered his wife, who happened to be near him once as the couple went circling by.

"What do I think of what, Emelie?" he queried, evasively.

"Why, of the way Phil is carrying on to-night! Did you ever see anybody so lost to all things mundane—save the presence of a certain very dainty little lady—as he is at this moment?"

"He does seem unusually frisky, I admit—especially with his feet," said the professor, with a smile.

"His feet! Will, just look at him! He doesn't know he has any feet; he is all eyes and—heart! You know what I mean, dear," his companion pursued. "I've seen you watching them with that quizzical look in your eyes. What would you think of it as a—a match?"

"Emelie! a matchmaker!—thou!" ejaculated her husband, in a tone of mock dismay, though his lips twitched with amusement.

She laughed out musically, a sound that he loved and heard frequently nowadays.

"But what would you think?" she persisted.

"I would think, sweetheart, that—with one exception I could name—he had won a crown jewel and the sweetest wife in the world," replied the professor as he looked fondly down into the blue eyes uplifted to his.

Once Sadie, leaning on the arm of a dashing cadet in uniform, swept slowly by Katherine and her companion.

"How about that wager, honey?" she languidly inquired, her roguish eyes fastened upon the conspicuous rosebuds.

But Katherine's only reply was a defiant toss of her brown head as she smiled serenely back at her and whirled blissfully on.

Of course, it all had to come to an end, and morning found the weary, though still happy, revelers preparing, with much bustle and confusion, to disperse to their various homes; but that last delightful evening, with its music, and flowers, and charming associations, remained a brilliant spot in memory's realm during many after years.

A week later found the Minturns and Seabrooks again located for the season at Manchester-by-the-sea.

Prof. Seabrook, to the great joy of his family, was to remain with them throughout the vacation. He would do no roaming this year, he said. He had something of far more importance to attend to, and unfolded a plan to his dear ones, which was received with the greatest enthusiasm; more of which anon.

It proved to be a summer long to be remembered by all, especially by Jennie, for various reasons; one of which was, she had never before seen the ocean, and it was a wonderful revelation to her, filling her with ever-increasing admiration and awe.

"One gets something of an idea of what eternity means," she said, with a long-drawn breath of rapture, when, one day, Katherine accompanied her to a high point which commanded a limitless expanse of sea that seemed to softly melt away into the sky and so become lost to human vision.

She could not content herself indoors much of the time, and almost won for herself again the *sobriquet* of "Wild Jennie," for she would often disappear directly after breakfast, going off on long tramps to return hours later, laden with a promiscuous assortment of shells, stones, star-fish and other curiosities with which she lavishly adorned her own room and various other portions of the house.

"Oh, it's only a 'spell,'" she retorted one day, when Katherine laughingly commented upon her conchological, geological, ichthyological "research." "It has got to have its 'run,' like some other beliefs that aren't so good; then I'll get over it, I suppose, settle down and behave like people who are already seasoned. If I could only be as successful in a genealogical way there'd be nothing left to wish for," she concluded with a wistful sigh.

"Are you still brooding over that, Jennie?" gravely inquired Katherine.

"Not exactly 'brooding,' dearie. I guess it's just a kind of hankering, though mortal mind does set up a howl, now and then, in spite of me, and says 'don't you wish you knew.'"

Katherine laughed softly at the characteristic phraseology, but bent a very tender look upon the girl.

"Well, you do know that you are God's child," she said, gently.

"Yes; and I know it now, in a way that I never did before I knew you; and I'm sure no other 'stray waif' ever had quite so much to be thankful for as I have."

They all loved the girl, and she was the life of the house, although she had toned down considerably dur-

ing the last year; for she was always bright and cheery, keeping everybody in a ripple with her quaint sayings and contagious mirth.

At the same time she made herself helpful, in many ways, was ever thoughtful for others, and, withal, so affectionate that everyone was the happier for her presence in the house.

So the time drew on apace for the convening of Mrs. Minturn's "class," the date of which had been set for the twentieth of July.

It was to be a full class, this year, and a convenient room had been secured in the "Back Bay district," in Boston, many of her prospective students being desirous of spending their vacation in that city to enjoy the privileges and services of "The Mother Church."

Prof. Seabrook took rooms for himself and family near by—this was his "plan," that they all three have class instruction together—for such an arrangement would be more convenient for them than to try to go back and forth, each day, and also give them more time for study.

It was an earnest and intelligent company that gathered in the appointed place on Monday, July twentieth, all eager to be fed with the Bread of Life. There were two clergymen, one physician, two lawyers, several teachers, business men and women, and others from humbler walks of life. Miss Reynolds had come on to "review"; Jennie and Sadie were also among the number.

Intense interest and the closest attention were manifested throughout the course, and Mrs. Minturn afterwards remarked that the class, as a whole, was one of

the brightest and most receptive that she had ever taught.

The sixth lesson was a particularly impressive one, during which every occupant of that sacred room became so conscious of the power and presence of Truth and Love, that the place almost seemed to them a "mount of transfiguration," as it were, where the Christ was revealed to them as never before.

When the class was dismissed for the day, Mrs. Minturn asked Prof. Seabrook if he would kindly remain to assist her with some papers she had to make out; and Mrs. Seabrook and Dorothy, their "hearts still burning within them," stole quietly away to their rooms to talk over by themselves the beautiful things they had learned that morning.

They passed out upon the street and had walked nearly half the distance to their boarding place, when Mrs. Seabrook stopped short and turned a startled face to her child.

"Dorothy, your crutches!" was all she could say.

The girl lifted a wondering look to her.

"Mamma!" she said, in a voice of awe, "I forgot all about them!"

"Shall we—shall I go back for them?" mechanically inquired her mother.

"Go back for my crutches? Mamma! why, mamma! don't you see that I am free?—that I can walk as well as you?" she exclaimed, with a catch in her breath that was very like a sob. "You've just got to know it, for me and with me," she continued authoritatively, as she started on, "for I will never use them again. I have 'clung to the truth'—we've all clung—and 'Truth has

made me free'! Oh!"—in an indescribable tone—"'who is so great a God as our God?' Let us g-get home quick, or—I shall have to c-cry right here in—the street."

"Mamma, I think I know, now, just when all the fear left me," Dorothy said later, when, after reaching their rooms, each had for a few moments sought the "secret place" to offer her hymn of praise for this new gift of Love. "You know how beautifully Mrs. Minturn talked about man's 'God-given dominion,' this morning; did you ever hear anyone say such lovely things? She seemed to take you almost into heaven, and I felt so happy—so light and free, I wanted to fly. I forgot all about my body, and I walked out of that room without realizing what I was doing; I hadn't really got back to mortal sense and things material, when you stopped and spoke of my crutches. I haven't said anything about it, for it seemed too good to be true, but for nearly two weeks I've had such a longing to walk alone, and, at times, it has almost seemed as if I could, but didn't quite dare to try. And, mamma"—Dorothy lowered her voice reverently—"have you noticed, when helping me to dress lately, that—that one of the curves is nearly gone from my back?"

"Yes, dear, but I 'have not dared' to call your attention to it—that is what has made you seem so much taller, though we have called it 'growing,'" her mother returned.

"Don't you think we have been very, very faithless, mamma, dear, not to 'dare' speak of our blessings and thank God for them?" said the girl, tremulously.

"Dorrie, you shame me, every day, by your implicit faith!" faltered the woman, tears raining over her face.

"No—no; not 'implicit,' mamma, for that would make the other curve straight this very minute. But I know it is going to be, sometime, for God made the real me upright and nothing can deprive me of my birthright."

Half an hour later Prof. Seabrook came in, looking a trifle pale and anxious.

Dorothy arose and went forward, with radiant face, to meet him. He could not speak, but opened his arms to her and held her close for a minute, his trembling lips pressed against the fair head lying on his breast.

Presently she gently released herself, remarking:

"Papa, do you know, when you came in, you looked as if you expected to find what we have all wished for so long."

"I did and—I didn't," he replied, with a faint smile. "When I had finished what Mrs. Minturn asked me to do, and started to leave the room, I saw your crutches standing in the corner where I had put them after you were seated.

"While I stood blankly staring and wondering, that blessed woman came to me with such a light on her face —it fairly shone with joy and love.

" 'Dorrie has gone,' " she said. " 'I saw her walk out with her mother.'

"Involuntarily I put out my hand to take the crutches.

" 'No—leave them,' she said, 'she will never need them again, and you do not wish any reminders of error about you.' So I came away praying 'Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief.' "

CHAPTER XXV.

A Momentous Errand.

There were only three more sessions, but they were wonderful "sittings together," for every member had been deeply impressed by the signal manifestation of God's power in their midst, in connection with Dorothy; and felt that the place whereon they stood was indeed "holy ground."

Then the class was dismissed with solemn, but loving, injunctions to go forth to "cheer the faint, uplift the fallen, and heal the sick."

But, before letting them go, Mrs. Minturn cordially invited the students to spend the following Thursday at her home in Manchester; to enjoy a reunion and an outing before finally separating to go to their different fields of labor.

As their last meeting occurred on Tuesday, there intervened but one day in which to prepare for the prospective festivities on Thursday. But willing hearts and hands—for Mr. Minturn was now at home, and Prof. Seabrook and Dr. Stanley proffered their services—made light work of the various things to be done.

Katherine, Sadie and Jennie planned elaborate decorations for the veranda; accordingly the coachman and hostler were dispatched to the woods for pine boughs, evergreens, etc., then to a florist's, for potted

ferns and plants, with an order for cut-flowers to be sent on Thursday morning, and it was not long before the house began to put on quite a festive appearance.

On Wednesday, just after lunch, Mr. Minturn repaired to the attic and brought forth a box supposed to contain Chinese and Japanese lanterns, with other decorations; but, alas! when it was opened it was found that the mice had made sad havoc with its contents, and they were condemned as utterly useless.

"That means a trip to Boston," the gentlemen observed to his wife, as he pushed the box into a corner with other rubbish, "for it would not be safe to trust to an order, at this late hour, and yet I do not see how I can go and leave things here."

"I suppose one of the maids might go," said Mrs. Minturn, rather doubtfully, "but, really, they are having such a busy day, with sweeping and cleaning, and there is so much still to be done, I hardly have the heart to ask them."

Jennie, who, with Mrs. Seabrook, Dorrie, Katherine and Sadie, was twining evergreen ropes and wreaths, and, at the same time, having a lovely, social visit, overheard the above conversation, and, knowing that Mr. Minturn could ill be spared, said to herself, with a sharp pang of regret:

"I'm the one who ought to go; but—I don't want to."

She glanced wistfully at the happy faces about her; at the half-finished wreath in her hands; at the deep-blue ocean whence came a cool, refreshing breeze, then, with a quickly repressed sigh, laid down her work and arose.

"Let me go," she said, turning to Mrs. Minturn and

stealing a fond arm around her waist. "I'm sure I can do the errand all right."

"Dear, they will make quite a package, for there will have to be a good many," objected her friend, but with a quick smile of appreciation for her thoughtfulness. "Besides," she added, glancing at the merry group behind them, "you are all having such a good time."

"Never mind anything so we have the lanterns. We must let our light shine, you know; and just look at that for muscle!" cheerily returned the girl, as she swept up her loose sleeve and revealed a truly sturdy arm. "I can catch the next train, if I step lively, and I'll be back on the one that leaves at five. Make out your order, Mr. Minturn, and I'll be ready before you can say 'Jack Robinson.'"

She bounded into the house and was halfway upstairs before Mr. Minturn could get out his notebook and pencil, and in less than ten minutes was down again equipped for her trip.

"'Jack Robinson,'" solemnly repeated Mr. Minturn, but with a roguish twinkle in his eyes as he handed her the leaf which he had torn from his notebook, with his order and the address of a Boston firm written on it. "Now be off, you sprite, or you will lose your train, and you shall have your reward later," he concluded, as the trap, which he had ordered up from the stable, dashed to the door.

"I'll get my reward on the way," laughed the girl, throwing him a bright glance over her shoulder as she ran nimbly down the steps and sprang into the carriage, little thinking how true her lightly-spoken words would prove.

Four hours later the trap was again sent to the station to meet her, and, a five minutes' drive, behind the pair of spirited beauties, landed her at home once more.

Much had been accomplished during Jennie's absence, and the broad veranda was like a sylvan bower, the last nail having just been driven, the last wreath and festoon put in place; while the Seabrooks were on the point of going home to dinner as the carriage stopped before the door.

She looked pale and appeared to see no one; but, leaping to the ground, sprang up the steps, touched Katherine on the arm, saying briefly, "Come!" then fled inside the house.

Everyone wondered at her strange behavior, and Katherine immediately followed her to her room.

The moment she appeared Jennie caught her in her arms and swung to the door.

"Katherine! Katherine!" she cried, breathlessly, "I'm found!—I'm found!—I'm not a 'stray waif'—I'm not lost any longer—I'm—I'm——"

She could say no more—her breath was spent; her emotion mastered her; and, bowing her head on her companion's shoulder, she burst into passionate weeping that shook her from head to foot.

Katherine held her in a close, loving embrace for a moment, then gently forced her into a rocker and knelt beside her, still keeping her arms around her, while she worked mentally for dominion and harmony.

But the flood-gates were open wide. The pent-up yearnings of years were let loose, and it was some time before the storm began to abate.

Once or twice she attempted to say something, then

lapsed into fresh weeping, her self-control strangely shattered; for Jennie had seldom been known to shed tears in the presence of others, even under great pressure.

"Hush!" at length commanded Katherine, with gentle authority; "be still and know who has you in His care."

"That's pa-part of it!—to—to think that I—I didn't 'know'; and now it has c-come when I never really had f-f-faith to be-believe it would. I—do-don't d-deserve it," sobbed the girl, with another helpless outburst.

While Katherine is patiently waiting and working for the return of a more tranquil frame of mind, let us take a backward glance and follow Jennie on her eventful trip to Boston.

Upon her arrival in town she went directly to the store to which she had been directed and where her order was immediately filled; then finding that she had more than an hour on her hands before her train would go, she left her package to be called for and slipped into a large department store, to look at some pictures that had been recently and extensively advertised in the papers.

But before reaching the room where they were on exhibition, she was attracted another way, by seeing a crowd of people standing before an alcove that had been curtained off, and where a so-called "transformation scene" was being enacted before admiring and wondering observers.

She had never seen anything of the kind and stood

like one entranced, while an exquisite marble statue, representing a beautiful girl holding a basket of flowers in her hands, slowly and mysteriously took on a lifelike appearance, until at length she stood a living, breathing maiden, smiling brightly into the faces around her, while her basket of flowers had also been changed to a cradle of bulrushes, in the midst of which lay an infant reaching up eager hands to the lovely woman above him.

Jennie watched this scene—supposed to represent "Pharaoh's Daughter and The Infant Moses"—change the second time, then turned abruptly away, just as the metamorphosis back to marble began, to find herself confronted by a fine-looking, middle-aged gentleman, who was gazing with strange intentness at her.

She would have passed him without a second glance, but, lifting his hat to her, he courteously inquired:

"Young lady, will you kindly tell me your name?"

Jennie flushed with sudden embarrassment. She had often been warned never to converse with strangers who might accost her; but, in this instance, while she had no intention of telling him who she was, she felt exceedingly awkward to refuse to grant a request so politely solicited.

"I hope you will pardon me," he continued as he observed her confusion. "I am aware that I appear presumptuous; but you are the counterpart of a sister whom I lost years ago, and whose daughter I have been vainly seeking during the last five years."

Jennie's heart bounded into her throat at this, and her discretion instantly vanished in her eagerness to

verify a startling suspicion that had popped into her head while he was speakng.

"Oh, sir," she began, with a nervous catch in her breath. "I am called Jennie Wild, but that isn't really my name—I don't know what it is. My father and mother were both killed in a railroad accident when I was a baby, and a kind lady adopted me and—perhaps —oh, do you think——" but her voice failed her utterly at this point, for her heart was panting painfully from mingled hope and fear.

The stranger smiled genially down upon her, but his own voice was far from steady, as he said:

"Suppose, Miss Wild, we go and sit down over yonder, where we will be by ourselves"—indicating a remote corner of the room—"and, perhaps, we can find out a little more about this double-puzzle; at least, we can ascertain whether your facts and mine will fit together."

He led the way and placed a chair for her in a position to shield her from observation as they talked, and then, sitting down beside her, asked her to please tell him as much of her history as she was willing he should know.

But, as we are aware, that was very little, indeed, and took only a few minutes to relate.

"Well, my child," the man observed, when she concluded, "there is not much in what you have told me that throws any light upon what I am anxious to learn; your face and form alone seem to indicate kinship, and that may be but a singular coincidence. All the same, you shall hear my story.

"Years ago I had a sister whom I loved very dearly.

She was much older than I and took the place of my mother when I lost her. I lived with this sister, after her marriage, until I was eighteen years of age, and grew to love the little daughter who came to her when I was a boy of ten, with a tenderness which I have no words to express. At the age of eighteen, an East India merchant, who dealt in spices, coffee, tea, etc., and who, having no children of his own, had made a kind of protégé of me, proposed that I come to him and learn his business. His partner in the East had recently died; he was about to go abroad to take his place and suggested that this would give me a fine start in life. It was too good an opportunity to be slighted, and I eagerly accepted it. Years passed; my sister and her husband both died—their daughter married and settled in a thriving town, not far from San Francisco, Cal. Then, after a time, word came that there was another little girl in the daughter's home, and she wrote begging me to come back to her, if only for a visit, for I was now her only living relative and her lonely heart was hungry for me. I immediately made plans to do so; but my partner—who formerly had been my employer—was suddenly taken away and I was obliged to give up the trip. Nearly a year later my niece wrote very hurriedly, telling me that her husband had obtained a fine position in Chicago, that they had sold their home and were on the point of leaving for that city, but she would send me their address when they were settled. That was the last I ever heard from her, although I wrote numberless letters of inquiry to their former place of residence and also to Chicago. Complications in business made it impos-

sible for me to come to the United States to institute a personal search, until about five years ago, and I have spent these years looking for the dear girl who so strangely disappeared after leaving her California home. I have been in nearly every large city in the land, and in each have advertised extensively, but all to no purpose. A month ago I came to Boston for the second time, and have liked the place so well I am loath to leave it. While looking at the transformation scene over yonder, I was attracted by your remarkable resemblance to my sister, as she was at your age, and could not refrain from speaking to you, hoping that I might hear a familiar name. Miss Wild, can you tell me just when this accident, which deprived you of your parents, occurred?"

Jennie gave him the date of the month and the year, and her companion's face changed as he heard it.

"That was the same month and the year that my niece left California to go to Chicago," he said. "I believe—I wonder—— By the way, Miss Wild"—with a sudden start—"was there nothing about you when that woman found you, by which you could have been identified?"

"Oh, yes! I never thought!" panted Jennie, as her trembling hands flew to her throat.

In a trice she had unclasped the string of amber beads which she always wore inside her clothing, and laid them in his hand.

The man grew very white as he saw them, turned the curious clasp over and read the initials engraven there. He did not speak for a full minute. He was evidently

deeply moved, and Jennie sat watching him with bated breath and tensely clasped hands.

"My dear," he finally said, "this is the 'open sesame' to everything. This and your remarkable resemblance to my sister, together with the date you have given me, prove to me beyond the shadow of a doubt that you are the daughter of my niece."

"O-h!" breathed Jennie, with tremulous eagerness.

"The initials 'A. A. to M. A. J.,' on the clasp, stand for 'Alfred Arnold to Mildred Arnold Jennison,'" the gentleman continued. "I am Alfred Arnold. When my niece wrote me of the birth of her little daughter, and that she had named her 'Mildred' for her mother, and 'Arnold,' for me, I bought this string of amber in Calcutta, had the initials engraved on the clasp and sent it to the tiny stranger."

"Then—then I am—you are——" began Jennie, falteringly.

"You are my grandniece—I am your great-uncle. My child, do you think you will care to own the relationship?"

But the girl was, for the moment, beyond the power of speech.

To have the harassing mystery of her life solved at last; to learn something definite regarding her family, even though no one remained to claim her save this distant relative, yet to find in him a cultured gentleman, and reaching out to her with tender yearning, as the only link with his past—was more than she could bear with composure. To have tried to speak just then

would have precipitated a burst of tears and she "wouldn't cry in public."

So she could only throw out an impulsive, trembling hand to him and smile faintly into the grave, kind face beside her.

He folded it within his own and patted it soothingly with a fatherly air.

"Little girl, little girl!" he said, huskily, but tenderly, "I can hardly believe it! I was becoming discouraged in my quest; but I begin to think now that life is worth living, even though the dear one I sought is gone and I shall never see her again in this life."

"My mother! my father—have you their——" but Jennie was obliged to stop again because of the refractory lump in her throat.

"Yes, I have numerous photographs of them all," Mr. Arnold replied, and instinctively comprehending her thought. "I even have one of baby Mildred," he added, with a smile, "taken when she was six months old. Your mother's maiden name was Pauline West, and I have some beautiful letters from her that you will love to read some day."

"Do I look like her at all?" queried Jennie, who was beginning to forget herself and grow more composed as she drank in these interesting facts.

"No; she resembled her father, and was light, with blue eyes, though you have a way of speaking that reminds me of her. But you are almost the image of my sister—her mother—who was dark, with black eyes, and hair that curled, just as yours does, about her forehead," Mr. Arnold replied, and added: "Your father

I never saw, but I have some pictures of a very nice-looking gentleman whose autograph, 'Charles E. Jennison,' is written on the back."

"And my name is 'Mildred Arnold Jennison,'" said Jennie, and drawing a long breath at the unfamiliar sounds.

"Yes, I am sure of it. With your resemblance to Annie, my sister, the dates you have given me and this string of beads I could ask for no stronger proofs," returned the gentleman as he gave back the amber necklace.

"It is a very pretty name, I think," said the girl, a happy little laugh breaking from her, "and I'm glad there is a 'Jennie' in it, for I've been called that so long I would hardly know how to answer to any other. But—oh! what time is it?" she cried, starting to her feet. "I had forgotten all about my train!"

Mr. Arnold showed her his watch, whereupon she breathed more freely.

"There is plenty of time," she added, more composedly, "but I think I must go now, for I have a package to get from another store. I hope, though, this hasn't been a 'transformation scene' that will turn back to marble or—blankness," she concluded, with a nervous laugh as she glanced towards the curtained alcove where they had met.

"Do not fear—it is all living truth, and we are going to make it seem more real every day," cheerily responded Mr. Arnold. "I will see you to your train and we will thus have a little more time together; then, very soon, I would like to come to you and meet the friends who have been so kind to you."

Jennie asked if he could make it convenient to come to Manchester on Friday, explaining why she could not make the appointment for the next day; and it was so arranged.

He accompanied her to the station and put her aboard her train, making himself very entertaining on the way by recounting interesting incidents connected with his life and travels in the East.

"You're sure you're a bona-fide uncle and no vanishing *'genie'?"* she half jestingly, half wistfully remarked as the warning "All aboard!" sounded and she gave him her hand at parting.

"I'm sure of the relationship, and I think I am of too substantial proportions to become invisible to mortal eyes at a moment's warning. Whether I shall be obliged to vanish in any other way will depend upon yourself later on," Mr. Arnold smilingly replied, as he courteously lifted his hat and bowed himself away.

But during the ride home it seemed too wonderful to be true. She had dreamed of a similar revelation so many times, only to awake in the morning and find herself plain Jennie Wild, the same stray waif still hopelessly bemoaning the mystery that enshrouded her origin, that she could hardly believe she was not dreaming now.

"Mildred Arnold Jennison! Mildred Arnold Jennison!" she repeated over and over. "I don't know her; I can hardly believe she really exists; it seems more like one of the many vagaries of 'Wild Jennie' who was ever fond of imagining herself some poor little princess in disguise."

And thus, by the time she reached home, she had worked herself to the highest pitch of nervous excitement, which culminated in Katherine's arms, and which she was patiently trying to overcome when we left them to take our "backward glance."

CHAPTER XXVI.

Conclusion.

By the time Jennie had given Katherine a brief outline of what had occurred during the afternoon, the dinner bell sounded and warned them that they must put aside romance and startling revelations for the present and come down to the more practical and prosaic affairs of life.

"But, Katherine, I can't go down," Jennie exclaimed as she sprang to the mirror and saw her red and swollen eyes. "I look a perfect fright."

"Well, of course, you need not; I will send you up something nice, and you can rest and try to compose yourself, for you will want to tell us all more of this wonderful story by and by," Katherine considerately returned as she arose from her kneeling posture to obey the summons from below.

"But you may set the ball rolling, dearie. I want them all to know, and they must have thought I had a queer 'bee in my bonnet' when I got home."

"Very well, I will formally announce the advent of our new guest, Miss Mildred Arnold Jennison, if you wish, and I know that everyone will heartily rejoice with you," was the smiling reply.

Jennie threw her arms impulsively around her friend.

"Oh, Katherine! how good you always are to me!"

she cried. "What a blessed thing it was for me that you chose to go to Hilton! If you hadn't I wouldn't have known about Science—I never should have come to Boston, and then I would have missed to-day, an——"

"Oh, Jennie! Jennie! God governs all; He has more ways than one of leading His children, and when they are ready for the Truth it is always revealed to them," chidingly interposed her friend, but dropping a fond kiss upon the flushed cheek nearest her.

"Well, but it was you who made me 'ready' for it," the girl persisted. "You were so dear yourself you made me want to be dear, too, and so my heart opened to receive the Truth. And, Katherine"—impressively—"every day since I got your letter, just after auntie went away, I have said over to myself what you wrote me, and tried to believe it. It was this: 'Your identity is not lost; you are God's child, and that child can never be deprived of her birthright, or any other good necessary to her happiness and well-being'; only I put it in the first person."

"Dear, you have made it a true prayer, and to-day you have received in part the answer to it," said Katherine, softly.

"Do you think so?" said Jennie, earnestly.

"Indeed, I do. You know the promise, 'If ye ask anything in My name, believing'? But I suppose I must go down," and Katherine turned to leave the room.

Jennie stood still, thinking deeply for a moment. Then, before her friend could reach the stairs, she called out, the old cheery ring in her tones:

"You needn't send up anything, you blessing; I'll wash my face and come down. I don't care if my eyes are red; you all love me and won't mind."

So, after a little, this child of impulse joined the family below, her face radiant with happiness, in spite of the evidences of recent tears, and everybody exhibited the liveliest interest in the wonderful sequel to her life of mystery, and expressed, most cordially, their joy in view of her good fortune in finding some one akin to her.

"Tell me what he looks like, honey. I'm just expiring with curiosity and impatience to see this great magician who has transformed everything for you," said Sadie, with her good-natured drawl, after Jennie had given them a more detailed account of the interview with her relative.

"You just wait till you see this 'magician,' as you call him," retorted the girl, with a proud little toss of her head. "Anyone can tell, with half a glance, that he's an out-and-out gentleman. And, don't you know"—with a long sigh of content—"it is such a comfortable feeling, for I've often had a very lively squirming time all by myself when I've tried to focus my mental kodak upon some imaginary shade of my ancestors to see what he was like."

It was a very happy company that congregated on the verandas the next morning to complete the preparations for the reunion of the afternoon.

Dr. Stanley and the Seabrooks came over again to help arrange flowers, hang the lanterns, etc., and they were no less rejoiced than her other friends when in-

formed of Jennie's happy discoveries of the previous day.

"What are we going to do without our 'Jennie Wild'?" smilingly inquired Prof. Seabrook, as he laid a friendly hand on her curly black head. "I am afraid a good many tongues will trip a good many times before they get used to 'Miss Mildred Arnold Jennison.'"

"Well, professor, you'll have the same Jennie—at least for the next two years; for I'm never going to be called anything else by my old friends," returned the girl, in a positive tone. "I don't quite know how we are going to manage about the name," she added, reflectively. "I'm free to admit, though"—with an arch look—"I think my new trimmings are rather swell; but I can't give up the Jennie. I'm sure Jennie Jennison wouldn't do—too much Jennie, you know. But I'm not going to worry about that to-day; I'm too happy, and there's too much to be done. Mrs. Minturn, where is Katherine?" she suddenly inquired, with a roguish glance at a stalwart form that was restlessly pacing the veranda.

"She is in the library, answering a letter for me; she will be through very shortly. Do you want her particularly, dear?" innocently questioned the lady who was absorbed in filling a *jardinière* with scarlet geraniums.

"N-o, not very; only I've been growing conscious during the last few minutes that there is a—er—something lacking in the atmosphere. Dr. Stanley, do have this rocker," she interposed, with a sly smile, and pushing one towards him, "it's too warm this morning for such a waste of energy."

Either by chance or intention, she had swung the chair directly opposite a low window that commanded a view of the library, where Katherine, in a familiar gown of pale yellow chambrey, was oblivious to all but the work in hand. The young man shot a searching look at the mischievous elf; then, with a quiet "thank you," deliberately took the proffered seat, but, ten minutes later, he also was missing from the company.

He found Katherine seated before her own private desk, and in the act of stamping the letter which he had just seen her addressing.

"I hope I do not intrude?" he observed, in a tone of polite inquiry.

"No, I am just through," she replied, as she carefully pressed the still moist stamp in place with a small blotter.

"I have come to ask if you have a copy of that flash-light picture of the 'Flower Carnival,'" he resumed. "Dorrie's is at home, but she wishes to have some more copies, and as I am going to town to-morrow I thought I would attend to it."

"Yes, I have mine right here," said Katherine, as she took a small key from a drawer and proceeded to unlock a compartment in her desk, smilingly explaining as she did so: "This is where I keep my choicest treasures—things that I do not let everyone see."

"Must I look away?" demanded her companion, in a mock-injured tone.

"Oh! no"—with a silvery ripple—"I am not quite so secretive as that."

Removing a box, she carefully placed it one side, then brought forth a package nicely wrapped in tissue

paper. Unfolding this, she disclosed several photographs, and among them was the one he had asked for.

"How fortunate you were to get so good a picture!" she observed, and studied it a moment before giving it to him. "How happy Dorrie looks! Although, to see her now, one would scarcely believe that this was ever taken for her."

"No, indeed! What a marvelous change a year has made in that child!" said Dr. Stanley, in an animated tone.

"'A year!' I am sure you do not quite mean that," and she lifted a questioning look to him.

"No, I do not—thank you for correcting me," he gravely rejoined. "I know time has had nothing to do with it—that we owe it all to Christ—Truth. How watchful one needs to be of one's words, in Science."

"Yes, or one is liable to give wrong impressions without meaning to. It is scientific to be exact, and"—with a soft sigh—"we all have to learn that by being continually on guard."

There was a moment of silence, after she ceased speaking, during which Katherine began to be conscious that the atmosphere was becoming charged with an unaccustomed element, and she hastened to observe, as she glanced towards the veranda:

"How lovely the house is looking! Have you your camera here?"

"I am sorry I have not, for we ought to have some views of it. We will have," he added. "I will have a photographer from the village come up before the day is over and take some."

As he concluded, by some careless handling, the pic-

"He turned a radiant face to her, and her eyes drooped in confusion before the look in his, while the color burned brighter in her cheeks."

(See page 357)

ture of the Flower Carnival slipped from his grasp, and in trying to recover it his arm came in contact with the box, which Katherine had taken from her treasure closet, displacing the cover and almost upsetting it.

"Oh!" cried the girl, in a startled tone, but flushing scarlet as she saved it from falling and hastily replaced the cover. She was not quick enough, however, to prevent her companion seeing, with a sudden heart bound of joy, that the box contained a spray of dried and faded moss rosebuds.

He turned a radiant face to her, and her eyes drooped in confusion before the look in his, while the color burned brighter in her cheeks.

"Miss Minturn—Katherine! Did you prize them enough to keep them—here?" and he touched the door of her "treasure closet."

"They are a—a souvenir of a delightful evening—my last at Hilton," she faltered.

His countenance fell; yet something in the tense attitude of the figure beside him, in her quickened breathing and fluctuating color emboldened him to ask:

"Did they convey no message to you? had they any special significance? Tell me—tell me, please!"

"They had not—then," she confessed, almost inaudibly.

"Then?" he repeated, eagerly.

"I did not know—I had not looked——"

"You did not know their language then; but you do now, dear?" he said, a glad ring in his tones. "And may I tell you that my heart and all its dearest hopes went with those little voiceless messengers? That was why——"

"Oh! Uncle Phillip, the carriage has come for us and we are waiting for you," cried Dorothy's voice from the low, open window on the opposite side of the room, and for the first time in his life a feeling of impatience with his niece stirred in Phillip Stanley's heart. "Why! is anything the matter?" she added, as she observed Katherine's averted eyes and unusual color and her uncle's unaccustomed intensity.

"I'll be with you in a minute, Dorrie," he said. "Just one word," he pleaded, bending nearer to Katherine, "have you treasured my messengers because of their message?"

But Katherine could not speak even the "one word"—the fluttering of her startled heart, the throbbing in her throat robbed her of the power to make a sound. The most she could do was to lift her eyes, for one brief instant, and smile faintly into the fond face looking down upon her. It was enough, however. Phillip Stanley stood erect and drew in a long, free breath.

"Coming, Dorrie!" he called out, as the girl made a movement to step over the low sill into the room; "no, there is nothing the matter—I came to ask Miss Minturn for the Flower Carnival picture, to have it copied for you."

"How nice of you, Uncle Phillip! You are always so thoughtful for me!" said unsuspicious Dorothy.

The man's laugh rang out full and clear, but with a note of genuine mirth in it that made Katherine's cheeks tingle afresh, for it told her that his main object in seeking her had not been to get the picture.

"Oh! if that child would but vanish!" he thought, with an adoring look at the pretty, drooping figure in its

dainty robe of pale yellow; but little Miss Marplot evidently had no such intention, and he reluctantly turned away to save Katherine further embarrassment.

"Good-by, Miss—Katherine; we will be with you again this afternoon," he said, with a thrill in his voice as it lingered over the name; then he stepped through the low window, slipped his arm around unconscious Dorrie and led her away to the carriage.

The reunion of the afternoon was a most delightful occasion. Mr. Minturn had chartered a yacht to take the whole party out for a few hours' sail, and, the day being perfect, the sea in its bluest attire and quietest mood, there was nothing to mar their enjoyment, and the experience proved ideal for everyone.

They returned just at sunset, to find numerous daintily laid tables awaiting them on one of the broad verandas and groaning beneath an abundance of the many luxuries that had been provided to tempt and regale; while spotlessly attired maids and white-jacketed men were in attendance to serve the hungry excursionists. As twilight dropped down o'er land and sea, as the numerous lanterns were lighted and flung their soft radiance and vivid spots of color upon the scene, while a fine orchestra discoursed melodiously from some green-embowered nook, the place seemed like an enchanted realm where one might almost expect to discern, flitting among the playful shadows, those weird forms that people the elf land of childhood's fancy—

> "Fairies, black, gray, green and white,
> Those moonshine revelers and shades of night."

And thus the evening was spent in a delightfully in-

formal manner, each and all appearing to feel as if they were members of one happy family, as, indeed, they were, in Truth and Love.

But the final farewells had to be said at length, for railway time-tables are absolute, and the last train for Boston would leave at ten o'clock.

At half-past nine the carriages were at the door and fifteen minutes later all were gone, excepting the Seabrooks, who lingered for a few last words with the family, and to take leave of Miss Reynolds, who would go home on the morrow.

They were all standing together in the brilliantly lighted reception hall, Dorothy with one arm linked within her father's, the other encircling Katherine's waist.

"Hasn't it been a wonderful day, papa?" said the girl, during a little lull in the general conversation.

"It certainly has, dear," he replied, giving the small arm a fond pressure.

"And see!" she continued, glancing around the circle, "all of us, except Mr. and Mrs. Minturn, belong to Miss Katherine."

"Well, bless my heart!" here laughingly interposed Mr. Minturn. "Miss Dorothy, I think that is very unceremoniously crowding us out of our own domain."

"You'll know I didn't mean to do any crowding when I tell you my thought," she returned, and nodding brightly at him. "You see, it was she who interested everyone of us in Science, and I think we ought to be called Miss Katherine's sheaves. You know it says in the Bible 'he who goes forth bearing precious seed shall come again bringing his sheaves with him.' She

sowed the seed at Hilton and has 'gathered us all in' here."

"That is a very sweet thought, Dorrie, and it is true enough, too," said her mother, as she bestowed a fond look upon Katherine. "But," she added, moving towards the door, "we must go home this very minute, for it is getting late," and with general "good-nights" they also went away.

Katherine followed them out upon the veranda, where she stood leaning against the balustrade and watched their forms melt away in the darkness, a thrill of loving gratitude in her heart, for, were they not indeed her "sheaves"?

Presently she heard a step behind her, then a firm yet gentle hand was laid upon hers.

"May I have it for always, Katherine?" questioned Phillip Stanley, in a low voice, as he lifted and inclosed it in both of his. "I could not say half I wished this morning, dear. Poor Dorrie!"—in a mirthful tone —"did not realize how exceedingly *de trop* she was, and, for a moment, I was half tempted to be cross with her. I saw Mr. and Mrs. Minturn after I returned from my drive and told them something of what I had tried, under such difficulties, to make you understand."

"You told papa and mamma!"

"I had to—I simply could not keep it. I know you had given me no verbal authority to ask for what I wanted; but, ah!—that look, that smile, as I left you, made me bold enough for anything."

"And they——"

"They told me that it would have to be just as Katherine said. What does my 'brown-eyed lassie' say?"

Involuntarily the girl's slender fingers closed over his hand as she lifted frank, sweet eyes to him.

"Yes, Phillip." Softly, shyly, the coveted answer fell on his ears.

"That means that you are mine, as I am yours," he said, a great joy throbbing in his tones, "and"—reverently—"we are also to be one, in heart and purpose, in the service of our great cause."

Drawing the hand he held within his arm, he led her down the steps out among the fairy shadows to a great rock that overlooked the sea.

Meantime, the "news" was being whispered among the family inside and was received with general satisfaction, Sadie, particularly, expressing great delight in view of what she termed a "perfectly elegant match."

Jennie, on the other hand, accepted it as a matter of course.

"It didn't need to be announced, at least to me," she declared, with a wise nod of her head. "I've seen it coming this long while, for Science isn't the only absorbing subject that a certain gentleman has been investigating during the last year and a half. But just let me tell you—if my name had been Jimmy instead of Jennie that handsome M.D. wouldn't have found such clear sailing in this harbor."

When Katherine finally came in, trying hard to appear unconscious, but looking rosy and starry-eyed, Sadie sprang forward and threw her arms around her, kissing her heartily.

Then drawing back, but still holding her a prisoner, she mockingly exclaimed:

"Moss rosebuds! Katherine, have you ever taken

the trouble to ascertain what they mean when sent by a swain to a maid?"

"Oh! Sadie, how you do love to tease!" cried the blushing girl as she tried in vain to release herself from the clinging arms.

"Well, honey," continued her tormentor, "it was as plain as A B C to me that night, and I chuckled right smart to myself when I saw you innocently pin them on your breast. It was simply delicious! But"—suddenly laying her hands on the pretty brown head—"bless you, my children! you have my unqualified sanction and I'll put my whole heart into my toes when I dance at your wedding."

With a light laugh the gay girl bounded to the piano and vigorously began playing Mendelssohn's wedding march. But Katherine had vanished.

Phillip Stanley, however, sitting on the veranda, across the way, caught the suggestive strains and laughed softly to himself, as, in imagination, he surmised something of what was going on in the Minturn mansion.

The following day brought Mr. Arnold to make his promised call upon Jennie and her friends, when, as the proud and happy girl had predicted, it did not require much discernment to realize that he was every whit a "gentleman." He told them, among other things, that his life had been rather a lonely one, as he had no family. Several years after going to the East he had married the daughter of a planter, but she had been taken from him two years after their union, and he had never cared to marry again.

When his partner died he became sole proprietor of their business, which he had successfully conducted until he determined to return to America, when he had sold out to some of his clerks, satisfied to retire with a moderate fortune and allow them to have their day, as he had had his.

He brought with him letters, papers and numerous photographs which convinced Mr. Minturn that he was, in truth, akin to Jennie and entitled to be her future protector, as he both desired and claimed the right to be.

He expressed his grateful appreciation of what the Minturns, particularly Katherine, had done for his niece, but insisted upon refunding all that they had thus far expended upon her education.

"It is but just and right," he persisted, when Katherine demurred, saying it had been "a love offering, and she did not wish it back." "I am abundantly able to do it and also to give her every advantage in the future. I do feel, however, that nothing can ever repay you for the great kindness you have shown her."

He afterwards had a private conversation with Jennie, during which he proposed to legally adopt her, if she had no objection to taking his name, and would be content to make her home with an "old gentleman" like himself.

"Content!" she exclaimed, drawing an ecstatic breath. "Well, for a girl who has always felt that she didn't really belong anywhere, that is a prospect that would just about turn my head if I hadn't found a new chart and compass to steer by. As for the 'old gentleman,' if you don't mind"—with a roguish glance

but flushing slightly—"I'd—like to tell you I think he is just dear."

"I wonder what I'll have to pay for that?" said Mr. Arnold, laughing, but with a suspicious moisture in his eyes.

"Well," said Jennie, cocking her head on one side and giving him an arch look, "if you'll try to think the same of me we'll call it square."

"That won't be such a difficult task," he replied, gently touching a curling lock on her forehead that was so like his sister's.

"As for the name," Jennie resumed, more seriously, "you say my middle one was given me for you; why not transpose it and call me Mildred Jennison Arnold? Then I can keep them all, and it will not seem out of place to still address me as 'Jennie.'"

This was regarded as a happy thought, and, as soon as the necessary papers could be made out, she became Alfred Arnold's legally adopted daughter.

His chief thought now appeared to be to make her life as happy as possible, and, after consulting her wishes, he purchased a lovely home very near Hilton Seminary, secured a competent and motherly woman for a housekeeper, and thus the girl was enabled to continue her course at school, as a day scholar, and enjoy her delightful home at the same time.

Dr. Stanley also bought a fine residence in the same locality, and early in January Katherine was back once more to take up her life work 'mid old familiar scenes, greatly to the delight of the Seabrooks and her many other friends.

Her husband still retained his office in the city, but

with a new sign now hanging in his window—"Phillip Harris Stanley, M.D., Christian Scientist," and already he was becoming widely known as a successful practitioner.

Soon after their return, in the fall, Prof. Seabrook and his family identified themselves with the Scientists of the city, and also with "the Mother Church" in Boston. Some of the pupils dropped out of Hilton, because of this step, but others came to fill their places, and a year later both wings of the building had been extended and a most flourishing condition of affairs prevailed. Miss Reynolds had resigned her position at Hilton, at the beginning of the year, and remained at home with her mother, and where she also had taken up her work for Truth.

Sadie Minot, having attained her majority and come into possession of her fortune, decided that she would be happier to locate near her old friends, with whom she was in such close religious sympathy, and she accordingly found a pleasant home in the city and resumed the study of French, German and music.

One morning, late in February, she went up on the hill to spend the day with Katherine, who often claimed her for such a visit, for their friendship was one of the dearest things of their lives.

To-day, however, Sadie appeared to have some weighty subject on her mind, for she was unusually thoughtful, and Katherine was beginning to wonder if anything was troubling her, when she drew forth a letter and, passing it to her, said:

"Read that, honey, and tell me what you think of it."

With a dim suspicion of what was coming, Katherine drew forth the missive from its envelope and read:

"DEAR SADIE: When the prodigal faced about to go back to his home, his father went forth to meet him. I have faced about; I have returned to my father and —our Father. The one has welcomed and forgiven, and Truth is teaching me what true forgiveness of sin is—the destruction of sin in the human consciousness. Now I turn to you to seek pardon—nay, I suppose I should 'know' that I am already pardoned, since you also are learning to recognize man only as his Father's 'image and likeness.' At the same time, some acknowledgment is due for wrong that I have done you. Truth compels me to confess that my motive in seeking you, two years ago, was not good, and I am now ashamed of my later persecution—it was unworthy of any man. And now, justice to myself prompts me to say that, underneath, there was a real fondness for you, and I find—now that I am clothed and in my right mind—that it had acquired even a stronger hold upon me than I then realized. I write this because I am soon to go abroad for an indefinite period—have been appointed confidential secretary to ——, who goes, in March, as United States Minister to England. All I am, together with the brighter prospects before me, I owe to Phillip Stanley, who, next to her who has given to this sin-burdened world the message of Love that has saved me, commands my deepest gratitude and respect. Send me one word, Sadie—'forgiven'—and I shall leave my country with a lighter heart than I have known for years. NED."

Katherine lifted moist eyes to her friend after reading and refolding the letter.

"Phillip says the change in him is wonderful—he saw him, you know, when he was at home for Christ-

mas," she observed. "Shall you send him the word he asks for, Sadie?"

Miss Minot did not reply for a moment, and her flushed face drooped lower over the embroidery in her hands. At last she said, slowly:

"Honey, I have sent him a word; but it was 'Come'!"

"Sadie!"

"Yes, and"—a shy smile playing around the corners of the girl's mouth—"a telegram received last night reads: 'Coming Thursday; sail March thirtieth; can you get ready?'"

"You fairly take my breath away!" exclaimed Katherine, amazed. "And you are going to England with him?"

"I reckon he'd hardly expect anything else, after I had said 'Come,' would he?" queried Sadie, sweeping her friend a shy look from under her lashes.

"It seems to me you are not quite so averse to a European trip as you were a year and a half ago," Mrs. Stanley observed, in a significant tone.

Sadie laughed out merrily.

"Well"—the old Southern drawl manifesting itself—"at that time, honey, the attraction to stay was the same that it now is to go."

"I am glad, Sadie—I really am," said Katherine, after a thoughtful pause. "Phillip and I have often wondered how things would eventually arrange themselves for you two. I must say, though, the way you've managed it is unique in the annals of history," and she burst into a hearty laugh.

"Think so? Well, you see, I didn't have any pre-

served moss rosebuds to send him," retorted Miss Minot, with a chuckle.

"Sadie, will you never let up on those rosebuds?" cried Katherine, still laughing. "However, as I said before, I am glad; you are practically alone in the world and will be happier to have a home of your own, and I think I would feel very sorry to have Mr. Willard go to a far country all by himself. Now, I am going to have you come right to me until you go," she went on, with animation. "You shall be married here. I will matronize you, and we will have all the old school friends on hand to give you a rousing send-off."

"How perfectly lovely of you, Katherine! It will surely be a great comfort to me—give me such a homey feeling, you know, and I——" but Sadie's tremulous lips and an unmanageable lump in her throat would not permit her to go on.

"I shall love to do it, dear. It will give me a fine opportunity to entertain our classmates and other friends," Katherine hastened to say. "But how perfectly funny!" she cried, gayly, "to be planning for your wedding, and you two lovers haven't yet come to a definite understanding?"

"Oh! yes, we have, honey. Ned knows, as well as I, that everything was settled by that one word, 'Come.' Nothing but details remain to be arranged. But—oh! Katherine, how I shall miss you!" she concluded, yearningly, for, as we know, during their two years' friendship there had been scarcely a cloud to obscure the harmony between them.

"Yes, we shall miss each other," Katherine assented, with a soft sigh. "But"—turning luminous eyes upon

her—"we both have the same shepherd—Love; we shall both dwell together in the 'secret place' and be ever working for the same blessed Cause. Nothing can really separate us, dear, so long as we faithfully keep step in moving towards the Light."

THE END.

C0-DBJ-758